

THIRD EDITION

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UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA

"Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man."



THE Meaning IN Reading

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* Timed-Reading Selection.

PREFACE

LIKE its predecessors (*Essays for Better Reading*, 1940, *The Meaning in Reading*, 1943, and the revision of *The Meaning in Reading*, 1947), this book—with its separately bound manual of exercises and suggestions—is intended to help college students improve their reading and writing, their listening and speaking. It is based on the assumption that the most effective approach in the development of these communication arts is through reading, and that all these arts are so closely interrelated that progress in the one makes progress in each of the others surer and easier—in fact, that they are parts of one process, operating in a complementary manner.

The essays and articles in this collection have been chosen with close reference to the interests and abilities of the students for whom the book is planned. These forty-one selections, illuminating nine comprehensive subjects of contemporary concern, should seem significant and challenging to college students, whatever their intended vocations. Moreover, they not only provide students with examples of careful organization, clear thinking, and lucid expression; they also expand the intellectual horizon of students and furnish them with ideas for use in their own written and oral compositions. Except for the last selection in each of the first eight groups (which is part of a special timed-reading project described below), the essays within each topical division are in general arranged in the order of easiest to hardest.

The manual prepared to accompany this text contains five types of exercises: *Central Idea*, *Analysis*, *Vocabulary Extension*, *Library Exploration*, and *Topics for Talks and Themes*. These are designed to lead the student through the process of discovering the central thought and organization of the selection; of extending his vocabulary and acquainting himself with the working tools of investigation; and finally of putting his own thought—written and oral—into orderly and accurate language. These exercises provide the student with space in which to record his answers and are printed on detachable sheets so that he and his instructor may have a convenient check on daily performance. In order that the student may retain a list of the words and library references, an *Appendix* containing this material in convenient form has been prepared and printed at the end of the manual.

The first exercise, *Central Idea*, is designed to aid the student in discovering the main thought (the thesis) of the essay—a process essential to understanding and evaluating what one reads or planning what one writes. In many instances the choice among the possibilities given requires discriminating selection on the part of the student, thereby promoting a close reading and a careful weighing of statements. The purpose of the second exercise, *Analysis*, is to help the student analyze the essay in

order to comprehend the structural design, to understand and appreciate the stylistic qualities, and to weigh the supporting details. This exercise calls attention to such features as theme sentences, organization, type of supporting material, topic sentences, paragraph structure, transitional sentences, punctuation, and style—an understanding of which is essential to intelligent reading and an aid in good writing and speaking. The *Vocabulary Extension*, the third exercise in each group, is planned to help the student enlarge and clarify his recognition and active vocabulary and to realize the value of carefully chosen words in all forms of language communication. It comprises a list of words and a group of word-study exercises. All of the words in each list are words of common usage, chosen with reference to Professor E. L. Thorndike's *Teacher's Word Book of 20,000 Words*. The word-study exercise which follows each list treats the nature of words and their ways. In order that the student may study words in context, only those words which occur in the essays are included in the *Vocabulary Extension*; moreover, the numbers of the paragraphs in which the selected words may be found are always indicated. The fourth exercise, *Library Exploration*, will serve to acquaint the student with some of the essential reference books and teach him how to find illuminating information on topics discussed in the essays or about which he wishes to write or speak. Care is exerted to vary the specific assignments in the more valuable reference books so as not to riddle pages by referring large numbers of students to the same pages. Finally, *Topics for Talks and Themes* are provided as an additional aid in writing and speaking.

The last essay in each of the first eight topical divisions in the text is designated as a timed-reading selection. These selections, with the accompanying *Comprehension Tests*, *Reading Schedule*, *Progress Chart of Reading*, and the *Conversion Table* (all of which appear in the exercise manual), comprise a special feature of this book. Their purpose is to focus the student's attention upon the necessity for concentration in reading, to provide a check on achievement, and to present his success in graphic form. A discussion of this project and the results of its use for nearly two decades may be found in the essay "On Improving College Reading" in the manual.

The editors are indebted to their colleagues for many constructive criticisms in the preparation of this edition of *The Meaning in Reading*. Moreover, they gratefully acknowledge the helpful suggestions which many users of the three earlier books offered for the improvement of the present one.

THE EDITORS

University of Florida
January 1953

The Meaning in Reading



Hardin Craig

IMAGINATION TO CONCEIVE— WILL TO DO!

Hardin Craig (1875-) was born in Kentucky and educated at Princeton, at Oxford, and at Padua. He has taught English at Princeton, Minnesota, Iowa, Stanford, North Carolina, Washington, and Missouri, and has written and edited many literary and scholarly works. He is a recognized authority on sixteenth-century English life and literature, one of his most important books being The Enchanted Glass, a study of the Elizabethan mind.

At the close of his distinguished service at Stanford in 1942, Professor Craig went to teach at the University of North Carolina, where, in the words of the Chancellor of the University, he "began one of his most creative periods as teacher, writer, and lecturer in the field of mental and moral health, the application of the truths and insights in literature to the care and development of the human spirit."

The following address, given before the student body of the University of North Carolina, April 3, 1946, made such a strong impression that the University had it published and widely distributed under the original title, "A North Carolina Renaissance." What was said to students of that University is applicable with equal force to students everywhere. An appreciation of the vigorous forthrightness, the literary allusiveness, the moral elevation, and the challenging tone of the address will be enhanced if the reader keeps in mind the nature of the lecturer, the occasion, and the audience.

1. Perhaps the greatest discovery that man has ever made, greater than the steam engine, the millstone, the wheel, or the button, was made by Plato more than twenty-three hundred years ago. It is a perpetual discovery which needs to be made over and over again by generations and by individuals. By means of the analytical method of his master Socrates, Plato discovered the difference between things that are permanent and things which are merely transitory. He called these permanent things Ideas. Never has civilized man forgot-

ten Plato's discovery without disaster, and never has he remembered it without a renaissance of the spirit.

2. On the basis of Plato's teachings his pupil, Aristotle, worked out the sciences of Man and Nature. These facts have landed you and me in the university and have given us hard things to do. They have brought about a world which accepts or rejects us according to what we know about Man and Nature, according to what we really know about the difference between the permanent and the transitory. None of us is responsible for this situation, and few of us understand it. We know neither its perils nor its vast opportuni-

IMAGINATION TO CONCEIVE—WILL TO DO!: Reprinted by permission of the author.

ties. We think that universities are places where examinations are given. They are not; we give only tests here. The real examinations are given us after we leave the university or without our knowledge while we are still here. Who are the real examiners? The big world? the community? the family? Yes; all of them, and they differ from the university in the fact that they do not announce the ground to be covered by the examination and that they do not and cannot show any mercy. But there is another examiner who examines us on Plato's part of the curriculum. Who is he? Well, he is in the first place our own souls, and, if our consciences are slack and easy-going, our fellow men will do the job for us. We cannot escape. We cannot get away with any excuses or evasions. We are involved, whether we desire it or not, in an absolute situation. The very nature of things examines us and passes judgment upon us. Bishop Butler described this situation when he said, "Things are what they are, and the consequences will be what they will be; why therefore should we deceive ourselves?"

3. You cannot be, and cannot afford to be, liberal toward youth except in the matter of opportunity. Even opportunity is rarely in our individual power to offer, or always in the power of the university. In point of fact, opportunity must be watched for, waited for, recognized when it appears even in disguise, and not infrequently it must be created. Work itself is an opportunity, for, we are told, every man's work shall be made manifest.

4. The prospect which I present to you is fraught with difficulty. I hope you already share with me my contempt for those who tell you success in life is easy. I even hope that many of you are mature enough to know that, the easier the progress of life is, the more useless it is for the achievement of a successful life. Mankind as a race has made its way to such virtue as it possesses through the utmost difficulties, and there are, so far as I know, no examples of individuals who have lived nobly and achieved success, who have not worked and climbed and made their way through difficulties. Troubles which are conquered strengthen the fibers of men; the easier it is for men the less strength they develop. Now, if you want troubles enough to develop

you individually, let me tell you where you can find them. If you will try to make good and great men out of yourselves, some of you, as I happen to know, will have troubles compared to which the Twelve Labors of Hercules were child's play.

5. Let us locate our objectives. Success in life is traditionally defined as the realization of self. The Greeks said, "Know thyself." And yet no man can afford to devote his efforts to the development of that puny, yet invaluable, thing which is his individuality. If he does he will miss the boat, and, lingering behind on the shore, become a freak and a derision. A man's individuality has to be thickened by the body of humanity. We put that in this way: You must first of all make a man of yourself, and, if you do, your individuality will take care of itself. The basal situation is in the grub-like state of the ordinary modern youth. That father who thinks to make success easy for his son by indulging him succeeds only in making it hard. The labors and hardships the father overcame, the things that created him, he has taken away, and they stand like outmoded furniture in the attic. These difficulties, that effort, that made him would make his son, but he does not know it.

6. Now, although it is not easy to become a great and good man, it is not impossible to do so. There is nothing commoner in this world than talent. An ordinary military company will reveal ability of every kind and frequently of high degree. It is certainly in the power of this generation and of North Carolina students to develop greatness in every field. Why do we not do this? We live in a state of unrecognized and unaccepted opportunity. To be a good and great man is desirable. It leads to happiness, honor, health. We know how it is done. Look at it from the point of view of modern literature. Carlyle will teach us the doctrine of work, Browning will teach us to despise cowardice, Emerson will teach us the range of the human mind and the doctrine of thought, Huxley will teach us to know ourselves as part of nature, Plato and a thousand modern voices will instruct us in the doctrine of virtue and self-control, and Christianity itself will teach us the noble doctrine of goodness—sweetness, self-sacrifice, generosity, and faith. Progress is

mandatory upon us in a thousand ways, and yet we idle away our time.

7. There is nothing so abundant as ability. Individual dullness is a relative matter. The ordinary man lives up to about one one-thousandth of his capabilities, and it follows that the improvement of an ordinary mind soon excels the neglect of a better mind. Nobody knows, besides, the best type of mind to possess. Slow minds are for many purposes better than quick minds. Native gifts neglected are always being beaten by industry and perseverance. The world needs caution and care as well as enterprise and action. If talent is so common, what is it that makes the difference? The thing that makes the greatest difference is industry. Courage, honesty, common sense, moral courage are all necessary, but they may all be subsumed under diligence. "Showest thou me a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before ordinary men." The thing is not a hopeless quest. Let us try our luck. Bacon says, "Therefore if a man look sharply, he shall see Fortune, for though she be blind, yet she is not invisible." We are on the border of a great discovery. If we could find out why college men are so lazy and so indifferent, we might achieve success. There is no other group of men that I know of in our country who are so indolent.

8. Undoubtedly many of them hold a doctrine of exposure to cultural influences, and believe that, if they go to college and get a degree, they will somehow be educated in spite of themselves. This is the silliest idea that ever obsessed a generation of youth. One might as well expect to learn geology by sleeping on a rock. "It is better," they say, "to have come and loafed than never to have come at all." This is not true. In point of fact, college spoils large numbers of young men, injures more. College men as a whole do not show up well in the United States of America, or, if they do, their going to college contributes little to their success. They habitually shut up their minds during a crucial period of youth and become stupid and indifferent by habit. Once, when I had professed contempt for some field of learning, the great Richard G. Moulton said to me, "Young man, do not close your mind at the very time when it is

most capable of learning things. You will do yourself harm by such a practice." Young men in college often lose their ambition and the faith in life and achievement which they brought with them from home. They adopt the fatal habit of trying to "get by," and take a base pride in the ability to "get by." Let us grant freely that American college students can get by, learn the lingo of college, learn to dress like college men, learn to be fair judges of football and get their degrees. But what is it that they have escaped and what penalty have they paid? Have they not simply cheated themselves? Have they not merely retarded the development of their own powers?

9. The best men in college are not typical college men. They are too busy. I met a woman once at dinner—I never knew her name—who told me a story that illustrates my point. She said that when she was a student at the University of Iowa the time for the Junior Prom was approaching, and she had no escort. She began to feel uneasy about it, so that she accepted an invitation from a classmate of hers who, frankly, was not a good dancer and was by no means a social leader. He studied too hard to be able to talk about anything much except his books. The very next day she was invited by the best dancer in the class, a playboy and a social leader, the kind of man who led cotillions and organized dances for himself. She said that she had to recall strongly all the things she had learned from her mother about being a lady in order to make herself keep her contract and go to the dance with the Ugly Duckling. Her final remark was this: "I often think of those two men. The one who asked me first, the studious boy, is now chief justice of the supreme court of Texas, and the other one is the town loafer at Wilton Junction."

10. Whatever the crowd insists on doing, it will probably do. But that story has another appeal, an appeal to the individual. Students are coming to us in great numbers now. Many of them, perhaps most of them, come with the desire to get an education. Some of them no doubt think they can do this simply by staying in college until they are graduated, merely hold the theory of exposure to education. If they do not hold that theory when they come, there are enough loafers about the place to

teach them quickly. . . . My advice to them is that they shall not allow themselves to be cheated out of their privileges and their opportunities. They will gain from college only as a result of the work they themselves do. Let me say to them, "Work openly if you dare. I wish you would. Work secretly if you must. But work; work long and hard. Think of your mind as your greatest hope and as an instrument whose skill must be mastered and developed." In a country distinguished for energy and progressiveness, is it not a shame that college men should be distinguished for indifference, neglect of opportunity, and frivolous waste of time? Their grandfathers were not like that, and our country will pay the penalty for their undutiful conduct.

11. If any college man will work intelligently, I guarantee his success. The matter is easy, in fact automatic. What the world needs, seeks, and will pay for is honest, efficient work. The demand is simply overwhelming, and no intelligent worker needs to worry about his future. The world is full of pretenders, bluffers, loafers in disguise, bunglers, and inefficient executives. It simply cries out for the real thing. All a young man needs to do is to work intelligently at the task before him, and the world will come to his door to seek him out.

12. One who knows their present idle state hesitates to recommend work to a great many of our students. If they acquire the habit of conscientious, intelligent work, it will cause them a lot of trouble. The point is that these troubles are sure to happen to them. Things will be done to them. The world will insist on giving them prizes and praise, and will elect them to fellowships and to memberships in learned societies. People will keep offering them jobs. They will promote them, increase their pay, and also increase their responsibility. They cannot keep the world from doing this. These working students will be made into supervisors, directors, executives. Further demands will be put upon them for more and more important and intelligent work. They will probably make money, and will have to take care of that. The community will come and lay its burdens upon them. They will have to listen for hours to interminable bores who are around trying to get something for

nothing. They will have to look after those in the community who have nobody to look after them. They will have to look after the poor and the unfortunate, and the Church will demand their support. The people will elect them to public office, perhaps to Congress, and then their situations will indeed be bad. They will certainly have to write books and make speeches. I say to them, "If you do this, you will have no rest, but, son, you will have become a man."

13. Knowing some of you as I do, I know that you do not believe what I have said. You lack the will to believe, but I will dare you and double-dare you to try it. I think it might be well for some of these young men to go home and get a menial job, one that will require no industry, no originality, no public spirit, and no education. There is one other way they might try. I have often told pupils of mine that I thought their only chance for success in life was to marry a rich wife. But that isn't entirely easy, for some of these girls, particularly the rich ones, are getting pretty selective, and in these days they tell me it's harder and harder to keep them after you get them. So I fear that many of our college students will have to give up the idea of achieving any sort of success in life or else go to work. I knew a man whose son went out to California. After the son had been there for some time, a friend of mine asked the father how his son was getting along. The father said, "Well, he's gettin' along all right now, but it looked for a while like he'd have to go to work."

14. I am not, however, at the moment much interested in the negative aspects of this subject. I am interested in my general proposition that the world is simply crazy for men who will work, so that a conscientious and efficient worker in any line may practically dictate his own terms. I began this talk by saying that there was nothing more abundant in this world than talent and nothing scarcer than diligence. Think what would happen to this institution if we all went to work. I merely appeal to each man's and woman's conscience and ask no public adjudicator. In ten or twenty years' time this place would become renowned. We should be renowned for our great men—poets, musicians, novelists, states-

men, scientists, financiers, soldiers, and men of God. Our consciences tell us that this is true. Why on earth do we not act upon it? Why do we endure this state of unrecognized and unaccepted opportunity?

15. Take the case of England during the period of the Renaissance, the period that gave the world Spenser, Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton. England is a small country, only a little bigger than North Carolina. It had only about half as many people as North Carolina has. London was a little larger than Durham and a good deal smaller than Charlotte. The country was undeveloped, the people relatively uneducated, hampered by ignorance, superstition, and violence, scourged with plague, and ground down by poverty; and yet that country produced forty times more geniuses than any American state has produced during an exactly comparable period. How did they do it? I asked my class last term whether we lacked the native talent that they possessed. My class was disposed to think that we did. They thought that we were inferior by nature. But I should like to be permitted to doubt it. Physically we have not deteriorated as compared with the Elizabethans. We have an abundant *élan vital*. Our athletes are as strong as theirs. We are a great deal busier about our own affairs, such as they are, than the Elizabethans ever dreamed of being about their affairs. There is nothing commoner than talent among modern men and nothing rarer than ambition, industry, and faith. Would it not be a great thing if we could discover this morning why it is that we do not have a renaissance in North Carolina? I think we are approaching a solution, for if we knew why we do not do this thing, why we continue to grovel in our futility and nonentity, we might be able to remove the barriers which stand between us and greatness. I know we are as good as anybody else. I know we do tolerably well. But I am interested in this state and this institution, and "tolerably well" does not on this occasion satisfy me. We can end the debate if you will, like my class, simply admit that you are inferior naturally to the Elizabethans, but even then I shall not believe you.

16. But you may say, "I've read this matter up in the history books. The men of the

Renaissance became reacquainted with the art and literature of ancient Greece and Rome, and were thereby inspired to imitate and emulate classical thinking and classical art." And what you would say is true, but it is not the whole truth. Our collections are full of Greek art. We have the ancient classics in noble editions and in great quantity. Our Library is full of them. We have also excellent and interesting trained teachers of Latin and Greek, whereas the Renaissance had only half-trained teachers and poor texts, dictionaries, histories, and commentaries. If the classics alone will save us, let us adjourn this meeting and go down to the Library. It is a good idea anyhow. I should like to reread Homer, Plato, and the Greek Anthology.

17. You may say again, "The history books tell me that during the Renaissance men had, because of political and social changes, a new liberty and a new individual opportunity. Men could for the first time rise by their own efforts to better social and economic position. The old barriers against the common man were broken down, and men, actuated by natural ambition, rushed through the breach." This is also true, but it is not the whole truth. If liberty and individual opportunity would do the work, we in the United States for a century and more would have filled the world with greatness. For generations in this country opportunity has been as free as air, and yet as a race we have usually been slack, stupid and greedy. We have neglected, and we still neglect, Plato's discovery of the difference between the permanent and the transient or variable. Individual opportunity alone will not do the work.

18. There is something else here, something undiscovered. Can we discover it? It would be a great thing for us as individuals, as university men and women, and for the state of North Carolina if we could do so. In this world the very greatest things often lie hidden for centuries, not infrequently right under our noses. . . .

19. The Renaissance had a particularly happy and practical philosophy. It is still a good philosophy, still a better philosophy than ours. From Plato they got the idea of great achievement, and from Aristotle the idea that this is a world in which something

can be done. They had little that was negative in their belief—no skepticism, no agnosticism, little hedonism. They trusted their senses and believed that things are what they seem to be. They had no philosophic bewilderment, no idea that man in the world is lost in a maze, helpless and beaten before he starts, no crude idea that personal comfort and mere possession of wealth and power are in themselves ends worth striving for in this life. They had a vision of happiness and achievement, and they thought they could bring it into realization. The important thing for us about the whole complex is that it worked. What we do not know is that it still works. Whenever a man or a group of men learn this great pragmatical fact, they are unbeatable. There is no case on record of individual or nation where this faith, this will to act on faith, has been tried out and has met with failure. This faith, this will, is the one thing necessary to account for the rebirth of the human spirit, and it is ours for the seizure. It is a non-competitive good, and the more people who have it the more there is for all of us. As we apply this principle to our own lives and to our own age and times, certain symbols of a huge greatness, certain all-absorbing ideals, certain great patterns of action, certain great urges to both faith and works, float before our eyes. Nothing is of any avail except imagination to conceive and will to do. No special situation, no exposure to special learned environment, is of any value to us. Our own work is all that counts. This is the great discovery.

20. Some of you are as yet unable to apply to your lives Plato's distinction between the permanent and the transitory. You may have acquired a vague idea of its meaning when you have heard the words, "The kingdom of God is within you," or "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all else shall be added unto you." But the idea is extensible and will grow within you. If any unfashionable girl or boy in this audience will go to work intelligently, he or she will soon learn more about this principle. Intelligent work means good and reasonable work. It means applying exactly the right effort in exactly the right way to every task. If any young person will do this, twenty years or less

will show us a complete change in our present picture. The great athletes, the great social lions of the place, will then be important only because they happened to be in college with that studious man or woman, whose name at this time they may not even know.

21. The gods look down in derision on our athletic fields. You can, if you bend your ear, hear the cackle of their laughter over the stadium; not because we are playing games (the gods approve of games), but because we have made games our business. They smile derisively at our courting, not because they do not approve of human love, but because we are making our institutions of higher learning into matrimonial agencies. But it is not what we do that matters; it is what we do not do. Let us get over the habit of putting our attention on reform; let us put it on performance. The vigorous, energetic man or woman will, like the Elizabethans, take life, both public and private, both play and work, in his or her stride.

22. Perhaps the older generations are responsible for the idleness and frivolity of this. Perhaps the fathers have eaten grapes, and the children's teeth have been set on edge. But the answer to the question does not greatly matter. A renaissance is not concerned with the past or with the future; it is concerned with the here and now; it either is or it is not. If the impulse to achievement exists, now is the time and here is the place for the exercise of labor and intelligence in order to put new achievements in the place of the errors and omissions of the past. This is not the concern of the student body only; the faculty are also concerned with this movement. If our faculties are to lead in a general revival of learning, they must manifest more industry, more zeal, more faith, more emulation, and less envy.

23. No one can doubt for a moment that we should succeed. It is patent, obvious, inescapable that we should. We can in ten years' time make of this institution the greatest, the happiest, the most influential university in the land. This cannot be done by committees, by changes in the curriculum, by schemes of reform, by planning. It can only be done by each of us, as single, separate individuals, and

in this great enterprise we have each but one task before us, a comprehensible task. It is our own behavior. Our greatness would last for generations and spread over the whole commonwealth. I invite you, old and young, leaders and subordinates, women and men, in or out of the university, to engage in this undertaking. Even such a number of persons as are now present in this audience is adequate to bring about the renaissance we desire. We need only to entertain a high enough

ideal, to work intelligently, to have a firm and justifiable faith in ourselves and our ideal, and, above all, to realize within ourselves the unconquerable nature of the human will.

24. "And the will therein lieth, which dieth not. Who knoweth the mysteries of the will, with its vigor? For God is but a great will pervading all things by reason of its intentness. Man doth not yield himself to the angels nor unto death utterly save only through the weakness of his feeble will."

T. V. Smith

HALLMARKS OF AN EDUCATED MAN

Thomas Vernor Smith (1890-), philosopher, statesman, author, and lecturer, has taught at Texas Christian University, the University of Texas, and the University of Chicago, having previously earned degrees at the latter two institutions. He is now Maxwell Professor of Citizenship and Philosophy at Syracuse University. But not only has Professor Smith taught and written—he is author of more than a dozen books and co-author of nearly as many more—he has served in the Illinois state legislature, has been a member of the Seventy-Sixth Congress, and since World War II has been a member of United States educational missions in Italy, Germany, and Japan.

Professor Smith—a lecturer in great demand because he not only has something to say but can say it—carefully introduces his short talk, "Hallmarks of an Educated Man," clearly sets out and discusses each point, and then summarizes his thought. In other words, he tells his hearers what he is going to say, says it, and then tells them what he has said. Moreover, he packs much thought into narrow compass by such provocative sayings as "Only bookworms can live on books alone, and they but leanly."

1. The New York Library Association, which has been in existence more than a half hundred years, has been holding its annual meeting in Syracuse this week end. At one session this was the topic proposed: "What Are the Hallmarks of an Educated Man?" Now that is a query which interests me profoundly. Hardly more to honor the presence of the librarians among us than to amuse myself, especially at this season when so many

colleges graduate so many men and women, I want to try my hand at that question, spreading in my own manner "the mantle of imagination" over the general subject of education.

2. But first let me express my appreciation of the fact that these book custodians of New York State do not beg the question of their own role. Librarians naturally think well of books. Otherwise they would hardly be spending their lives in libraries. They remind us, however, by the very form of the question, that it is not wise for any professionals to

HALLMARKS OF AN EDUCATED MAN: Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *Wilson Library Bulletin*, September 1949.

assume that they are the people and that wisdom will die with them and their doings.

3. As a matter of fact, books are not indispensable, though they are most helpful, in getting an education. Only bookworms can live on books alone, and they but leanly. Books are so important, however, for both use and pleasure, that I propose to celebrate on this program how books give us *information*, how they furnish us *inspiration*, and how they even provide us with *sublimation*.

4. For the present occasion, however, and in the mood set by the librarians' modesty, I welcome the leeway they offer to have my say about the essentials of education, forgetting its superficials. Knowing that to be even book-wise a man must not be bookish, I agree with these sage lines from Wordsworth:

. . . convinced at heart
How little those formalities, to which
With overweening trust alone we give
The name of Education, have to do
With real feeling and just sense . . .

5. Since, that is to say, we cannot encourage high school or even college graduates to wear their class colors to work or expect them to carry their diplomas in their hands, we might make a mistake and treat as plumb educated those who aren't at all. As a disappointed Kentucky mountaineer complained to the president of Berea College, "I sent my daughters here to be educated, but after graduation they came home and married—just like any common gals!" The only reassurance we can give, to either men or women students, is this: *Education is as education thinks and does*. By their fruits you shall know them, for better or for worse.

6. And what are these fruits? Prefacing my analysis with a wise lesson my poetic colleague, A. E. Johnson, gave me more than twenty years ago, that "education is the creation of finer human hungers," I mention six hallmarks, but I'll settle for less. Whoever has one is good, all is perfect, half is better than is wise to hope. My six hallmarks are these: *Curiosity, Imagination, Efficiency, Piety, Humor, Self-sufficiency*.

7. *Curiosity* is necessary, because without it man is not man but clodhopper. To prick up one's ears at every sound, to smack one's lips

once at least over every new taste, to lift an eager relish to the wealth of the world about us, this is to be educable—and indeed is to have education-in-process. "I won't taste the spinach," said the recalcitrant child; "for if I tasted it, I might like it—and I tell you I hate the green stuff!"

8. *Imagination* must be added at once. Curiosity is odious without taste. Imagination, you see, is curiosity grown up. We all know people, sometimes college people, I fear, who poke their noses into everything, asking indelicate questions about the most delicate matters. Thomas Carlyle said of Mrs. John Stuart Mill—I know not how justly—that "She was a woman full of unwise intellect, always asking questions about all sorts of puzzles—why, how, what for, what makes the exact difference. . . ." Woodrow Wilson told a story which illustrates the proper punishment for such undisciplined questioning. "How did you lose your leg?" asked a frontier newcomer of a man in a caravan in which he was to ride for three days. "I'll tell you," replied he of the one leg, "provided you ask no further question about my missing leg: it was *bitten off*!" *Bitten off*? And three full days to go! No; curiosity, while indispensable, is not sufficient for education. Imagination is both necessary and in itself sufficient. For imagination is curiosity under control, self-rewarding in its own radiance.

9. *Efficiency* is important, on another but an honorable level. Not even the most educated can merely be; he too must do. And if one must act in order to live well, indeed in order to live at all, then he should act well. The man who is good, but good for nothing, is not genuinely educated, though he may wear a Phi Beta Kappa key. To do something, to do something well, to do something better than anybody else can do it, in short, to be efficient is indispensable for outer use or inner happiness, and so is another hallmark of the educated man.

10. *Piety* is also a high virtue, though today of low repute. It really has nothing to do with religiosity or sanctimoniousness. Piety, in the good old Latin sense—*pietas*—means reverence, for the individuality of the part and for the integrity of the whole.

11. There is no part of nature or of human

society which is not wondrously joined to the whole. Even the evils of life are not to be despised, though they must be diminished. Abraham Lincoln, who never saw a college or held any elementary certificate either, was educated. He had piety. So he could say, "What I deal with is too vast for malice." So he could say, even of the worst evil of his time, "Wrong as we think slavery is, we can yet afford to let it alone where it is, because that much is due to the necessity arising from its actual presence in the nation." Piety marks, raucousness disgraces, the man who would pass as educated.

12. *Humor* is the emotional accompaniment of the intellectual quality called imagination. It relieves the heart as imagination extends the mind. To laugh at the errors of our enemies is easy—and useful; for it may prevent our murdering them. To chuckle at our own *faux pas* is less easy—but not less valuable; it may prevent gastric ulcers, or save us the wear and tear—and, wow, the expense!—of psychoanalysis. To smile, however wistfully, at the conflicts good men have with good men *because* both are good, and even to squeeze a wry smile at the ambivalence of the highest ideals themselves, this is very, very hard but very, very necessary if we are to save faith from the foolishness of fanaticism. As Paul Laurence Dunbar writes:

There is a heaven, forever, day by day,
The upward yearning of my soul doth tell me so.
There is a hell, I'm quite as sure; for pray,
If there were not, where would my neighbors go?

13. *Self-sufficiency* is the final mark of education. It climaxes humor; for "Only he who

tickles himself may laugh as he likes." Whoever calls upon himself and finds somebody at home, is an educated man. If he finds nobody at home to him, then let him become a "joiner" and seek for his soul in the place where, alas, only deformed souls grow, in the hubbub of the crowds. Souls grow in solitude. The educated man must know where to find what he wants. There is no substitute for a soul, nor any satisfaction which compares with its self-sufficiency.

Alone I hail the contented hour
With but myself and me;
For nought is sad, nought is dour
When we're the company.

All silent thoughts get spoken
When three as one agree;
And inner light remains unbroken—
Once myself and I meet me.

14. Show me one of these six hallmarks, just one of either curiosity, imagination, efficiency, piety, humor or best of all self-sufficiency; and I'll salute you as a comrade on the quest. Dazzle me with all these qualities, and I'll revere you as a hero. Exhibit three of them, any three; and I'll love you like an educated man, and take you to my bosom as a friend. I'll not ask how many books you've written, nor care how many or how few you've read. Nor will I look for your hood, or quiz you about your diploma: whence or whether. Only this I'll ask of you, if you be a self-made man: that you do not daily adore your "maker"—or ever disdain those of us who were quickened in college and yet love to visit libraries to revive ourselves on the pabulum of print.

Roger W. Holmes

WHAT EVERY FRESHMAN SHOULD KNOW

Roger Wellington Holmes (1905-) was born in Boston and educated at Harvard University, from which he has received four degrees. He has taught and lectured at Harvard, Amherst, and Smith, and since 1944 has been Chairman of the Department of Philosophy at Mount Holyoke. He was awarded the Sheldon Traveling Fellowship in 1928, the Bowdoin Prize in 1933, and The Atlantic Monthly Prize in 1940. During World War II he was a member of the Signal Corps. He has written numerous articles for The Atlantic Monthly and The American Mercury, and two books, The Idealism of Giovanni Gentile, 1937, and The Rhyme of Reason, 1939.

Though the early parts of this essay are iconoclastic and may, at first, be read with surprise by students and with consternation by professors, the last part is a clear statement of an educational philosophy. And the essay, taken as a whole, shows how a sound liberal education rises above "academic taradiddle."

1. I never face a class without wondering what would happen if students were not so docile. Why do you meet your professors and the academic taradiddle of college with such fear and respect? You are everywhere in chains because you accept a tradition about college work which at cost to you misrepresents its values and overestimates its importance. You remind me of the elephant chained to his stake at the circus. If the poor devil knew his own strength! And if you and your classmates but knew *yours*! The good things that might happen to our colleges if you would take matters into your own hands and pull up a few of the rotted stakes of academic tradition are worth dreaming about. Consider some confidential advice from one who would like to see you gain your freedom, who knows the weaknesses of academic life from the inside, and can give a few pointers on how to pull at those stakes.

2. One of the first things you are told is that you must study hard. But that is only half of the story. The other half is that beyond a certain point which is easily reached, the

more you work the poorer the results. In my particular college you would be supposed to devote not more than fifteen hours a week to classes and another thirty to outside assignments. That means that you should be able to escape academic duties for one whole day each week and to take either the afternoon or the evening off almost every day. Work hard when you work. Mornings are the best times. But never work through both afternoon and evening. And take off part of Saturday and most of Sunday. Use three afternoons for exercise in the open air and three evenings for movies or concerts or plays or for that novel you want to read. Your college work will benefit.

3. You will be told that classes are the most important thing at college. Don't believe it. President Eliot of Harvard said that if he wished to found a college the first thing he would build would be a dormitory. If there were money left over, he would erect a library and fill it with books. And if he had money to burn he would hire a faculty and build a classroom building. Those of us who are willing to remember find it easy to recollect that the most valuable things that happened to us in college usually happened in our dormi-

WHAT EVERY FRESHMAN SHOULD KNOW: Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *The American Mercury*, November 1940.

tories, and most of them after midnight. We also recall with considerable pleasure the few occasions when we had the time and audacity to enter the college library and just browse among books utterly unconnected with our courses. Somehow we remember those books. We read them not because we had to, but because we wanted to. The difference is tremendous.

4. You will be told that marks are important. But they are a meager indication of a student's worth. Someday we shall have the courage to scuttle the whole marking system, and with it, I hope, will go that awful and meaningless sheepskin. Marks provide the outward and visible sign of the whole academic tradition. I wish every college student might come behind the scenes and watch his instructors doling out grades on papers and blue-books. We have such curious foibles. The odds are definitely in favor of a paper read after rather than before dinner. A typewritten paper stands a better chance than one in longhand. And that factor of length! I know one student who got himself an A by sandwiching a dozen pages of economics notes into a long term-paper on Beethoven. It is a matter of record that given the same set of papers twice we will grade them differently. Given the same paper, moreover, various teachers will assign it grades ranging from D to A, even in mathematics. Some departments give as many as 40 per cent of their students A's, while others in the same institution allow only 5 per cent of the same students to get the high-est marks.

5. You have probably been told that your academic record as an undergraduate will make or break your life. That simply is not so. Are you going into teaching? There is not a college president worth his salt who does not know that a Phi Beta Kappa key is small indication of your promise as a teacher. Are you going to professional school? Countless men and women with average grades as undergraduates have done brilliantly in professional school. And in getting jobs, it is what they have been able to do in professional school that counts. Are you going to seek work as soon as you finish college? Letters of recommendation these days cover numerous items which have nothing to do with your academic

achievement but are just as important. It would not be true to say that marks mean nothing, but if you will remember these facts every time you enter a classroom you will be on the right track.

6. Your professors form part of the academic taradiddle too. We stand on little raised platforms, the academic equivalents of the pedestal; we call ourselves "doctors" and smile with patient condescension when mistaken for medical men; we put high-sounding letters after our names; and we march in academic processions, clothed in magnificent medieval costumes. All in all we manage by such devices to convey the impression that we know what we are talking about. To be sure, we are not as pompous as some of our European colleagues in crime. Some of us even have the courage to sit on the same level and at the same seminar table with our students and listen to what they have to say. But it is not difficult to get the impression that your professors are founts of wisdom.

7. You will be told to take careful notes on their lectures and to commit those notes to memory. This whole business of note-taking is outmoded. Students started taking notes in the Middle Ages, before the printing press was invented. The student wrote his own books. Today, with large college libraries and with textbooks crowding and jostling one another for attention, the taking of notes is anachronistic. What you will do, if you are like the rest of the sheep, will be to produce pages and pages of notes, study them religiously for the examinations, then store them away. If you ever look at them again it will be simply to realize that the information they convey is far better presented in at least a dozen books immediately available, or that it is so thoroughly out of date that the notes are useless.

8. One of the major instruments of torture in collegiate education is the course examination. By this device the professor is enabled to discover how much of what he has said in class you have committed to memory. The night before the examination you cram the notes into your head. Next morning you enter a room heavy with the atmosphere of suspicion. You leave all notes and books in the hall, and you write on questions the answers to which you will have forgotten within a week, answers

which in ordinary life no one in his right mind would ask you to remember because the information is available in the reference books where it belongs. Either you are working under the honor system, an unwitting accessory to the hocus-pocus, or you are annoyed and upset by a proctor who marches around among the desks looking for trouble. The more you understand why you are in college, the less seriously you will take examinations. Some day you may even educate us to the point where we will compose tests which will measure your ability to use your knowledge with originality, rather than your ability to ape teacher. When that day arrives we shall let you bring notes, texts and even the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* to examinations. And then you may take examinations seriously.

9. Now that you are in college and going to classes, pause long enough to ask yourself why *we* are teaching and *you* are learning. In spite of what you may have heard from us or your high school teachers or your parents, the answer is not that we know the final answers to the problems we are discussing. We are teaching because we have studied carefully subjects in which you are a beginner, and because we have had more worldly experience than you. But neither of these facts makes us omniscient. If the truth be known, there are those of you in our classes who are more intelligent than we are—who will outstrip us in our chosen fields. Question us. Doubt us. Raise objections. Make us think! Avoid us when we measure your achievement in terms of the proximity of your thinking to our own. Welcome us when we admit that we do not know the answers to your questions, when we help you to find your own answers, when we encourage you to consider views with which we do not agree.

10. Why are you going to college? Not to enhance your parents' social position; not to get high marks; not to get the ultimate answers, which not even *we* can furnish. To use our own professional jargon, you come to college to get a liberal education. We must admit that we do not altogether know what a liberal education is, but we have some fairly good ideas on the subject. We do not entirely follow these ideas. None of us, for example, believes that there is a magic in piling up a

certain number of hour-credits. Yet, sixty credits and you get your diploma. And that diploma is supposed to admit you to the company of educated men and women. Why not fifty-five, or sixty-five? We do not know. Indeed if you pressed us we should have to admit that some students are liberally educated with thirty credits while others will not belong to the educated company if they take sixty times sixty hours of credit. Do not measure your education by simple arithmetic.

11. Elect your courses with care. If you go to a college which requires that you juggle five courses at once, you will do well to find one easy berth and sleep in it; otherwise you cannot do justice to the other four. This is a secret practice acceptable and accepted by all. But in general easy courses should be avoided simply because they are easy and do not give you your father's money's worth.

12. Do not select your courses with an eye to a specific job or type of occupation. More of you will make this mistake than not, and it is one of the most serious you can make. In the first place, we know at least that a liberal education involves a balance and harmony of interests. Secondly, your interests and talents are by no means fully appreciated or explored when you come to us. You do not want to wake up in your senior year and wish that you had not missed many important and interesting things. Thousands of seniors do.

13. When you come to college you are intellectually very young and have not yet learned to proceed safely or efficiently under your own intellectual power. You are what your environment and your elders have made you. Your ideas are not your own. The first thing you must learn is to stand on your own ideas. This is why you should not take us and our ideas too seriously. Broaden your horizon so that as you become more and more able to take care of yourself you will move intelligently. Do considerable mental visiting in your first years in college. Try to encounter the major points of view represented on the faculty and among the students. Entertain them the more seriously the more they differ from your own. You may return to your own, but if you do it will be with greater tolerance and broader understanding.

14. You come to college to gain a liberal

perspective. In gaining this perspective you must come to know the nature which surrounds and compels you, the society with which you must live and cooperate, the creative spirit which is your heritage, and the tools of language and of thought. To express it in this specific manner is helpful. It suggests certain intellectual virtues which you must possess before you can be considered an educated man or woman. This does not mean that there are particular courses which can alone provide you with these virtues. Do not take a course solely for its specific content.

15. For example, we have said that you must come to know the natural world. This does not mean that you must study physics and chemistry and astronomy and geology. It means that you must acquire the scientific attitude, understand the atmosphere and significance of the exact sciences, know their fundamental assumptions, their key concepts, their major contributions. And the same is true of the biological sciences. A course in botany or zoology or physiology or psychology is enough to give you an understanding of the important aspects of biology. You have not time for them all. But one is essential. Far too many are ignorant of the biological forces affecting human conduct. You should get into the laboratory while you are in college, and you should work in both the exact and the biological sciences.

16. You want also to know the society with which you must live and cooperate. And one of the ways in which you want to know it is the historical. You must be historically minded. You must recognize the importance of the past for the present. Man learns by experience, and history is social experience. Greek, Roman, European, American history—you cannot study them all, *but* you can become historically minded. And you can become socially minded in your view of the present world. Economic, social and political forces have your world in their grips. You must study these forces, measure them, evaluate them.

17. Our heritage in the field of the arts has always been recognized as liberalizing. Not so much need to urge you here. Most of the greatest interpretation of human living is to

be found in painting, sculpture, music and literature. What are some of the things which the great creative geniuses have told us about ourselves? What are modern artists trying to do? You must find out these things, not just that you may go to museums and concerts, but that you may *want* to go to museums and concerts. Elect some art or music, for pleasure, but also to increase your knowledge. Also, get a full and enthusiastic knowledge of the literature of your mother tongue. You will have discovered a source of wisdom, good taste and pleasure. Such studies need no recommendation.

18. Finally, you must come to understand the tools of language and of thought. And here urging is necessary. You ought to know another language, ancient or modern, inflected or non-inflected, so well that you dream in it. Such knowledge gives a far better understanding of your own tongue, both as a tool and as an art, than you could otherwise obtain. And you will have open to you another literature. Furthermore, you should be conversant with the structures and powers of thought as an intellectual tool, and you should be willing to examine fundamental assumptions. Mathematics, logic and philosophy are helpful here. You may think them difficult, but do not avoid them altogether.

19. If you will examine this program for the enlarging of your intellectual horizon you will see that it involves some eight subjects spread throughout the departments of your college. It is a program which you can complete in your freshman and sophomore years and one which you should carry through in order that you may be equipped intellectually to proceed to the second part of your college education. It will give you necessary breadth.

20. But you must also specialize, when the foundation has been laid. You must do this not because specialization will prepare you for a specific job, but because a certain degree of specialization is the second essential of true intellectual endeavor. Without specialization your college work is in danger of becoming that thin veneer of "culture" which we all recognize as superficial. And now you will find the faculty more cooperative. We are specialists and we like to encourage specializa-

tion. But still be on your guard, for we shall mislead you by overemphasizing the importance of our particular little corners of learning. The important matter is not *what* you specialize in, but that you specialize. Specialization for its own sake, that is my point. If you are going on to graduate work you will find the overwhelming advice of graduate school faculties to be that you specialize in *anything but* your subject of graduate study. If you are going into medicine, you might major in history. If you will be a lawyer, major in art or music.

21. Even your specialization should be carefully planned. In the first place, it will probably be advisable for you to do advanced work in each of the four major fields of study: natural science; social science; art and literature; and language, mathematics or philosophy. If you studied chemistry as a freshman, you might go on to more advanced chemistry and take elementary astronomy or geology as allied work. In short, in each major field in which you took two elementary courses as an underclassman, you should follow one elementary course into advanced work and at the same time gain some knowledge in an allied field.

22. But this will take only half of your time as an upperclassman. You should devote the other half of your last two years to intensive specialization in one subject in which you have the greatest interest and for which you have shown marked talent. Perhaps you have found history the most absorbing of subjects.

Good! Go on in it. Devote half of your junior and senior years to history. Show that you can work intensively on the details of your chosen major, manipulate these details correctly, and fit them into a comprehensive picture of the whole. But remember—though your teachers will work against you here—remember that you are studying primarily for the sake of the intensive specialization and not of the history. Your roommate is getting the same thing from majoring in mathematics or English literature.

23. When you have avoided the Scylla of heterogeneous meanderings among elementary facts and concepts and the Charybdis of a study so narrow that you are ignorant of what is going on outside your own little corner of interest, you will have intellectual balance and perspective. Do not take us as your models. We represent a special world and we are an academic people. You are going into a broader world and a non-academic environment. Make us realize that our interests and understandings should spread into every field. Make us see that our students are at least as important as the subjects we teach. Make us understand that marks and examinations are mere administrative conveniences to be taken far less seriously than we take them. In short, insist that we get together as a unified organization and provide you with a liberal education. Strength to you! If you will do these things you will be performing a service to us and to yourselves.

Gilbert A. Highet

TEACHING, NOT FACTS, BUT HOW TO THINK

Gilbert Arthur Highet (1906-) was born in Glasgow, Scotland. He took degrees at Glasgow University and at Oxford and, since 1950, has been Anthon Professor of Latin at Columbia University in New York. Among his books are The Classical Tradition, 1949, and The Art of Teaching, 1950.

You have probably noticed that nowadays, when you talk to young men and women of college age, they do not hear you very well. Their thoughts are elsewhere. They say, "Sure," and they say, "So do I," and often they say, "What was that?" But their eyes do not quite focus. Nor do their minds.

We cannot blame them. All that we can do is to sympathize, to keep them calm, and to remember what it was like for ourselves to be very young and to be faced with war (I), unemployment (1921-), inflation (1924-), unemployment (1929-), war (II), or the other crises which have been a recurrent feature of the twentieth century. But it makes it much more difficult to teach the young, in schools and in colleges.

Have you ever tried to take a long-distance call in the middle of a party? The host says, "This is for you. Cleveland calling," and hands you the receiver. Faint and distant, a little voice speaks in your ear, explaining something you have forgotten and asking questions you cannot answer. From time to time it is interrupted by roars and crackles of electricity, and occasionally a total stranger's voice, like a ghost, floats along the wire uttering disembodied fragments of an unintelligible speech.

TEACHING, NOT FACTS, BUT HOW TO THINK: Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from the *New York Times Magazine*, February 25, 1951.

NOTE: Since the final essays of the sections of Part One are used as a special project to improve reading comprehension and speed (described in the *Exercise Manual*), the paragraph numbers are omitted.

But your caller in Cleveland goes on earnestly explaining and eagerly inquiring.

Meanwhile, your host has gone back to the other guests, and is engaged in a loud argument about the hydrogen bomb that comes into your other ear with much more force and stridency than the Cleveland talker. Two late-comers are taking off their coats and chatting just beside you in the hall. Music is coming from the middle distance, where Jeff and Mary have been persuaded to do their own special version of "Baby, It's Cold Outside"; and there are regular shouts of laughter at the end of each verse. And over and under the various utterances, all demanding your attention, there flows a steady stream of miscellaneous noise, random conversation and isolated words and competitive dialogue and hum and clink and clatter, topped off by the furious trumpeting of taxis threading their way through the double-parked cars outside the door.

At last Cleveland says, "Now, you're sure you've got all that? Nine o'clock on Monday without fail and bring *both* zigs, they're sending Presncjx as well. 'Bye now." And you go back to the party wondering what on earth it was all about, and trying desperately hard to make a connected story out of the message. Sometimes you ring back next morning for confirmation. Sometimes you put the bits together into the wrong pattern and blame the other fellow. Sometimes you get it right, and it is at least partly luck.

Anyone who teaches young men and young

women is in the position of the man calling from Cleveland. He has a consistent and carefully prepared message to deliver. They know something of what he is trying to tell them, and they have one ear open for his message. They are not uncooperative. They will listen. But their attention is distracted, not occasionally but continuously, by a torrent of other voices and excitements against which the message can hardly make its way.

To begin with, they are young. And youth, with health and energy, is (for all the dangers that beset it) rather like being at a perpetual party. We oldsters lead a dull life, they think. Certainly we have far fewer pleasures. We could scarcely endure them, even if we tried. Recently I reread some of the diaries I kept when I was at college, and they made me dizzy. Into one day I tried to cram as much excitement as would keep me going for a month now: a debate at the union in which I spoke, a boxing lesson in which I became speechless, a meeting of the musical society to fix next month's program, an angry session of the magazine board, plus a dance in the evening, not to mention three hours' lectures. . . . And the point is that all these things were apparently occupying my mind at the same time.

Exciting, yes, and the essence of growth; but distracting. To sit and listen to a reasoned exposition of vector analysis or the policy of the Habsburg Empire, difficult enough for an adult, is almost impossible for a young man or woman. I sometimes look at them in the classroom with real astonishment, and wonder what keeps them in their seats when every one of them is a mass of explosive forces.

The biggest excitement of all, the one which corresponds to the cocktails at the party, is, of course, love. Usually their minds are at least half occupied by love—for at least half of the time. Either they are in love—and are puzzled by its power, or saddened by its cruelties, or terrified by its dangers, or exultant at its delights; or else they are lonely, and would like to be loved, but cannot find anyone lovable or loving. It is strange for a teacher to look at all those young faces and reflect that, although their owners are mentally immature, physically they are adults who could very well have children of their own.

The quiet little fellow in the front seat with the big glasses looks as though he were concentrating hard on the tax structure of Spanish America, but he is also trying to decide whether, since he thinks he is too unattractive ever to catch a real beauty, he ought to abandon the idea of love altogether and become a recluse, a hermit of the intellect. Farther back, the calm girl with the sleek hair and the neat, quick handwriting is taking down the figures apparently with interest and efficiency. She is also wondering whether she is going to have a baby, for she married another graduate student last summer, and they agreed to postpone the family till they got their degrees, and yet . . .

Older people—I almost wrote "grownups," but these youngsters are grown up, too—older people have usually had enough experience and have thought enough about love to know what it can do to them and how they should live with it. For the young it is all new. Sometimes I think there are only four great experiences in life: the baby's discovery of the world, the youth's and girl's discovery of love, and the adult's discovery of art and of religion. All of these are overwhelming in their excitement and their power. The difficulty about the discovery of love is that it competes with almost irresistible power against the training of the intellect; and still both must go on at the same time.

Then there are all the other excitements, which, like the noise coming out of the party, keep the message from being fully heard, or even fully attended to. Instead of listening to the man in Cleveland, you would rather be inside listening to Jeff and Mary singing. In the same way, young men and women can scarcely ever concentrate 100 or even 80 per cent on the intellectual messages which their teachers send them: because their will power is not yet fully trained.

Very few students ever go through a course without wondering at least half a dozen times whether they ought to drop it. Very few students ever complete their education, at school or at college, without having several periods of distraction or discouragement or despair, when they almost decide it would be better to throw up the whole thing and take a job. If there is a job handy, it is all

the more difficult to resist the temptation.

One of my friends who is now a successful surgeon played with me in the college dance band. He was offered the equivalent of \$300 a week to turn professional. And although he had entered college in order to become a doctor, although he had made his way by scholarships and had been getting excellent grades, although he really liked the profession and looking forward to curing the sick, he still had a long period of doubt when that \$300 a week, so close and so easy, looked far more attractive than the long years of training and internship before a distant and doubtful career. He used to talk to me about it by the hour, when he should have been studying the anatomy of the thorax; and I used to discuss it with him by the hour, when I should have been reading Lucan on the civil wars of Rome.

War is a violent teacher, said the Greek historian Thucydides. And it is extremely hard for any human teacher to compete with war for the attention of his students. It is not that they are afraid of that violence—American youngsters are good in combat, and very few of them permit themselves to be “chicken.” No, it is that they can scarcely concentrate on long preparation and careful thinking (which are the essence of a sound education) if a violent interruption may alter their whole lives. Young men nearly always prefer a quick and complete decision to vagueness, and hesitation, and postponement; and you can see them now, struggling against the temptation to throw up years of work and solve the whole problem by joining the Marines.

But perhaps we have all talked too much about the fate of the nation hanging on military preparedness alone; perhaps they feel that this is a powerful imperative, too powerful to resist or reason out; and probably we should tell them—what is undoubtedly true—that the fate of the nation depends also upon the education and the wisdom of the young people who, after every war and every crisis, have to guide it and to rebuild it. Just as we have a duty to educate them, so they have a duty, subordinate only to immediate military necessity, to be educated.

When we tell them that, we are telling them the truth. We are also training their will power. But it is not only their will power

which is not fully trained. Their minds are not fully trained either. It is the teacher's chief duty to train them. That is even more important than filling them with the right facts. What the young learn in high school and in college is not primarily sets of facts, or special skills, or theories, or explanations. They learn how to think.

This is the most important of all, for it changes them into human beings. Some of them never learn it. Uneducated people all over the world seldom learn it. That is why there is such a terrifying gulf between those who can think generally and logically and those who cannot. Those who can think for themselves see the world as a complex of events and forces which can be explained by fitting them into a number of intellectual patterns: history, for example, is such a pattern, and so is physics.

Those who have never learned logical thought can seldom see these patterns. Usually they refuse to believe that the patterns exist. They substitute vague and sullen emotional burps for logic. Or else they believe—when one tries to explain the pattern to them—that the explanation is only “a lot of talk,” words, words, words, intended to deceive and not to communicate. Most of the authors who have written about the peasants of Russia agree in saying that, though often shrewd at solving particular problems, the peasants would not accept logical explanations because they did not believe in the possibility of logical argument.

Winston Churchill, in the last volume of the magnificent history of the war, quotes Stalin himself as feeling and expressing this difficulty. “You explain a plan carefully to the peasant,” said Stalin, “and he scratches his head and says he must talk it over with his wife or his herdsman. Then he comes back and rejects the whole thing.” It was not, apparently, that the peasant understood the plan and opposed it on carefully reasoned grounds. It was simply that he distrusted it because it was an intellectual structure, and he could not cope with intellectual structures any more than he could fly without wings. Stalin could have educated the peasants. But he chose to liquidate four or five million of them instead.

We see the same kind of thing whenever we travel into remote parts of the world. Talking to illiterate farmers, or to isolated villagers in the back-country of Mexico or Spain or India (even after the language difficulty has been partly solved), we feel another difficulty, this one insoluble. It is that they do not think as we do. They are primitives. They will not make a general statement. Instead, they will tell a story. (That is why all the great religions of the world begin not with philosophical systems, but with wonderful stories.) They will not argue, and reach a general conclusion by to-and-fro discussions. They simply make counterstatements, and stop. And all the time they look at us with the same puzzled but intense gaze that we see in the eyes of an animal trying to decide between attack, or investigation, or escape.

Long afterward, when we have left their village and gone back to our homes, they will still remember us, with photographic vividness though without the power to generalize—because we had a *machine that clicked*, or smoked a pipe with a *silver band*. In their own land they are cleverer and wiser than we. They would survive where we should die. But outside their own land they would be miserable, for they could not assimilate their new experiences. Without the general processes that we call logical thought they cannot think.

So when we teach the young we must remember that, for a good deal of the time, they are trying—not always with success—to think as we think. Our minds are trained to put two and two together. Their minds are not trained to put anything together except emotional experiences. Our minds can detect remote similarities and build up large patterns of thought. Their minds cannot make those jumps and fill in those connections.

Almost automatically, after our training, we single out cause and effect, principle and example, ground and variation, rule and exception, pro and con, general and particular. These very concepts are strange to the young. I remember puzzling for years over the meaning of "cause." What is a "cause"? How can we say that the murder of an archduke "caused" a war? What "caused" the murder? Was it the bullet, or the powder, or the im-

pulse of the murderer, or the coincidence of his meeting the archduke, or his accurate aim, or what? It was really a revelation to me when I was given a logical analysis of the idea of causation, and learned that there were several different types of cause (Aristotle said four types) and that the whole concept of cause and effect was merely a human convenience in selecting from the process of events a few separate aspects which were important for our own purposes.

And so it is with all the young. Again and again, in talking to them, we use words which seem perfectly clear and easy. We say, "There is an analogy * * *" or "Suppose we look for a precedent * * *." The young look dutifully at us, but they are not quite sure what an analogy is or what function a precedent performs. Therefore the good teacher will always remember that it is not only the subject-matter of his teaching which is strange to the class: it is the actual method of his thinking. The young have to learn it. Without learning the principles of general reasoning, they will never be able to understand the laws of their country or grasp its history; they will never be fit to plan a factory or organize a business, to criticize a book or detect a fallacy, to arrange their own lives or to educate their children.

But it is difficult to learn thinking, and we must be patient with them while they learn it. When they do or say silly things, it is not unnatural. It is the upsurge of disorganized emotion, the random gesture of the animal or the savage out of which they are evolving.

That is why teaching is such a wonderful profession. Doctors make sick people well again. Lawyers reconcile people's differences. Clergymen make people better in spirit. But teachers make children and youngsters, half-animal and half-savage, into human beings. Even that would not be possible unless they wanted to become human. Every child, every boy, every youth, in his heart wants to learn and to grow in mind, to the fullest powers of which he feels himself capable. The best teacher in the world cannot force him to do so. All that he can ever do is to help and to encourage. His best reward is to see, not a "product," but a free and independent human being who can think.

People and Places

Richard L. Neuberger

A WESTERNER TELLS US WHAT WE MISS

Richard Lewis Neuberger (1912-) was born in Portland, Oregon, and educated at the University of Oregon. Before serving as an officer in the army, he was feature writer for the Portland Oregonian and the New York Times. More recently he has served as senator in the Oregon legislature. He is co-author of Integrity: The Life of George W. Norris, 1937, and author of Our Promised Land, 1938, a critical study of the cultural and economic history of the Northwest.

1. I'll take life in the Far West. So will the 2,000,000 newcomers who migrated out here during the war and have decided to stay on. The West is the fastest-growing part of the country. California now ranks third among the States in population. Oregon, Washington and Nevada are climbing, too. Why shouldn't they? They offer a man a chance to live as a man should—with a few acres of fresh air around him—not boxed in by pavement and girders.

2. America stretches from ocean to ocean, yet innumerable Americans so crowd one another that they must live behind turnstiles. They have to line up for everything. They go through a turnstile to eat lunch, to see a show, to board a train to go home after work.

3. No wicket guards the countryside along the nation's sundown seaboard. Out West there is room—room, as Franklin D. Roosevelt once put it, "for many people to have a better opportunity and a better existence for themselves and their children."

4. The phrase "out West" refers to more than geography. We have a West which is crowded, too. But I do not mean that West—the West of elaborate Hollywood cocktail

parties, of rodeo riders galloping a circuit from Brooklyn to Pittsburgh to Las Vegas, of cowboy yodelers who have never been beyond the city limits, of tired business men playing sheriff's posse on the sod of a riding academy.

5. The West that Westerners love is the West that prompted Frederick Jackson Turner, the great prophet of the American frontier, to write a quarter of a century ago, "The West, at bottom, is a form of society rather than an area."

6. I have a friend who before the war was a successful lawyer in New York City. Now he is raising apples on a fertile bench in the canyon where the Columbia River breaches the Cascade Mountains.

7. What kind of life has my friend found? A few weeks ago I watched him trudging up a hill with a faded Army shirt over his shoulder. He wiped the sweat from his face with a muscular forearm, and looked across the plaided orchard toward the sweep of valley which rose to Mount Hood's glacial cone. He bent to fill a pan at a rusty pump.

8. "I move more muscles in a day than I used to in a month of Sundays," he volunteered, "but I wouldn't think of going where those apples are headed."

9. We watched a long fruit train puffing eastward far below us, along the edge of the Columbia.

A WESTERNER TELLS US WHAT WE MISS: Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from the *New York Times Magazine*, August 18, 1946.

10. "I feel different," my friend continued. "The frantic pressure is off. I take time to visit our rural neighbors, to find out what makes them tick. They help me with my spraying, I help them with theirs. I notice little things I once thought unimportant—the wild flowers along the road, the shape of the clouds at sunset. I feel a whole lot more like a human being and less like one caviar egg in a big, thick, suffocating sandwich."

11. The West is new. Most Easterners do not realize how new it is. I, a comparatively young man, have talked with Indians whose grandmothers were little girls playing on the lava rocks when Lewis and Clark came ashore at Celilo Falls. The East, on the other hand, is more than three centuries removed from the Pilgrim Fathers. Its past is lost in tradition. Sophistication and timidity have dulled the daring and originality responsible for its greatness.

12. The West will take a chance, frequently a long one. It will send a cowboy on a white horse to the United States Senate and if he turns out, like Glen Taylor of Idaho, to be the only Senator to challenge the right to a seat of Bilbo of Mississippi, then so much the better. It will defy the White House itself to replace an aging Burton K. Wheeler with a young Montana lawyer. It will experiment with new governmental institutions in order to meet new needs.

13. Orthodoxy is no fetish on the sunset side of the Continental Divide. Practically all political and economic reform movements since the turn of the century have originated in the Far West—the Single Tax Leagues, the initiative, referendum and recall, the Townsend Pension Plan, People's Public Power Districts, Production for Use, even the ram-bunctious Ham and Eggs.

14. Easterners often look down their noses at "those crackpot outfits agitating out West." But who would do away with the direct election of Senators, started four decades ago in Oregon? Perhaps the initiative and referendum have their uses, although the Governments of most Eastern States have declined to give the voters so much authority. And maybe the Townsend Plan and Ham and Eggs every Thursday, for all their economic heresies,

helped to provide the impetus for sorely needed social security legislation.

15. Opportunity in the West is not fenced off by the caste system which rules so many fields in the East. Few Western cities have social registers. And consider politics. A young man interested in public office in the East must come up through the machine. Even such doughty champions of the people as Franklin D. Roosevelt and Robert F. Wagner had to serve long apprenticeships in New York State politics before emerging on the national scene.

16. Yet of the six present Senators from the States of the Pacific Coast, four never sought a public office of any sort prior to their election to the Senate. In the East it is still "old men for council, young men for war." The West honors youth. The average age of the Senators from the Pacific seaboard is 47. The average age of the Senators from the comparable Atlantic States of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut is 62.

17. Age makes the East crusty and suspicious. Try to strike up a conversation on a train rolling through the East and people eye you disdainfully. Women think you are trying to make a pick-up. Men fear you intend to lift their wallets. I have eaten dinner half an inch from someone else's elbow at a restaurant counter in the East without exchanging a word with my neighbor. A ranger and I rode four miles in Idaho's Kaniksu National Forest to share supper with two fishermen we had heard were camped down the creek.

18. People in the West are neither different from nor better than people in the East. Indeed, the transplanted Easterner soon becomes a bona fide Westerner. But the way of life in the West places emphasis on different values. Eyes are not fixed so fast on the main chance. Happiness and contentment bring as great a premium on the market as success and affluence.

19. The United States Forest Service brought Charley Rector from a ranger's patrol in the Wallowa Mountains to regional headquarters in Portland to make an administrator of him. Sitting at his desk, he missed the smell of Ponderosa pines, the dim blue distances of deep canyon and high plateau. He finally said he had entered the Forest Serv-

ice to work with trees and range, rather than to order other men to such undertakings. Today Charley Rector is back in the wilderness by his own choice, with snow peaks instead of filing cabinets to look at.

20. This illustrates what a genuine Westerner means when he speaks of the West. He thinks of jackhammer men at Grand Coulee and Shasta tamping mighty rivers; of soldiers in uniform breaking through the solitudes between the Northwest and Alaska; of foresters hurling back crown fires that turn gorges into ovens. Your real Westerner knows that the West of today needs no glorification in sideshow or carnival. He has seen Puget Sound from Rainier's three-mile summit, or he has cleared a stump ranch in the Cascades, and he has the faith and assurance which come from experience.

21. Pleasures reserved for the wealthy in the East are within the reach of the average wage-earner in the West. I know men earning less than \$3,000 a year who are able to afford cottages on the Oregon seacoast or cabins in the Washington mountains. Kipling called fishing for Columbia River Chinook salmon the ultimate episode in his life, and this experience is open to rich and poor alike in the West. Rod and reel are the only equipment required. True it is that Westerners have neither museums nor art galleries to match those on Manhattan Island, yet who would glance at a stuffed or painted fish when he could feel a live sixty-pounder at the end of his line?

22. New Yorkers may have a possessive feeling about the Battery or Broadway and Forty-second Street, yet I doubt if they can match the proprietary manner in which Westerners refer to the nearest great mountains. Portlanders speak of Mount Hood as if each of them owned the noble summit in fee simple. Seattle residents do the same for Mount Rainier, although Tacoma's die-hard citizens still refer possessively to the lordly peak as Mount Tacoma.

23. Perhaps because the East is older and more cosmopolitan it is sophisticated about its marvels. The average New Yorker does not boast of the superior height of the Empire State Building. No such reticence inhibits the West. Canyons are always the deepest, rivers the swiftest, cliffs the steepest, mountains the most dangerous, big-game the most numerous, fish the fightingest, girls the prettiest. . . .

24. Conventional Easterners tend to prejudge the West. To those who say that Montana and Idaho are provincial and isolationist, that Oregon is stuffy, that Washington and California are "crackpot," it may be answered that these are superficial estimates. Borah was elected to office from Idaho, but so were Jim Pope and Glen Taylor, ardent internationalists. Oregon has been stuffy on occasion, but what State hasn't?

25. Don't ride a streamlined train through the West and look out snobbishly at the people. You will find crowds at wayside stations gaping at the train. You may decide they are hicks and rubes. They aren't. They are just normal, everyday Americans. Two passenger trains daily, one each way, go through many towns in Idaho, Nevada and Montana. They bring all the mail and parcel post. They bring fresh fruit, and they pick up loins of beef. They even may bring a winsome new school teacher for the fall semester, or the French bride of the local Air Forces hero. It's permissible to walk down and watch the train roll in under such circumstances, isn't it?

26. The West is a great place if only because of the loyalties it inspires. No Westerner stands in a Chicago station and hears his train called without hackles rising on his spine. He can hardly wait to clamber up the Pullman steps; once aboard, he is impatient for "second night out," when the first ramparts of the Rockies will be visible, faint and far off, on the horizon of the setting sun.

27. As the West expands in population, . . . this possessive pride in a great region is happily extended to more Americans than ever before in history.



Ralph McGill

THE MULTIMILLIONAIRE NOBODY KNOWS

Ralph McGill (1898-) has been editor of the Atlanta Constitution since 1942. Born in Tennessee, he attended Vanderbilt University and began his newspaper career as sports editor of the Nashville Banner. He has served as a special adviser and consultant to the Department of State, and in 1937 was awarded a Rosenwald Fellowship for travel in Europe.

In this portrait of Robert Woodruff—a Southerner of New England blood, and the man responsible for the world's best-known soft drink—Mr. McGill depicts an American boy who has succeeded financially, who invests his earnings wisely, and who contributes generously to philanthropies. But in putting together his sketch, Mr. McGill does not depend solely on the plain facts of dates and doings; he also presents something of the man's philosophy and his views concerning free enterprise and government.

1. Some years ago, a Sunday-supplement feature writer was assigned to do an article on Robert Winship Woodruff, chairman of the Executive Committee of The Coca-Cola Company. A week later, deeply frustrated and well into his fourth highball, he said to those gathered about him:

2. "This fellow Woodruff is no story. He has his original wife after more than thirty years and they still get along. He's rich enough for yachts, but he hasn't even got an outboard motor. The guy likes poker, but is no gambler. He has never owned a race horse or backed a Broadway show. He has a ranch out West, but the only persons he takes there are his wife, relatives and family friends. All I can find out about him is that he's a successful man who's done a lot of good he won't tell you about. The hell with him! Pass me the bottle."

3. The story of Robert W. Woodruff is basically one of a well-known drink and a little-known man whose policies have made of it probably the most universally vended, branded food or drink product in the world. Every day

last year approximately 50,000,000 persons around the globe had a Coke. But the publicity-shy man whose direction created this world-wide acceptance is so little known that he walks the streets of his home city, which he and his father have had a major share in building, with only an occasional recognition.

4. At sixty-one Woodruff is a tall, well-set-up man with no fat or suggestion of paunch. His face is fixed in well-defined, severe lines, but his smile is warm and disarming. He wears conservative, well-tailored clothes and is careful of his appearance, but no clotheshorse.

5. He is patient, sometimes exhaustively so. He frequently wears out associates and friends by the thoroughness of his examination into an idea, coupled with his belief in an old axiom picked up along the way—that it is not wise to make a decision when tired. The latter led to an associate's saying wearily one afternoon that it was a good thing Woodruff was copper-riveted and possessed of a distance runner's stamina, as at the end of one of his conferences everyone else was too damned tired to come to a decision.

6. He plays as hard as he works. Men soft from many years at a desk have been known to grow pale on receiving an invitation to come down for a return visit and hunt quail on the

THE MULTIMILLIONAIRE NOBODY KNOWS: Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *The Saturday Evening Post*, May 5, 1951. Copyright by The Curtis Publishing Company.

Woodruff plantation in South Georgia. They know they will be up on the heels of dawn. They will climb off a horse for each covey point, shoot, hunt out singles, mount again and ride after the dogs to the next point, quitting only when it becomes too dark to shoot. They know, too, that after dinner there will be poker or gin rummy until midnight or later, but the waking call will come each morning at about the hour the more merry night clubs close. At the end of a week, they will depart, as one guest said, with "even their hair follicles hurting," Woodruff happily greeting another group.

7. The only visitor ever to out-Woodruff Woodruff was Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, who accepted an invitation to come from a week of golf at the Augusta National Golf Club to the plantation near Newton, Georgia, for a few days of shooting. When Woodruff appeared the first morning with the earliest streaks of dawn, he found General Eisenhower standing before the big fireplace in the living room.

8. "What's holding things up?" asked the general, who had been told there would be an early start and had got up before his call. This left Woodruff nonplused, and he is not a man who nonpluses easily.

9. Woodruff's physical endurance is the more remarkable because he takes no regular exercise, indulges in no diets, has not the slightest idea of how to relax and devotes his vacation periods to strenuous hunting or long horseback rides at his T.E. Ranch—once Buffalo Bill's holdings—thirty miles out from Cody, Wyoming. He is a chronic stayer-upper and an early riser. Restless always, but often lonely and given to deep moods of introspection, he has a saying that the future belongs to the discontented.

10. The early decades of the nineteenth century found restless men everywhere in the new republic on the move, especially to the new lands of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, from which the Indians were being withdrawn. New England supplied a goodly number of discontented on the hunt for new opportunity. Among these were Woodruff's forebears. George Waldo Woodruff, with the brand of transcendentalism on his name and the regional virtues of thrift and work in his

bones, arrived at the new town of Columbus, Georgia, a few years after it had been laid out in 1828. The Chattahoochee River fall line is at that city, and the swift descent of the waters over large rocks provides a ready source of power, which was later to attract textile mills. George Woodruff built a grist-mill, which was profitable. He invested in other enterprises and died a millionaire at ninety-one. His son, Ernest, married Emily Winship, whose father, Robert, had brought his family from New England to Georgia a few years before the Woodruffs arrived.

11. The first of the three sons of Emily and Ernest Woodruff was born on December 6, 1889, and christened Robert Winship. He was a child when the family moved to Atlanta. The town had been rebuilt after General Sherman's fires had destroyed it, and was flourishing mightily. It was attracting those who could see opportunity in its development, and Ernest Woodruff's canny New England blood was singing prophetically in his ears. He saw the raw city's need for a horse-pulled street-railway system which one day could be parlayed into an electric-power-and-transit company; for a plant to manufacture ice; for banks and investments—and he was chief among those who brought them all into being.

12. Young Robert grew up in the staidly fashionable Inman Park residential section. One of his playmates was Harrison Jones, now chairman of the board of Coca-Cola. Another of his schoolmates was William B. Hartsfield, currently and for fourteen years mayor of Atlanta. His Sunday-school teacher, Asa Griggs Candler, was a member of a leading family in the Methodist Church. Candler owned the wholesale-drug firm of Walker and Candler and was pleased with a recently acquired side line which was catching on amazingly—one of the new-fangled soda-pop drinks called Coca-Cola.

13. Candler's Sunday-school pupil was apt with the prophets and apostles, but the New England trader strain was evident in him even then. Young Woodruff was one of several boys who rode ponies to school. He was given fifty cents a week to buy feed for the pony, a sum ample in those uninflated days. This weekly half dollar was a challenge to his Connecticut chromosomes. The stables from which the

Candler wagons and drays moved in carrying freight and deliveries was near Robert's school. Woodruff and the Negro stableman became friends—a friendship which endured until ended by stableman Jim Key's death a few years ago. Woodruff's pony was stabled and fed at his Sunday-school teacher's stables all through the school hours. And Woodruff had for the nine months of the school year a net profit of fifty cents a week.

14. Years later when Woodruff, as the new president of Coca-Cola, reported for his first day on the job, he met Jim Key by the elevator.

"Jim," he said as they shook hands, "I haven't been upstairs yet, and I don't know the rules, but you are on the payroll for the rest of your life, and you don't have to hit another lick from this minute on."

15. Woodruff moved from grade school to Georgia Military Academy, and when he had graduated there, he spoke up for a job. His father ordered the boy into Emory College—now Emory University, of Atlanta—at Oxford, Georgia. Young Woodruff stayed not quite a year and quit.

"You're going back and get something in your head," said his father. "Damn it, boy, it's only three generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves!"

"I'll take the shirt sleeves now," said Robert. And he did.

"The college bills are yours," said the old man grimly—and let him go. Between the two, father and son, was a deep affection, but they were too much alike to get along smoothly.

16. Young Woodruff took the first job he found—helper in a foundry. He moved from that to a sales job with the General Fire Extinguisher Company, where his natural talents for selling brought in quick results, and his commissions mounted to totals quite respectable. News of this reached his father, who relented and sent for him. Ernest Woodruff had by then successfully organized the Atlantic Ice and Coal Company, and he offered his stubborn son a job as salesman and buyer at \$150 a month. He took it. This was in 1911. The next year, after months of persistent salesmanship, Robert Woodruff was accepted by Miss Nell Hodgson, of Athens, Georgia,

and they were promptly married. They still are, devotedly.

17. Marriage gave young Woodruff added incentive to get ahead. He made a survey which demonstrated to his satisfaction that trucks would be more profitable and efficient in the ice-and-coal business than horses, mules and drays. After long and skillful trading with Walter White, of White Motors, Woodruff contracted for trucks. This caused Father Ernest, who had not been consulted by his buyer and who also was unconvinced the automobile was here to stay, to become temporarily incoherent. When the power of speech returned, he fired the buyer and urged him never to darken the door again.

18. White promptly hired the young man, explaining later that Woodruff's ability in the truck deal was such that he didn't want him working for someone else. "I thought I had a sucker when I got hold of the youngster and started selling him trucks. I ended up with a deal in which my profit wouldn't have bought the shirt I almost lost," he said. White assigned Woodruff to South Georgia, but he soon outgrew that territory and White moved him up. He became the nation's top truck salesman.

19. Georgia's famed Ty Cobb and Woodruff were friends and bird-hunting competitors at that time. The bird-dog fraternity still recalls an episode of those early days when the star truck salesman and the great Detroit outfielder put their favorite dogs down with sizable bets on their covey-finding abilities. At the end of the first day, Woodruff's Lloyd George was ahead of Cobb's Connie Mack by two coveys.

"Hold the covey count, double the bets and we'll hunt again tomorrow!" stormed the angry Cobb.

20. When the soft, smoky haze of a deep-South autumn twilight fell through the pines and fields on the following Saturday to close out six consecutive days of hard hunting, Lloyd George was still ahead. The hard-losing Cobb looked blackly at his dog and walked off.

"That damned dog of Woodruff's has got his nose for prospects," he said, in deep disgust, and refused even to speak to his friend for the next six or seven months.

21. Woodruff was still with the White Motor Company, where he had advanced to first vice-president and general sales manager, when, in 1923, a group of nail-biting men in Atlanta, including a chastened Ernest Woodruff, asked him to head up The Coca-Cola Company, which they had purchased four years before. The going had been a little rough, and the truck salesman was a unanimous choice for the presidency.

22. It could be said with no great strain on the imagination that Coca-Cola had been waiting around for Woodruff. Both were born in the same town and each was moved to Atlanta in infancy. Until they met, the real possibilities of neither had had full opportunity for development.

23. Less than three years before Woodruff had his natal spanking in Columbus, Col. John S. Pemberton had departed that city with an idea born to him there. He had not done well with a small wholesale-drug company, and Atlanta beckoned. He believed that in the larger city he could develop his idea. There was great interest in soda water and the new fruit-flavored soda-pop drinks. The colonel had an idea for a new type. In Atlanta, he hopefully stirred his mixtures with a new boat oar in an open cast-iron kettle in a small building near the present site of the Sixth Federal Reserve Bank. He carried samples to be tested by the clerks and hangers-on at Venable's Drugstore near Atlanta's Five Points, until he had one which caused them to beam upon him and purchase a jug of sirup. This was 1886. Old records reveal that Colonel Pemberton sold less than thirty gallons of his beverage that year.

24. F. M. Robinson, a bookkeeper who wrote in a flourishing script, named the drink Coca-Cola. The world-familiar form of it is a copy of his original writing of the trade name.

25. In 1887, Colonel Pemberton, sick and discouraged by the poor progress of his drink, sold a two-thirds interest for \$283.29. The purchasers had no idea of its potential value, and the rights kicked around Atlanta until 1889. That year Woodruff was born, and Asa Griggs Candler began to collect the Coca-Cola holdings. By 1892 he was sole owner. His company employed traveling salesmen and an adver-

tising and sales manager named Samuel Candler Dobbs. It was he who put out the first oilcloth signs with the words "Coca-Cola" on them. He also produced the first soda-fountain displays and put the product on billboards. Candler gave the United States bottling rights to two insistent young Chattanoogaans, warning them their idea of putting the drink in bottles was not sound. It was a fortunate decision in more ways than one, in that almost from the beginning Coca-Cola was a local business wherever it was found.

26. By 1898 Coca-Cola sales were almost \$500,000. They were up to \$3,300,000 in 1907, and by 1917 had climbed to \$15,700,000. Sales were still rising in 1919, but profit lagged well behind volume. In 1919 the home-office staff, including all employees down to janitors, totaled only thirty-three persons, although that year the company took in almost \$25,000,000.

27. By this time Asa Candler was a bit tired of it. The drink seemed about at its peak. His sons were interested in other enterprises. In September, 1919, he sold out to a group of Georgia capitalists, of whom Ernest Woodruff was the leader. The Candler's received \$10,000,000 in cash and \$15,000,000 in preferred stock—since retired.

28. The managerial gears did not mesh too well, and in April, 1923, the directors sent for the vice-president and sales manager of the White Motor Company. The two Columbus products at last had met.

29. From the beginning, Woodruff's first loyalty was not to the company but to the product. His concept is that if a man produces an honest product and gives his loyalty to it, he will bring into play all the better human values in his promotion of that product. He will thereby make of it, his company and profits something helpful and part of the community. Woodruff's belief that the free-enterprise system has community obligations amounts almost to an obsession.

30. Woodruff spends a lot of his time engaged in what he refers to as trying "to see over the hill."

"It's easy to see down into the valley and up the slope," he said one day to a friend, "but it's tough as hell to see over the next hill."

31. It was in his early years with the company that he managed to get a quick look over

the hill and thereby chart a course and reach certain decisions. He determined that the soundest success could be had if the manufacturing, the wholesale processing and distributional facilities should be owned, controlled and managed separately from each other, and each should be independent of the retailers. Coca-Cola would, he and his staff further decided, develop as a single-product institution and, as manufacturer of that one product, would refrain from taking over a multiplicity of related operations which easily could have been integrated. Save for intimate control of the character of a few ingredients, Coca-Cola would, he directed, buy its requirements from suppliers in the market. Coca-Cola would, for instance, own and control no sugar plantations, mills or bottle-manufacturing plants. Today, Woodruff is gratified that of all its suppliers, Coca-Cola owns and controls not one, and that, even in foreign countries, it can be said that but for an already-steadily-decreasing few exceptions, everything used in the manufacture of Coca-Cola is produced in the country where it is sold.

32. Woodruff is proud of the fact that at both the wholesale and retail levels, Coca-Cola is shot through with economic independence. Of the jobbers 100 per cent, of the bottling plants more than 95 per cent, and of the retailers 100 per cent are under ownership independent of the manufacturing company. A long time ago Woodruff "saw over the hill" that if he could make of Coca-Cola not an empire, but instead a co-operating set of independent local businesses, his company would win support wherever its product was marketed, because of the local roots. Also, it would assist the competitive system, which, he believes, explains and maintains American productive genius.

33. When foreign expansion began, he imposed the same rules. Coca-Cola would sell the sirup to local processors, who would buy from local suppliers all they could of bottles, crowns, cases, coolers, cartons and the thousand other things needed.

34. To these independent businessmen at home and abroad, Woodruff preached personally and through his associates that in each town "The Coca-Cola Man" must be active in community and civic work, so that he might

become "not merely the representative of the product but the personification of the institution."

35. Between 1923 and 1930, sales went from \$24,000,000 to \$35,000,000, and net profits, where the Woodruff influence was most apparent, rose from \$5,000,000 to \$13,000,000. By 1940, under Woodruff's Argus-eyed direction, Coca-Cola had become the best-known, most widely distributed and extensively mass-produced item in the world. Beginning in 1886, fifty-one years had been required to sell the first 500,000,000 gallons of sirup. The second 500,000,000 gallons were sold in seven years, and by 1949 the global sales were at a rate of about 500,000,000 gallons every three and a half years. The company's sales in 1949 were about \$221,800,000, with profits of about \$38,000,000 after taxes. At the same time, Coca-Cola's more than 270 foreign bottlers, private enterprises all, and 300,000-odd nondomestic retailers, also independent businesses, were grossing an approximate \$150,000,000.

36. In France last year, communists persuaded some of the many small vineyard owners that Coca-Cola was a competitor of wine. The French Assembly, which reacts to farm pressure in much the same manner as a state legislature in Georgia or Iowa, adopted an anti-soft-drink measure, loudly opposed by French manufacturers of trucks, bottles and other items purchased by Coca-Cola and providing jobs for Frenchmen. From the Kremlin, apparently disturbed by the European success of this American product which assisted so many private suppliers around the world without any connection whatsoever with or aid from the Marshall Plan, came a steady flow of anti-Coca-Cola propaganda. Hatchet-Essayist Ilya Ehrenburg was called upon to produce angry essays which hinted that from drinking Coca-Cola to robbing banks was but one short step. Nothing is likely to seem more strange to the researchers of the future than the preoccupation of the Soviet Union with a soft drink costing five cents, or the equivalent thereof, almost anywhere in the world at the peak of the controversy.

37. Woodruff's stubborn refusal to become a public figure largely explains why he is not well known nationally. But the further fact

is that he privately is a difficult man to know. Even those closest to him reluctantly admit they do not know the pattern which fits him. Woodruff himself seems to have friends whom he seeks out to match whatever carefully concealed mood may be upon him. He is greatly drawn, for example, to one of his directors, Ralph Hayes, whom some in the company refer to as "Woodruff's conscience." One of the reasons for this, aside from executive skill, is Hayes' ability to talk and write well. Woodruff has been known to carry about with him some of Hayes' letters containing phrases or paragraphs of excellent prose until the pages were worn and smudged. Another of his intimates, Robert Tyre Jones, the great golfer, is esteemed by him for his forthright answers on business subjects, as well as for his companionship.

38. Only a severely limited few know the Woodruff who will sit by a fire and listen to poetry or some well-written paragraph read aloud. Not many more know the Woodruff revealed on infrequent two-man quail hunts through the piney woods and the fields of his South Georgia plantation.

39. The late O. Max Gardner, former governor of North Carolina, was one of Woodruff's close friends. A few hours before Gardner was to sail for London to begin his duties as ambassador to the Court of St. James's, he succumbed to a heart attack. Woodruff was at breakfast at his plantation, expecting a good-by telephone call. There was a call, but it informed him of the death of his friend. There was one guest in the house. He and Woodruff hunted that day into darkness. Woodruff, silent, in deep thought much of the time, chose the periods when he and his friend were riding along between covey shots, in which he rarely participated, to talk quietly but movingly about human values and what a man could do with his life to give it genuine meaning.

40. This is a side of Woodruff's personality which he guards with a deep shyness, based, his friends think, on a fear that he might be misunderstood. This same reticence marks his attitude toward religion. He has assisted many churches and is a major supporter of two. He has many sincere Negro friends and has helped their churches and boys' clubs. Or-

ganizations which have known his aid are many, but known only to him and his secretary. It is fair to say he is a religious man. He looks for this quality in businessmen and has, for example, privately referred to Charles E. Wilson, of General Electric, now head of the Office of Defense Mobilization, as a man who manages to be a spiritual statesman in business.

41. These two Woodruffs—the tough, exacting business executive and what his friends call "the other Woodruff"—undoubtedly complement each other. Yet, if they do, only he knows it. He apparently possesses the ability to turn the two on and off as he desires.

42. One day there arrived at his Atlanta office a requested color print of a portrait of James M. Cox, publisher, 1920 presidential nominee, and former Democratic governor of Ohio. In a well-turned inscription on the photograph, the donor had commented on Woodruff's innate "sense of what citizens and dollars owe to our lives." The picture arrived during Woodruff's absence, but a close friend who was present when it was opened and the inscription read said of him, "Bob's almost tormented concern with the obligation of the free-enterprise system and its dollar profits to society derives from the fact that all of his life the ancestral shades of a shrewd, ruthless New England trader father and a warm, generous and gentle mother have been carrying on a debate inside his skull. The tug and pull of it are expressed in his life. As soon as he has made a business profit, he frets until a part of that profit has been put to what he conceives to be useful human service. And the worst of it," wryly concluded the friend, "is that he insists on his friends doing likewise, whether they want to or not."

43. When Robert Woodruff's mother died, one of her servants said of her, "Miss Emily was the sort of person who could go to heaven without changing her clothes." It is obvious to those who know him best that from his mother Woodruff derived a pressing awareness of human values. This has made of him, among other things, a builder of hospitals. It has caused rural, deep-South counties, long darkened by malarial scourges, to be made well and safe.

44. Down on Woodruff's Ichauway Plantation, thirty-six miles southwest of Albany, Georgia, in great peanut-growing and bird-hunting land, the Negro hands think the Lord gave Woodruff a sign. Shortly after he bought the place in 1930, an old Negro patriarch of one of the tenant families drove over in a one-mule wagon to see the "new boss" who he had heard was there for the day. As he stood talking to Woodruff, a severe malarial seizure of chills struck him, and he all but collapsed at the feet of the new owner. This was Woodruff's first introduction to malaria, and with characteristic thoroughness he had doctors in to give inspection to every person on the plantation. Malaria and some venereal disease were found. In the course of the health examinations, Woodruff learned that Baker County, in which the plantation is located, had a high incidence of malaria, with a death rate which was shocking. The county was poor, because it had been hard hit by the boll weevil in the early '20's. There was no county health department.

45. An average man, emotionally aroused as was Woodruff, would likely have given the county a health department. Woodruff did, but not until he first had put dollars to work in research to determine what the problem was and what a health department would need. He set up a field station, deeding land to it, and financing it through Emory University's School of Medicine. It was provided with a modern laboratory. This station has kept on growing. The United States Public Health Service long ago was invited in and has profited greatly from the malarial studies. So has Baker County.

46. Out of this, Woodruff was directed, or led, to the field in which he wanted social-welfare dollars, derived from competitive-enterprise profits, to go to work. He had seen that a well person was happier and more interested in his job and in opportunity. All of Woodruff's plantation staff are promoted from the ranks. He turned to Emory University Hospital and its School of Medicine. He interested friends. The result has been a steady enlargement of that plant and its efficiency, until both the hospital and school are among the outstanding departments in the South-

east. An extra and substantial contribution there of his own was the Robert Winship Memorial Clinic, equipped with the most modern cancer-detection-and-treatment equipment and a staff of high quality. In addition, he has initiated or greatly influenced through friends and foundations the development of the Grady Clay Eye Clinic, the Private Diagnostic Clinic, a Department of Physical Medicine, a Department of Internal Medicine, the Crawford W. Long Hospital, affiliated with Emory, the School of Dentistry and a Medical Research Building, now under construction—all at Emory University, where he envisions a medical center for the Southeast on a par with that of the Mayos at Rochester. A fine co-ordinated program between Emory and Atlanta's municipal Grady Hospital has long been in effect.

47. These are hard years for medical schools everywhere, and for about ten years Woodruff has, with the co-operation of others, paid off the Emory deficit, which, in the process of expansion and rising costs, has not infrequently run as high as \$200,000 and more. He has aided other private and state educational institutions. He has not been unaware of the problems of general education and has been helpful in that field, although hospital and medical-school problems frankly occupy most of his attention.

48. In the fall of 1950, Woodruff was elected to the board of trustees of Tuskegee Institute, the magnificent school at Tuskegee, Alabama, founded by Booker T. Washington. Acceptance of this election to the board had a significance beyond mere membership on another board. The fact that Woodruff, tremendously busy with his business and the board memberships he already had, went on the Tuskegee board meant a determination to expand his energies to assist with the whole field of Southern education. His dreams, ambitions and plans fit naturally into the New South, about which the oratorical and promotional voices have been talking for more than half a century, but which now may be seen on the horizon. He has already been responsible for bringing important industrial board meetings south and has pointed out the region's assets

to industrialists looking about for a place to go, though he is never regionally chauvinistic in these approaches. "A region is built, as a nation is, by enterprises which create other jobs and raise standards, including education," he says. "In a free economy like ours, trained initiative is the vital ingredient."

49. That is why he objects so strongly to socialization and to increasing Federal controls and supervision, which create more bureaucratic jobs, but fewer productive ones. He saw much to oppose in the Roosevelt Administrations, and did so forthrightly. Some things he approved, for he never made the error of closing his mind to what was going on and to the damage the free-enterprise system could do to itself by not shouldering its responsibilities in a competitive system. He sees that an economy expanding through research and risk capital will produce jobs, and they, in turn, will produce wages to buy the products of the jobs. Therefore, Woodruff

wants the fight against socialism to be carried on by a dynamic economy which will maintain employment and produce profits, a fair percentage of which will be plowed into the activities which are helpful to people.

"The people will buy that," he insists, "and leave socialism on the shelf."

50. Woodruff knows that the future is challenging this sort of system to meet and defeat the chaos in currencies, ideologies and world economics. New methods and original techniques will be required. These, he is sure, will develop out of the competitive system and the American genius for it, if they are not shackled. If left free enough, he is confident, the American system has the stamina, vitality and skill to overcome and outproduce, in jobs, goods and the humanities, any other system in competition. But, he insists, American businessmen have got everlastingly to be trying to see over that always-present hill ahead. Those who dig in the valley will die there.

Virginia Woolf

BEAU BRUMMELL

Virginia Woolf (1882-1941), daughter of the versatile Sir Leslie Stephen, was born in London and educated at home, cloistered in her father's magnificent library. Here she met such literary figures as Hardy, Stevenson, Ruskin, Bryce, Morley, and Meredith. In 1912 she married Leonard Sidney Woolf, a leader of the Labor Party and a writer on economic problems, and their home in Bloomsbury became the gathering place of a brilliant literary coterie. Mrs. Woolf published several collections of literary essays, best known of which are The Common Reader, 1925, and The Second Common Reader, 1932. Her most popular and significant books, however, are two novels—Mrs. Dalloway, 1925, and To the Lighthouse, 1927. In these particularly, through her minute exploration of the human mind, she established her position as a dominant influence in the development of the modern novel.

George Bryan Brummell, the subject of Virginia Woolf's biographical essay, was born in 1778, the son of William Brummell, private secretary to Lord North. He was very popular at Eton, where he was known as "Buck" Brummell, and during his short stay at Oxford he developed a reputation for wit and was presented to the prince of Wales (later George IV). Because of his friendship with the prince and the fastidiousness of his dress, the "Buck" was changed to "Beau," and he became conspicuous in the society of the day. But so great were his living expenses and so heavy his gambling debts that he quickly squandered a legacy of

about £30,000, and, his tongue proving too sharp even for the Prince Regent, he fled to France in 1816 to escape both debtors and revilers. For a while he was consul at Caen, but his deterioration was rapid. He died at the charitable asylum of Bon Sauveur at Caen in 1840.

1. When Cowper, in the seclusion of Olney, was roused to anger by the thought of the Duchess of Devonshire and predicted a time when "instead of a girdle there will be a rent, and instead of beauty, baldness," he was acknowledging the power of the lady whom he thought so despicable. Why, otherwise, should she haunt the damp solitudes of Olney? Why should the rustle of her silken skirts disturb those gloomy meditations? Undoubtedly the Duchess was a good haunter. Long after those words were written, when she was dead and buried beneath a tinsel coronet, her ghost mounted the stairs of a very different dwelling-place. An old man was sitting in his arm-chair at Caen. The door opened, and the servant announced, "The Duchess of Devonshire." Beau Brummell at once rose, went to the door and made a bow that would have graced the Court of St. James's. Only, unfortunately, there was nobody there. The cold air blew up the staircase of an inn. The Duchess was long dead, and Beau Brummell, in his old age and imbecility, was dreaming that he was back in London again giving a party. Cowper's curse had come true for both of them. The Duchess lay in her shroud, and Brummell, whose clothes had been the envy of kings, had now only one pair of much-mended trousers, which he hid as best he could under a tattered cloak. As for his hair, that had been shaved by order of the doctor.

2. But though Cowper's sour predictions had thus come to pass, both the Duchess and the dandy might claim that they had had their day. They had been great figures in their time. Of the two, perhaps Brummell might boast the more miraculous career. He had no advantage of birth, and but little of fortune. His grandfather had let rooms in St. James's Street. He had only a moderate capital of thirty thousand pounds to begin with, and his beauty, of figure rather than of face, was

marred by a broken nose. Yet without a single noble, important, or valuable action to his credit he cuts a figure; he stands for a symbol; his ghost walks among us still. The reason for this eminence is now a little difficult to determine. Skill of hand and nicety of judgment were his, of course, otherwise he would not have brought the art of tying neck-cloths to perfection. The story is, perhaps, too well known—how he drew his head far back and sunk his chin slowly down so that the cloth wrinkled in perfect symmetry, or if one wrinkle were too deep or too shallow, the cloth was thrown into a basket and the attempt renewed, while the Prince of Wales sat, hour after hour, watching. Yet skill of hand and nicety of judgment were not enough. Brummell owed his ascendancy to some curious combination of wit, of taste, of insolence, of independence—for he was never a toady—which it were too heavy handed to call a philosophy of life, but served the purpose. At any rate, ever since he was the most popular boy at Eton coolly jesting when they were for throwing a bargee into the river, "My good fellows, don't send him into the river; the man is evidently in a high state of perspiration, and it almost amounts to a certainty that he will catch cold," he floated buoyantly and gaily and without apparent effort to the top of whatever society he found himself among. Even when he was a captain in the Tenth Hussars and so scandalously inattentive to duty that he only knew his troop by "the very large blue nose" of one of the men, he was liked and tolerated. When he resigned his commission, for the regiment was to be sent to Manchester—and "I really could not go—think, your Royal Highness, Manchester!"—he had only to set up house in Chesterfield Street to become the head of the most jealous and exclusive society of his time. For example, he was at Almack's one night talking to Lord —. The Duchess of — was there, escorting her young daughter, Lady Louisa. The Duchess caught sight of Mr. Brummell, and at once

warned her daughter that if that gentleman near the door came and spoke to them she was to be careful to impress him favourably, "for," and she sank her voice to a whisper, "he is the celebrated Mr. Brummell." Lady Louisa might well have wondered why a Mr. Brummell was celebrated, and why a Duke's daughter need take care to impress a Mr. Brummell. And then directly he began to move towards them the reason of her mother's warning became apparent. The grace of his carriage was so astonishing; his bows were so exquisite. Everybody looked overdressed or badly dressed—some, indeed looked positively dirty beside him. His clothes seemed to melt into each other with the perfection of their cut and the quiet harmony of their colour. Without a single point of emphasis everything was distinguished—from his bow to the way he opened his snuff-box, with his left hand invariably. He was the personification of freshness and cleanliness and order. One could well believe that he had his chair brought into his dressing-room and was deposited at Almack's without letting a puff of wind disturb his curls or a spot of mud stain his shoes. When he actually spoke to her, Lady Louisa would be at first enchanted—no one was more agreeable, more amusing, had a manner that was more flattering and enticing—and then she would be puzzled. It was quite possible that before the evening was out he would ask her to marry him, and yet his manner of doing it was such that the most ingenuous *débutante* could not believe that he meant it seriously. His odd grey eyes seemed to contradict his lips; they had a look in them which made the sincerity of his compliments very doubtful. And then he said very cutting things about other people. They were not exactly witty; they were certainly not profound; but they were so skilful, so adroit—they had a twist in them which made them slip into the mind and stay there when more important phrases were forgotten. He had downed the Regent himself with his dexterous "Who's your fat friend?" and his method was the same with humbler people who snubbed him or bored him. "Why, what could I do, my good fellow, but cut the connection? I discovered that Lady Mary actually ate cabbage!"—so he explained to a friend his fail-

ure to marry a lady. And, again, when some dull citizen pestered him about his tour to the North, "Which of the lakes do I admire?" he asked his valet. "Windermere, sir." "Ah, yes—Windermere, so it is—Windermere." That was his style, flickering, sneering, hovering on the verge of insolence, skimming the edge of nonsense, but always keeping within some curious mean, so that one knew the false Brummell story from the true by its exaggeration. Brummell could never have said, "Wales, ring the bell," any more than he could have worn a brightly coloured waistcoat or a glaring necktie. That "certain exquisite propriety" which Lord Byron remarked in his dress, stamped his whole being, and made him appear cool, refined, and debonair among the gentlemen who talked only of sport, which Brummell detested, and smelt of the stable, which Brummell never visited. Lady Louisa might well be on tenter-hooks to impress Mr. Brummell favourably. Mr. Brummell's good opinion was of the utmost importance in the world of Lady Louisa.

3. And unless that world fell into ruins his rule seemed assured. Handsome, heartless, and cynical, the Beau seemed invulnerable. His taste was impeccable, his health admirable; and his figure as fine as ever. His rule had lasted many years and survived many vicissitudes. The French Revolution had passed over his head without disordering a single hair. Empires had risen and fallen while he experimented with the crease of a neck-cloth and criticised the cut of a coat. Now the battle of Waterloo had been fought and peace had come. The battle left him untouched: it was the peace that undid him. For some time past he had been winning and losing at the gaming-tables. Harriette Wilson had heard that he was ruined, and then, not without disappointment, that he was safe again. Now, with the armies disbanded, there was let loose upon London a horde of rough, ill-mannered men who had been fighting all those years and were determined to enjoy themselves. They flooded the gaming-houses. They played very high. Brummell was forced into competition. He lost and won and vowed never to play again, and then he did play again. At last his remaining ten thousand pounds was gone. He borrowed until he could borrow no more.

And finally, to crown the loss of so many thousands, he lost the six-penny-bit with a hole in it which had always brought him good luck. He gave it by mistake to a hackney coachman: that rascal Rothschild got hold of it, he said, and that was the end of his luck. Such was his own account of the affair—other people put a less innocent interpretation on the matter. At any rate there came a day, 16th May 1816, to be precise—it was a day upon which everything was precise—when he dined alone off a cold fowl and a bottle of claret at Watier's, attended the opera, and then took coach for Dover. He drove rapidly all through the night and reached Calais the day after. He never set foot in England again.

4. And now a curious process of disintegration set in. The peculiar and highly artificial society of London had acted as a preservative; it had kept him in being; it had concentrated him into one single gem. Now that the pressure was removed, the odds and ends, so trifling separately, so brilliant in combination, which had made up the being of the Beau, fell asunder and revealed what lay beneath. At first his lustre seemed undiminished. His old friends crossed the water to see him and made a point of standing him a dinner and leaving a little present behind them at his banker's. He held his usual levee at his lodgings; he spent the usual hours washing and dressing; he rubbed his teeth with a red root, tweezed out hairs with a silver tweezer, tied his cravat to admiration, and issued at four precisely as perfectly equipped as if the Rue Royale had been St. James's Street and the Prince himself had hung upon his arm. But the Rue Royale was not St. James's Street; the old French Countess who spat on the floor was not the Duchess of Devonshire; the good bourgeois who pressed him to dine off goose at four was not Lord Alvanley; and though he soon won for himself the title of *Roi de Calais*, and was known to workmen as "George, ring the bell," the praise was gross, the society coarse, and the amusements of Calais very slender. The Beau had to fall back upon the resources of his own mind. These might have been considerable. According to Lady Hester Stanhope, he might have been, had he chosen, a very clever man; and when she told him so, the Beau admitted

that he had wasted his talents because a dandy's way of life was the only one "which could place him in a prominent light, and enable him to separate himself from the ordinary herd of men, whom he held in considerable contempt." That way of life allowed of verse-making—his verses, called "The Butterfly's Funeral," were much admired; and of singing, and of some dexterity with the pencil. But now, when the summer days were so long and so empty, he found that such accomplishments hardly served to while away the time. He tried to occupy himself with writing his memoirs; he bought a screen and spent hours pasting it with pictures of great men and beautiful ladies whose virtues and frailties were symbolised by hyenas, by wasps, by profusions of cupids, fitted together with extraordinary skill; he collected Buhl furniture; he wrote letters in a curiously elegant and elaborate style to ladies. But these occupations palled. The resources of his mind had been whittled away in the course of years; now they failed him. And then the crumbling process went a little farther, and another organ was laid bare—the heart. He who had played at love all these years and kept so adroitly beyond the range of passion, now made violent advances to girls who were young enough to be his daughters. He wrote such passionate letters to Mademoiselle Ellen of Caen that she did not know whether to laugh or to be angry. She was angry, and the Beau, who had tyrannised over the daughters of Dukes, prostrated himself before her in despair. But it was too late—the heart after all these years was not a very engaging object even to a simple country girl, and he seems at last to have lavished his affections upon animals. He mourned his terrier Vick for three weeks; he had a friendship with a mouse; he became the champion of all the neglected cats and starving dogs in Caen. Indeed, he said to a lady that if a man and a dog were drowning in the same pond he would prefer to save the dog—if, that is, there were nobody looking. But he was still persuaded that everybody was looking; and his immense regard for appearances gave him a certain stoical endurance. Thus, when paralysis struck him at dinner he left the table without a sign; sunk deep in debt as he was, he still picked his way over the cobbles on the points of his toes

to preserve his shoes, and when the terrible day came and he was thrown into prison he won the admiration of murderers and thieves by appearing among them as cool and courteous as if about to pay a morning call. But if he were to continue to act his part, it was essential that he should be supported—he must have a sufficiency of boot polish, gallons of eau-de-Cologne, and three changes of linen every day. His expenditure upon these items was enormous. Generous as his old friends were, and persistently as he supplicated them, there came a time when they could be squeezed no longer. It was decreed that he was to content himself with one change of linen daily, and his allowance was to admit of necessities only. But how could a Brummell exist upon necessities only? The demand was absurd. Soon afterwards he showed his sense of the gravity of the situation by mounting a black silk neck-cloth. Black silk neck-cloths had always been his aversion. It was a signal of despair, a sign that the end was in sight. After that everything that had supported him and kept him in being dissolved. His self-respect vanished. He would dine with any one who would pay the bill. His memory weakened and he told the same story over and over again till even the burghers of Caen were bored. Then his manners degenerated. His extreme cleanliness lapsed into carelessness, and then into positive filth. People objected to his presence in the dining-room of the hotel. Then his mind went—he thought that the Duchess of Devonshire was coming up the stairs when it was only the wind. At

last but one passion remained intact among the crumbled débris of so many—an immense greed. To buy Rheims biscuits he sacrificed the greatest treasure that remained to him—he sold his snuff-box. And then nothing was left but a heap of disagreeables, a mass of corruption, a senile and disgusting old man fit only for the charity of nuns and the protection of an asylum. There the clergyman begged him to pray. “‘I do try,’ he said, but he added something which made me doubt whether he understood me.” Certainly, he would try; for the clergyman wished it and he had always been polite. He had been polite to thieves and to duchesses and to God himself. But it was no use trying any longer. He could believe in nothing now except a hot fire, sweet biscuits and another cup of coffee if he asked for it. And so there was nothing for it but that the Beau who had been compact of grace and sweetness should be shuffled into the grave like any other ill-dressed, ill-bred, unneeded old man. Still, one must remember that Byron, in his moments of dandyism, “always pronounced the name of Brummell with a mingled emotion of respect and jealousy.”

[NOTE.—Mr. Berry of St. James's Street has courteously drawn my attention to the fact that Beau Brummell certainly visited England in 1822. He came to the famous wine-shop on 26th July 1822 and was weighed as usual. His weight was then 10 stones 13 pounds. On the previous occasion, 6th July 1815, his weight was 12 stones 10 pounds. Mr. Berry adds that there is no record of his coming after 1822.]

E. B. White

HERE IS NEW YORK

Elwyn Brooks White (1899-) is a humorist, familiar essayist, and poet. He was born in New York State, educated at Cornell, entered the army as a private in World War I, became a reporter on the Seattle Times, later a production assistant in a New York advertising agency, and then a special contributor to The New Yorker and to Harper's Magazine. He is best known for his publications

in *The New Yorker* and his "One Man's Meat" department in Harper's (from 1938 to 1943). He has also published several books and numerous articles.

Whether writing poems, essays, humorous pieces, or a psychological analysis of a city, Mr. White invests his work with the feeling of an extraordinarily sensitive and alert person, a person whose judgments, though quietly propounded, stem from a carefully reasoned attitude toward life in general. His style is notably figurative ("reaching for the sun"), rhythmical ("the tidal restlessness of the city"), allusive ("the intimation of mortality"), and epigrammatic ("Prosperity creates its bread lines, the same as depression"). No small part of his fame has come from his *New Yorker* "Notes and Comments" on doings about town, for he himself has been fishing in Manhattan's wallet and digging out coins for more than a quarter of a century.

1. On any person who desires such queer prizes, New York will bestow the gift of loneliness and the gift of privacy. It is this largess that accounts for the presence within the city's walls of a considerable section of the population; for the residents of Manhattan are to a large extent strangers who have pulled up stakes somewhere and come to town, seeking sanctuary or fulfillment or some greater or lesser grail. The capacity to make such dubious gifts is a mysterious quality of New York. It can destroy an individual, or it can fulfill him, depending a good deal on luck. No one should come to New York to live unless he is willing to be lucky.

2. New York is the concentrate of art and commerce and sport and religion and entertainment and finance, bringing to a single compact arena the gladiator, the evangelist, the promoter, the actor, the trader and the merchant. It carries on its lapel the unexungeable odor of the long past, so that no matter where you sit in New York you feel the vibrations of great times and tall deeds, of queer people and events and undertakings. I am sitting at the moment in a stifling hotel room in 90-degree heat, half-way down an air shaft, in midtown. No air moves in or out of the room, yet I am curiously affected by emanations from the immediate surroundings. I am twenty-two blocks from where Rudolph Valentino lay in state, eight blocks from where Nathan Hale was executed, five blocks from the publisher's office where Ernest Hemingway hit Max Eastman on the nose, four miles

from where Walt Whitman sat sweating out editorials for the *Brooklyn Eagle*, thirty-four blocks from the street Willa Cather lived in when she came to New York to write books about Nebraska, one block from where Marceline used to clown on the boards of the Hippodrome, thirty-six blocks from the spot where the historian Joe Gould kicked a radio to pieces in full view of the public, thirteen blocks from where Harry Thaw shot Stanford White, five blocks from where I used to usher at the Metropolitan Opera and only a hundred and twelve blocks from the spot where Clarence Day the Elder was washed of his sins in the Church of the Epiphany (I could continue this list indefinitely); and for that matter I am probably occupying the very room that any number of exalted and somehow memorable characters sat in, some of them on hot, breathless afternoons, lonely and private and full of their own sense of emanations from without.

3. When I went down to lunch a few minutes ago I noticed that the man sitting next to me (about eighteen inches away along the wall) was Fred Stone. The eighteen inches were both the connection and the separation that New York provides for its inhabitants. My only connection with Fred Stone was that I saw him in *The Wizard of Oz* around the beginning of the century. But our waiter felt the same stimulus from being close to a man from Oz, and after Mr. Stone left the room the waiter told me that when he (the waiter) was a young man just arrived in this country and before he could understand a word of English, he had taken his girl for their first theater date to *The Wizard of Oz*. It was a

wonderful show, the waiter recalled—a man of straw, a man of tin. Wonderful! (And still only eighteen inches away.) “Mr. Stone is a very hearty eater,” said the waiter thoughtfully, content with this fragile participation in destiny, this link with Oz.

4. New York blends the gift of privacy with the excitement of participation; and better than most dense communities it succeeds in insulating the individual (if he wants it, and almost everybody wants or needs it) against all enormous and violent and wonderful events that are taking place every minute. Since I have been sitting in this miasmic air shaft, a good many rather splashy events have occurred in town. A man shot and killed his wife in a fit of jealousy. It caused no stir outside his block and got only small mention in the papers. I did not attend. Since my arrival, the greatest air show ever staged in all the world took place in town. I didn't attend and neither did most of the eight million other inhabitants, although they say there was quite a crowd. I didn't even hear any planes except a couple of westbound commercial airliners that habitually use this air shaft to fly over. The biggest ocean-going ships on the North Atlantic arrived and departed. I didn't notice them and neither did most other New Yorkers. I am told this is the greatest seaport in the world, with six hundred and fifty miles of water front, and ships calling here from many exotic lands, but the only boat I've happened to notice since my arrival was a small sloop tacking out of the East River night before last on the ebb tide when I was walking across the Brooklyn Bridge. I heard the *Queen Mary* blow one midnight, though, and the sound carried the whole history of departure and longing and loss. The Lions have been in convention. I've seen not one Lion. A friend of mine saw one and told me about him. (He was lame, and was wearing a bolero.) At the ballgrounds and horse parks the greatest sporting spectacles have been enacted. I saw no ballplayer, no race horse. The governor came to town. I heard the siren scream, but that was all there was to that—an eighteen-inch margin again. A man was killed by a falling cornice. I was not a party to the tragedy, and again the inches counted heavily.

5. I mention these merely to show that New

York is peculiarly constructed to absorb almost anything that comes along (whether a thousand-foot liner out of the East or a twenty-thousand-man convention out of the West) without inflicting the event on its inhabitants; so that every event is, in a sense, optional, and the inhabitant is in the happy position of being able to choose his spectacle and so conserve his soul. In most metropolises, small and large, the choice is often not with the individual at all. He is thrown to the Lions. The Lions are overwhelming; the event is unavoidable. A cornice falls, and it hits every citizen on the head, every last man in town. I sometimes think that the only event that hits every New Yorker on the head is the annual St. Patrick's Day parade, which is fairly penetrating—the Irish are a hard race to tune out, there are 500,000 of them in residence, and they have the police force right in the family.

6. The quality in New York that insulates its inhabitants from life may simply weaken them as individuals. Perhaps it is healthier to live in a community where, when a cornice falls, you feel the blow; where, when the governor passes, you see at any rate his hat.

7. I am not defending New York in this regard. Many of its settlers are probably here merely to escape, not face, reality. But whatever it means, it is a rather rare gift, and I believe it has a positive effect on the creative capacities of New Yorkers—for creation is in part merely the business of forgoing the great and small distractions.

8. Although New York often imparts a feeling of great forlornness or forsakenness, it seldom seems dead or unresourceful; and you always feel that either by shifting your location ten blocks or by reducing your fortune by five dollars you can experience rejuvenation. Many people who have no real independence of spirit depend on the city's tremendous variety and sources of excitement for spiritual sustenance and maintenance of morale. In the country there are a few chances of sudden rejuvenation—a shift in weather, perhaps, or something arriving in the mail. But in New York the chances are endless. I think that although many persons are here from some excess of spirit (which caused them to break away from their small town), some, too, are here from a deficiency of spirit, who find in

New York a protection, or an easy substitution.

9. There are roughly three New Yorks. There is, first, the New York of the man or woman who was born here, who takes the city for granted and accepts its size and its turbulence as natural and inevitable. Second, there is the New York of the commuter—the city that is devoured by locusts each day and spat out each night. Third, there is the New York of the person who was born somewhere else and came to New York in quest of something. Of these three trembling cities the greatest is the last—the city of final destination, the city that is a goal. It is this third city that accounts for New York's highstrung disposition, its poetical deportment, its dedication to the arts, and its incomparable achievements. Commuters give the city its tidal restlessness; natives give it solidity and continuity; but the settlers give it passion. And whether it is a farmer arriving from Italy to set up a small grocery store in a slum, or a young girl arriving from a small town in Mississippi to escape the indignity of being observed by her neighbors, or a boy arriving from the Corn Belt with a manuscript in his suitcase and a pain in his heart, it makes no difference: each embraces New York with the intense excitement of first love, each absorbs New York with the fresh eyes of an adventurer, each generates heat and light to dwarf the Consolidated Edison Company.

10. The commuter is the queerest bird of all. The suburb he inhabits has no essential vitality of its own and is a mere roost where he comes at day's end to go to sleep. Except in rare cases, the man who lives in Mamaroneck or Little Neck or Teaneck, and works in New York, discovers nothing much about the city except the time of arrival and departure of trains and buses, and the path to a quick lunch. He is desk-bound, and has never, idly roaming in the gloaming, stumbled suddenly on Belvedere Tower in the Park, seen the ramparts rise sheer from the water of the pond, and the boys along the shore fishing for minnows, girls stretched out negligently on the shelves of the rocks; he has never come suddenly on anything at all in New York as a loiterer, because he has had no time between trains. He has fished in Manhattan's wallet

and dug out coins, but has never listened to Manhattan's breathing, never awakened to its morning, never dropped off to sleep in its night. About 400,000 men and women come charging onto the Island each week-day morning, out of the mouths of tubes and tunnels. Not many among them have ever spent a drowsy afternoon in the great rustling oaken silence of the reading room of the Public Library, with the book elevator (like an old water wheel) spewing out books onto the trays. They tend their furnaces in Westchester and in Jersey, but have never seen the furnaces of the Bowery, the fires that burn in oil drums on zero winter nights. They may work in the financial district downtown and never see the extravagant plantings of Rockefeller Center—the daffodils and grape hyacinths and birches and the flags trimmed to the wind on a fine morning in spring. Or they may work in a midtown office and may let a whole year swing round without sighting Governors Island from the sea wall. The commuter dies with tremendous mileage to his credit, but he is no rover. His entrances and exits are more devious than those in a prairie-dog village; and he calmly plays bridge while buried in the mud at the bottom of the East River. The Long Island Rail Road alone carried forty million commuters last year; but many of them were the same fellow retracing his steps.

11. The terrain of New York is such that a resident sometimes travels farther, in the end, than a commuter. Irving Berlin's journey from Cherry Street in the lower East Side to an apartment uptown was through an alley and was only three or four miles in length; but it was like going three times around the world.

12. A poem compresses much in a small space and adds music, thus heightening its meaning. The city is like poetry: it compresses all life, all races and breeds, into a small island and adds music and the accompaniment of internal engines. The island of Manhattan is without any doubt the greatest human concentrate on earth, the poem whose magic is comprehensible to millions of permanent residents but whose full meaning will always remain illusive. At the feet of the tallest and plushiest offices lie the crummiest slums. The genteel mysteries housed in the Riverside

Church are only a few blocks from the voodoo charms of Harlem. The merchant princes, riding to Wall Street in their limousines down the East River Drive, pass within a few hundred yards of the gypsy kings; but the princes do not know they are passing kings, and the kings are not up yet anyway—they live a more leisurely life than the princes and get drunk more consistently.

13. New York is nothing like Paris; it is nothing like London; and it is not Spokane multiplied by sixty, or Detroit multiplied by four. It is by all odds the loftiest of cities. It even managed to reach the highest point in the sky at the lowest moment of the depression. The Empire State Building shot 1250 feet into the air when it was madness to put out as much as six inches of new growth. (The building has a mooring mast that no dirigible has ever tied to; it employs a man to flush toilets in slack times; it has been hit by an airplane in a fog, struck countless times by lightning, and been jumped off of by so many unhappy people that pedestrians instinctively quicken step when passing Fifth Avenue and 34th Street.)

14. Manhattan has been compelled to expand skyward because of the absence of any other direction in which to grow. This, more than any other thing, is responsible for its physical majesty. It is to the nation what the white church spire is to the village—the visible symbol of aspiration and faith, the white plume saying that the way is up. The summer traveler swings in over Hell Gate Bridge and from the window of his sleeping car as it glides above the pigeon lofts and back yards of Queens looks southwest to where the morning light first strikes the steel peaks of midtown, and he sees its upward thrust unmistakable: the great walls and towers rising, the smoke rising, the heat not yet rising, the hopes and ferments of so many awakening millions rising—this vigorous spear that presses heaven hard.

15. It is a miracle that New York works at all. The whole thing is implausible. Every time the residents brush their teeth, millions of gallons of water must be drawn from the Catskills and the hills of Westchester. When a young man in Manhattan writes a letter to his girl in Brooklyn, the love message gets blown to her through a pneumatic tube—

ppft—just like that. The subterranean system of telephone cables, power lines, steam pipes, gas mains and sewer pipes is reason enough to abandon the island to the gods and the weevils. Every time an incision is made in the pavement, the noisy surgeons expose ganglia that are tangled beyond belief. By rights New York should have destroyed itself long ago, from panic or fire or rioting or failure of some vital supply line in its circulatory system or from some deep labyrinthine short circuit. Long ago the city should have experienced an insoluble traffic snarl at some impossible bottleneck. It should have perished of hunger when food lines failed for a few days. It should have been wiped out by a plague starting in its slums or carried in by ships' rats. It should have been overwhelmed by the sea that licks at it on every side. The workers in its myriad cells should have succumbed to nerves, from the fearful pall of smoke-fog that drifts over every few days from Jersey, blotting out all light at noon and leaving the high offices suspended, men groping and depressed, and the sense of world's end. It should have been touched in the head by the August heat and gone off its rocker.

16. Mass hysteria is a terrible force, yet New Yorkers seem always to escape it by some tiny margin: they sit in stalled subways without claustrophobia, they extricate themselves from panic situations by some lucky wise-crack, they meet confusion and congestion with patience and grit—a sort of perpetual muddling through. Every facility is inadequate—the hospitals and schools and playgrounds are overcrowded, the express highways are feverish, the unimproved highways and bridges are bottlenecks; there is not enough air and not enough light, and there is usually either too much heat or too little. But the city makes up for its hazards and its deficiencies by supplying its citizens with massive doses of a supplementary vitamin—the sense of belonging to something unique, cosmopolitan, mighty and unparalleled.

17. To an outlander a stay in New York can be and often is a series of small embarrassments and discomforts and disappointments: not understanding the waiter, not being able to distinguish between a sucker joint and a friendly saloon, riding the wrong subway, be-

ing slapped down by a bus driver for asking an innocent question, enduring sleepless nights when the street noises fill the bedroom. Tourists make for New York, particularly in summertime—they swarm all over the Statue of Liberty (where many a resident of the town has never set foot), they invade the Automat, visit radio studios, St. Patrick's Cathedral, and they window shop. Mostly they have a pretty good time. But sometimes in New York you run across the disillusioned—a young couple who are obviously visitors, newlyweds perhaps, for whom the bright dream has vanished. The place has been too much for them; they sit languishing in a cheap restaurant over a speechless meal.

18. The oft-quoted thumbnail sketch of New York is, of course: "It's a wonderful place, but I'd hate to live there." I have an idea that people from villages and small towns, people accustomed to the convenience and the friendliness of neighborhood over-the-fence living, are unaware that life in New York follows the neighborhood pattern. The city is literally a composite of tens of thousands of tiny neighborhood units. There are, of course, the big districts and big units: Chelsea and Murray Hill and Gramercy (which are residential units), Harlem (a racial unit), Greenwich Village (a unit dedicated to the arts and other matters), and there is Radio City (a commercial development), Peter Cooper Village (a housing unit), the Medical Center (a sickness unit) and many other sections each of which has some distinguishing characteristic. But the curious thing about New York is that each large geographical unit is composed of countless small neighborhoods. Each neighborhood is virtually self-sufficient. Usually it is no more than two or three blocks long and a couple of blocks wide. Each area is a city within a city within a city. Thus, no matter where you live in New York, you will find within a block or two a grocery store, a barbershop, a newsstand and shoeshine shack, an ice-coal-and-wood cellar (where you write your order on a pad outside as you walk by), a dry cleaner, a laundry, a delicatessen (beer and sandwiches delivered at any hour to your door), a flower shop, an undertaker's parlor, a movie house, a radio-repair shop, a stationer, a haberdasher, a tailor, a drugstore, a garage,

a tearoom, a saloon, a hardware store, a liquor store, a shoe-repair shop. Every block or two, in most residential sections of New York, is a little main street. A man starts for work in the morning and before he has gone two hundred yards he has completed half a dozen missions: bought a paper, left a pair of shoes to be soled, picked up a pack of cigarettes, ordered a bottle of whisky to be dispatched in the opposite direction against his home-coming, written a message to the unseen forces of the wood cellar, and notified the dry cleaner that a pair of trousers awaits call. Homeward bound eight hours later, he buys a bunch of pussy willows, a Mazda bulb, a drink, a shine—all between the corner where he steps off the bus and his apartment. So complete is each neighborhood, and so strong the sense of neighborhood, that many a New Yorker spends a lifetime within the confines of an area smaller than a country village. Let him walk two blocks from his corner and he is in a strange land and will feel uneasy till he gets back.

19. Storekeepers are particularly conscious of neighborhood boundary lines. A woman friend of mine moved recently from one apartment to another, a distance of three blocks. When she turned up, the day after the move, at the same grocer's that she had patronized for years, the proprietor was in ecstasy—almost in tears—at seeing her. "I was afraid," he said, "now that you've moved away I wouldn't be seeing you any more." To him, *away* was three blocks, or about seven hundred and fifty feet.

20. I am, at the moment of writing this, living not as a neighborhood man in New York but as a transient, or vagrant, in from the country for a few days. Summertime is a good time to re-examine New York and to receive again the gift of privacy, the jewel of loneliness. In summer the city contains (except for tourists) only die-hards and authentic characters. No casual, spotty dwellers are around, only the real article. And the town has a somewhat relaxed air, and one can lie in a loincloth, gasping and remembering things.

21. I've been remembering what it felt like as a young man to live in the same town with giants. When I first arrived in New York my personal giants were a dozen or so columnists and critics and poets whose names appeared

regularly in the papers. I burned with a low steady fever just because I was on the same island with Don Marquis, Heywood Broun, Christopher Morley, Franklin P. Adams, Robert C. Benchley, Frank Sullivan, Dorothy Parker, Alexander Woolcott, Ring Lardner and Stephen Vincent Benét. I would hang around the corner of Chambers Street and Broadway, thinking: "Somewhere in that building is the typewriter that Archy the cockroach jumps on at night." New York hardly gave me a living at that period, but it sustained me. I used to walk quickly past the house in West 13th Street between Sixth and Seventh where F.P.A. lived, and the block seemed to tremble under my feet—the way Park Avenue trembles when a train leaves Grand Central. This excitement (nearness of giants) is a continuing thing. The city is always full of young worshipful beginners—young actors, young aspiring poets, ballerinas, painters, reporters, singers—each depending on his own brand of tonic to stay alive, each with his own stable of giants.

22. New York provides not only a continuing excitement but also a spectacle that is continuing. I wander around, re-examining this spectacle, hoping that I can put it on paper. It is Saturday, toward the end of the afternoon. I turn through West 48th Street. From the open windows of the drum and saxophone parlors come the listless sounds of musical instruction, monstrous insect noises in the brooding field of summer. The Cort Theater is disgorging its matinee audience. Suddenly the whole block is filled with the mighty voice of a street singer. He approaches, looking for an audience, a large, cheerful Negro with grand-opera contours, strolling with head thrown back, filling the canyon with uninhibited song. He carries a long cane as his sole prop, and is tidily but casually dressed—slacks, seersucker jacket, a book showing in his pocket.

23. This is perfect artistic timing; the audience from the Cort, where *The Respectful Prostitute* is playing, has just received a lesson in race relations and is in a mood to improve the condition of the black race as speedily as possible. Coins (mostly quarters) rattle to the street, and a few minutes of minstrelsy improves the condition of one Negro

by about eight dollars. If he does as well as this at every performance, he has a living right there. New York is the city of opportunity, they say. Even the mounted cop, clumping along on his nag a few minutes later, scans the gutter carefully for dropped silver, like a bird watching for spilt grain.

24. It is seven o'clock and I re-examine an ex-speakeasy in East 53rd Street, with dinner in mind. A thin crowd, a summer-night buzz of fans interrupted by an occasional drink being shaken at the small bar. It is dark in here (the proprietor sees no reason for boosting his light bill just because liquor laws have changed). How dark, how pleasing; and how miraculously beautiful the murals showing Italian lake scenes—probably executed by a cousin of the owner. The owner himself mixes. The fans intone the prayer for cool salvation. From the next booth drifts the conversation of radio executives; from the green salad comes the little taste of garlic. Behind me (eighteen inches again) a young intellectual is trying to persuade a girl to come live with him and be his love. She has her guard up, but he is extremely reasonable, careful not to overplay his hand. A combination of intellectual companionship and sexuality is what they have to offer each other, he feels. In the mirror over the bar I can see the ritual of the second drink. Then he has to go to the men's room and she has to go to the ladies' room, and when they return, the argument has lost its tone. And the fan takes over again, and the heat and the relaxed air and the memory of so many good little dinners in so many good little illegal places, with the theme of love, the sound of ventilation, the brief medicinal illusion of gin.

25. Another hot night I stop off at the Goldman Band concert in the Mall in Central Park. The people seated on the benches fanned out in front of the band shell are attentive, appreciative. In the trees the night wind stirs, bringing the leaves to life, endowing them with speech; the electric lights illuminate the green branches from the under side, translating them into a new language. Overhead a plane passes dreamily, its running lights winking. On the bench directly in front of me, a boy sits with his arm around his girl; they are proud of each other and are

swathed in music. The cornetist steps forward for a solo, begins, "Drink to me only with thine eyes. . . ." In the wide, warm night the horn is startlingly pure and magical. Then from the North River another horn solo begins—the *Queen Mary* announcing her intentions. She is not on key; she is a half tone off. The trumpeter in the bandstand never flinches. The horns quarrel savagely, but no one minds having the intimation of travel injected into the pledge of love. "I leave," sobs Mary. "And I will pledge with mine," sighs the trumpeter. Along the asphalt paths strollers pass to and fro; they behave considerately, respecting the musical atmosphere. Popsicles are moving well. In the warm grass beyond the fence, forms wriggle in the shadows, and the skirts of the girls approaching on the Mall are ballooned by the breeze, and their bare shoulders catch the lamplight. "Drink to me only with thine eyes." It is a magical occasion, and it's all free.

26. On week ends in summer the town empties. I visit my office on a Saturday afternoon. No phone rings, no one feeds the hungry *in*-baskets, no one disturbs the papers; it is a building of the dead, a time of awesome suspension. The whole city is honeycombed with abandoned cells—a jail that has been effectively broken. Occasionally from somewhere in the building a night bell rings, summoning the elevator—a special fire-alarm ring. This is the pit of loneliness, in an office on a summer Saturday. I stand at the window and look down at the batteries and batteries of offices across the way, recalling how the thing looks in winter twilight when everything is going full blast, every cell lighted, and how you can see in pantomime the puppets fumbling with their slips of paper (but you don't hear the rustle), see them pick up their phone (but you don't hear the ring), see the noiseless, ceaseless moving about of so many passers of pieces of paper: New York, the capital of memoranda, in touch with Calcutta, in touch with Reykjavik, and always fooling with something.

27. In the café of the Lafayette, the regulars sit and talk. It is busy yet peaceful. Nursing a drink, I stare through the west windows at the Manufacturers Trust Company and at the red brick fronts on the north side of Ninth

Street, watching the red turning slowly to purple as the light dwindles. Brick buildings have a way of turning color at the end of the day, the way a red rose turns bluish as it wilts. The café is a sanctuary. The waiters are ageless and they change not. Nothing has been modernized. Notre Dame stands guard in its travel poster. The coffee is strong and full of chicory, and good.

28. Walk the Bowery under the El at night and all you feel is a sort of cold guilt. Touched for a dime, you try to drop the coin and not touch the hand, because the hand is dirty; you try to avoid the glance, because the glance accuses. This is not so much personal menace as universal—the cold menace of unresolved human suffering and poverty and the advanced stages of the disease alcoholism. On a summer night the drunks sleep in the open. The sidewalk is a free bed, and there are no lice. Pedestrians step along and over and around the still forms as though walking on a battlefield among the dead. In doorways, on the steps of the savings bank, the bums lie sleeping it off. Standing sentinel at each sleeper's head is the empty bottle from which he drained his release. Wedged in the crook of his arm is the paper bag containing his things. The glib barker on the sight-seeing bus tells his passengers that this is the "street of lost souls," but the Bowery does not think of itself as lost; it meets its peculiar problem in its own way—plenty of gin mills, plenty of flophouses, plenty of indifference, and always, at the end of the line, Bellevue.

29. A block or two east and the atmosphere changes sharply. In the slums are poverty and bad housing, but with them the reassuring sobriety and safety of family life. I head east along Rivington. All is cheerful and filthy and crowded. Small shops overflow onto the sidewalk, leaving only half the normal width for passers-by. In the unshaded lights gleam watermelons and lingerie. Families have fled the hot rooms upstairs and have found relief on the pavement. They sit on orange crates, smoking, relaxed, congenial. This is the nightly garden party of the vast Lower East Side—and on the whole they are more agreeable-looking hot-weather groups than some you see in bright canvas deck chairs on green lawns in country circumstances. It is folksy

here with the smell of warm flesh and squashed fruit and fly-bitten filth in the gutter, and cooking.

30. At the corner of Lewis, in the playground behind the wire fence, an open-air dance is going on—some sort of neighborhood affair, probably designed to combat delinquency. Women push baby carriages in and out among the dancers, as though to exhibit what dancing leads to at last. Overhead, like banners decorating a cotillion hall, stream the pants and bras from the pulley lines. The music stops, and a beautiful Italian girl takes a brush from her handbag and stands under the street light brushing her long blue-black hair till it shines. The cop in the patrol car watches sullenly.

31. The Consolidated Edison Company says there are eight million people in the five boroughs of New York, and the company is in a position to know. As in every dense community, virtually all races, all religions, all nationalities are represented. Population figures are shifty—they change almost as fast as one can break them down. It is safe to say that about two million of New York's eight million are Jews—roughly one in four. Among this two million who are Jewish are, of course, a great many nationalities—Russian, German, Rumanian, Austrian, and so forth. The Urban League of Greater New York estimates that the number of Negroes in New York is about 700,000. Of these, about 500,000 live in Harlem, a district that extends northward from 110th Street. The Negro population has increased rapidly in the last few years. There are half again as many Negroes in New York today as there were in 1940. There are about 230,000 Puerto Ricans living in New York. There are half a million Irish, half a million Germans. There are 900,000 Russians, 150,000 English, 400,000 Poles, and there are quantities of Finns and Czechs and Swedes and Danes and Norwegians and Latvians and Belgians and Welsh and Greeks, and even Dutch, who have been here from away back. It is very hard to say how many Chinese there are. Officially there are 12,000, but there are many Chinese who are in New York illegally and who don't like census takers.

32. The collision and the intermingling of these millions of foreign-born people repre-

senting so many races, creeds and nationalities make New York a permanent exhibit of the phenomenon of one world. The citizens of New York are tolerant not only from disposition but from necessity. The city has to be tolerant, otherwise it would explode in a radio-active cloud of hate and rancor and bigotry. If the people were to depart even briefly from the peace of cosmopolitan intercourse, the town would blow up higher than a kite. In New York smolders every race problem there is, but the noticeable thing is not the problem but the inviolate truce. Harlem is a city in itself, and being a city Harlem symbolizes segregation; yet Negro life in New York lacks the more conspicuous elements of Jim Crowism. Negroes ride subways and buses on terms of equality with whites, but they have not yet found that same equality in hotels and restaurants. Professionally, Negroes get on well in the theater, in music, in art and in literature; but in many fields of employment the going is tough. The Jim Crow principle lives chiefly in the housing rules and customs. Private owners of dwellings legally can, and do, exclude Negroes. Under a recent city ordinance, however, apartment buildings that are financed with public moneys or that receive any tax exemption must accept tenants without regard to race, color or religion.

33. To a New Yorker the city is both changeless and changing. In many respects it neither looks nor feels the way it did twenty-five years ago. The elevated railways have been pulled down, all but the Third Avenue. An old-timer walking up Sixth past the Jefferson Market jail misses the railroad, misses its sound, its spotted shade, its little aerial stations, and the tremor of the thing. Broadway has changed in aspect. It used to have a discernible bony structure beneath its loud bright surface; but the signs are so enormous now, the buildings and shops and hotels have largely disappeared under the neon lights and letters and the frozen-custard façade. Broadway is a custard street with no frame supporting it. In Greenwich Village the light is thinning: big apartments have come in, bordering the Square, and the bars are mirrored and chromed. But there are still in the Village the lingering traces of poesy, Mexican glass, hammered brass, batik, lamps made of whisky

bottles, first novels made of fresh memories—the old Village with its alleys and ratty one-room rents catering to the erratic needs of those whose hearts are young and gay.

34. Grand Central has become honky-tonk, with its extradimensional advertising displays and its tendency to adopt the tactics of a travel broker. I practically lived in Grand Central Terminal at one period (it has all the conveniences and I had no other place to stay) and the great hall always seemed to me one of the more inspiring interiors in New York, until Lastex and Coca-Cola got into the temple.

35. All over town the great mansions are in decline. Schwab's house facing the Hudson on Riverside is gone. Gould's house on Fifth Avenue is an antique shop. Morgan's house on Madison Avenue is a church administration office. What was once the Fahnestock house is now Random House. Rich men nowadays don't live in houses; they live in the attics of big apartment buildings and plant trees on the setbacks, hundreds of feet above the street.

36. There are fewer newspapers than there used to be, thanks somewhat to the late Frank Munsey. One misses the *Globe*, the *Mail*, the *Herald*; and to many a New Yorker life has never seemed the same since the *World* took the count.

37. Police now ride in radio prowler cars instead of gumshoeing around the block swinging their sticks. A ride in the subway costs ten cents, and the seats are apt to be dark green instead of straw yellow. Men go to saloons to gaze at televised events instead of to think long thoughts. It is all very disconcerting. Even parades have changed some. The last triumphal military procession in Manhattan simply filled the city with an ominous and terrible rumble of heavy tanks.

38. The slums are gradually giving way to the lofty housing projects—high in stature, high in purpose, low in rent. There are a couple of dozens of these new developments scattered around; each is a city in itself (one of them in the Bronx accommodates 12,000 families), sky acreage hitherto untitled, lifting people far above the street, standardizing their sanitary life, giving them some place to sit other than an orange crate. Federal money,

state money, city money and private money have flowed into these projects. Banks and insurance companies are in back of some of them. Architects have turned the buildings slightly on their bases, to catch more light. In some of them, rents are as low as eight dollars a room. Thousands of new units are still needed and will eventually be built, but New York never quite catches up with itself, is never in equilibrium. In flush times the population mushrooms and the new dwellings sprout from the rock. Come bad times and the population scatters and the lofts are abandoned and the landlord withers and dies.

39. New York has changed in tempo and in temper during the years I have known it. There is greater tension, increased irritability. You encounter it in many places, in many faces. The normal frustrations of modern life are here multiplied and amplified—a single run of a crosstown bus contains, for the driver, enough frustration and annoyance to carry him over the edge of sanity: the light that changes always an instant too soon, the passenger that bangs on the shut door, the truck that blocks the only opening, the coin that slips to the floor, the question asked at the wrong moment. There is greater tension and there is greater speed. Taxis roll faster than they rolled ten years ago—and they were rolling fast then. Hackmen used to drive with verve; now they sometimes seem to drive with desperation, toward the ultimate tip. On the West Side Highway, approaching the city, the motorist is swept along in a trance—a sort of fever of inescapable motion, goaded from behind, hemmed in on either side, a mere chip in a millrace.

40. The city has never been so uncomfortable, so crowded, so tense. Money has been plentiful and New York has responded. Restaurants are hard to get into; businessmen stand in line for a Schrafft's luncheon as meekly as idle men used to stand in soup lines. (Prosperity creates its bread lines, the same as depression.) The lunch hour in Manhattan has been shoved ahead half an hour, to 12:00 or 12:30, in the hopes of beating the crowd to a table. Everyone is a little emptier at quitting time than he used to be. Apartments are festooned with No Vacancy signs. There is standing-room-only in Fifth Avenue buses, which

once reserved a seat for every paying guest. The old double-deckers are disappearing—people don't ride just for the fun of it any more.

41. At certain hours on certain days it is almost impossible to find an empty taxi and there is a great deal of chasing around after them. You grab a handle and open the door, and find that some other citizen is entering from the other side. Doormen grow rich blowing their whistles for cabs; and some doormen belong to no door at all—merely wander about through the streets, opening cabs for people as they happen to find them. By comparison with other less hectic days, the city is uncomfortable and inconvenient; but New Yorkers temperamentally do not crave comfort and convenience—if they did they would live elsewhere.

42. The subtlest change in New York is something people don't speak much about but that is in everyone's mind. The city, for the first time in its long history, is destructible. A single flight of planes no bigger than a wedge of geese can quickly end this island fantasy, burn the towers, crumble the bridges, turn the underground passages into lethal chambers, cremate the millions. The intimation of mortality is part of New York now: in the sound of jets overhead, in the black headlines of the latest edition.

43. All dwellers in cities must live with the stubborn fact of annihilation; in New York the fact is somewhat more concentrated because of the concentration of the city itself, and because, of all targets, New York has a certain clear priority. In the mind of whatever perverted dreamer might loose the lightning, New York must hold a steady, irresistible charm.

44. It used to be that the Statue of Liberty was the signpost that proclaimed New York and translated it for all the world. Today Liberty shares the role with Death. Along the East River, from the razed slaughterhouses of Turtle Bay, as though in a race with the spectral flight of planes, men are carving out the permanent headquarters of the United Nations—the greatest housing project of them

all. In its stride, New York takes on one more interior city, to shelter, this time, all governments, and to clear the slum called war. New York is not a capital city—it is not a national capital or a state capital. But it is by way of becoming the capital of the world. The buildings, as conceived by architects, will be cigar boxes set on end. Traffic will flow in a new tunnel under First Avenue. Forty-seventh Street will be widened (and if my guess is any good, trucks will appear late at night to plant tall trees surreptitiously, their roots to mingle with the intestines of the town). Once again the city will absorb, almost without showing any sign of it, a congress of visitors. It has already shown itself capable of stashing away the United Nations—a great many of the delegates have been around town during the past couple of years, and the citizenry has hardly caught a glimpse of their coattails or their black Homburgs.

45. This race—this race between the destroying planes and the struggling Parliament of Man—it sticks in all our heads. The city at last perfectly illustrates both the universal dilemma and the general solution, this riddle in steel and stone is at once the perfect target and the perfect demonstration of nonviolence, of racial brotherhood, this lofty target scraping the skies and meeting the destroying planes halfway, home of all people and all nations, capital of everything, housing the deliberations by which the planes are to be stayed and their errand forestalled.

46. A block or two west of the new City of Man in Turtle Bay there is an old willow tree that presides over an interior garden. It is a battered tree, long suffering and much climbed, held together by strands of wire but beloved of those who know it. In a way it symbolizes the city: life under difficulties, growth against odds, sap-rise in the midst of concrete, and the steady reaching for the sun. Whenever I look at it nowadays, and feel the cold shadow of the planes, I think: "This must be saved, this particular thing, this very tree." If it were to go, all would go—this city, this mischievous and marvelous monument which not to look upon would be like death.

Earnest Elmo Calkins

SMALL TOWN

Earnest Elmo Calkins (1868-) was born in rural Illinois and was graduated from Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois. For more than forty years he has been one of the leading advertising experts in the country, conducting a large agency in New York and writing books and articles on the subject; for example, Modern Advertising, 1903, The Business of Advertising, 1915, The Advertising Man, 1920, and Printing for Commerce, 1926. Nearly deaf himself, he has written an autobiography, Louder Please, 1924, which focuses on readjustments entailed by such a personal handicap. In addition, he has written on art, town planning, and recreation. His experiences as a youth in rural Illinois and as a businessman in New York have colored his view of small-town life, as is evident from the nostalgic mood of the following apologia for the small town. Moreover, the influence of his profession is discernible in the vivid language, quotable sayings, colloquialisms, and home-made compounds, and in the climactic ending of this essay.

In a newspaper office in a Western town of 17,000 population, forty years ago, sat three young men discussing an editorial by Edward Bok in his *Ladies' Home Journal*. Bok deplored the tendency of young people to set out for the nearest big city to make their start in life, and stressed the advantages of the small town both as a place to work and as a place to live. The young men voted, "Very good, Edward," and wrote him a joint letter to that effect, explaining that they were publishing a small-town daily and getting a lot of fun out of it, and proposed to see it through and carve out their destinies, if any, in the old home town. Two years later those three young men were settled down to their lifework in New York.

One became a publisher, another a banker, and the third an advertising man. They prospered after a fashion, experienced varied fortunes, but within fifteen years were successful enough to have homes in small towns within commuting distance of New York, and after another fifteen years to move to the actual

country fifty to a hundred miles away, spending long week-ends there during the summer. Two of those men are now dead, but the third lives on a modernized abandoned farm six months out of the year, surrounding himself as far as possible with the environment his boyhood knew: earth, trees, grass, horizons—the things he thought he hated when he shook from his feet the dust of his native town. When business compels him to visit the city, he escapes back to the country with a long sigh of relief.

The country to which he now escapes is no substitute for the town he abandoned forty years ago. Here he is but one of a number of summer denizens, an alien in a New England community, with no background, no roots, no integral part in the local life. His being there at all is an instinctive response to the call of the earth which is dormant in the soul of any city man whose first twenty years were spent in mowing the lawn, milking the cow, and spading the garden. Those hated chores of boyhood become the recreations of later years, but they do not entirely recapture the no doubt fanciful glamour which surrounds his youth.

Such is the case history of many an inhabi-

SMALL TOWN: Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *The Atlantic Monthly*, February 1936.

tant of the big city; or, if his means are straitened, he spends fifty weeks in a narrow flat, with two weeks in the country as a vacation. Those who boast two homes lead strenuous double lives, traveling long distances daily or weekly for the satisfaction of seeing something besides brick and mortar and asphalt. They are not city-born, nor in a real sense city-bred. They came hither to seek their fortunes because of the legend which still persists that opportunities here are greater and more numerous. Let a young man have a gift or aptitude, or even a dash of ambition, and he feels that remaining in the small town which nourished him is hiding his talent in a napkin.

When George Ade was asked, "A good many bright young men come from Indiana, don't they?" he answered, "Yes, and the brighter they are, the sooner they come."

And George Ade, who certainly had his hour in the bright lights of Broadway, now lives on his Indiana farm.

One result of this obsession, this naïve belief in the chances fortune affords in the big city, has been to divide the country into metropolises and home towns, though the line cannot be drawn sharply. One man's metropolis is another man's village. It is not always New York the young adventurers seek, each with an industrial captain's baton concealed in his knapsack, nor even Chicago. It may well be Denver, or Cleveland, or St. Louis. All that is necessary is that the city shall be appreciably larger than the seeker's present domicile. It is merely the lure of the new and strange contrasted with the known and commonplace; the escape from "I knew him when. . . ." We have all experienced the difficulty of growing up, of achieving recognized maturity, in the place where the older inhabitants have known us from birth, where we are still Clint Calkins's little boy, Ernie, even after we have reached voting age.

But there is more to this tendency big-city-ward than desire to escape from boyhood environment. The young people believe that the metropolis is bristling with opportunities, that their talents, unappreciated at home, will be quickly recognized abroad—and this also is sometimes true. The big city does have more opportunities than the small one, and more successes, just as it has more failures, more

has-beens, more dullards and plodders, for the simple reason that it has more people of all kinds. It is likewise crowded with young hopefuls seeking that mysterious and elusive something known as "opportunity." The chances are relatively no greater, the rewards relatively no more satisfying; and, if attained, they seem to lead in the long run back to the country.

All my business life I have answered letters from aspiring men and women who sound me out as to the wisdom of dropping everything and coming to New York to get into advertising. Their home is a small town, they urge, and does not offer any opportunity. Patiently I explain that advertising is one of our most widely distributed commodities, that the work can be done wherever men sell goods, that if they have any aptitude for it they can start where they are. And this advice holds good for medicine, salesmanship, architecture, dentistry, or newspaper editing.

The great city has broadcast a glamour that is far from real, and at the same time given life in the small town a drabness that is equally undeserved. The small-town "hick," the country "rube," are as rare as the city "slicker." None of them ever existed in a statistical sense. They are literary figures. They are states of mind which are found everywhere, in the big cities as well as the smallest hamlets, exactly as the shrewd man-of-the-world type is found everywhere. There are vacuous bumpkins living in New York, Boston, and San Francisco, and there are men in small towns whose dress is urban, whose manners are urbane, who have culture, worldly wisdom, savoir-faire, polish—whatever it is that bumping against one's fellows in big cities is supposed to impart. It isn't riding in the subway, or seeing the Empire State Building, or struggling with the crowd on Forty-second Street, that makes a man large-minded. That merely develops the special skill of coping with crowds, just as cultivating the soil develops weather wisdom. After all, it is as broad as it is long. The boulevardier cuts no better figure in a cornfield than the farmer on Broadway.

If there was ever real ground for the sharp differentiation between town and country, it disappeared before the equalizing influence of improved communication and transportation. Thanks to the radio, people now speak as

sloppy English in the country as in the city; the movie tells them what clothes to wear, and they wear them. The ubiquitous motor is congesting traffic on Main Street as well as State Street. The farmer who walked up Broadway with his ancient carpetbag, raising the hackles of every confidence man in sight, is part of folklore. He is more apt to drive his Cadillac up to the Waldorf or the La Salle.

It is an ancient and honorable controversy, the argument over the comparative advantages and disadvantages of town and country living. The dispute is as old as literature, probably as old as towns. Aesop had something to say about it, and Horace was deeply concerned as he weighed the dust and noise of the arena against the peace and quiet of his Sabine farm. La Fontaine did it into a fable, which to my surprise I found was about rats, though the literary allusions are always to "The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse." At any rate, the moral is that, while there is greater abundance of food in the city, in the country one eats in quiet and safety. But, on the other hand, those two inveterate cockneys, Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb, saw no charm in country life. Johnson thought the best prospect in Scotland was the road to London. But the question has been given what advertising men call "a new slant" in recent years by the changes that inventions have made in modes and manners, and needs to be reconsidered on a fresh basis.

When, a few years ago, I attended the fortieth reunion of my class at a Western college and met the classmates and contemporaries I had not seen since our common youth, I was struck by the fact that there was no essential difference between those who had passed their lives in small towns and those of the same estate whom I had known in New York—none, that is, in dress, speech, manner, or way of living that set them off as having missed something essential. On the contrary, many of the small-town magnates seemed to have had a fuller, richer, more satisfying existence than their counterparts in the populous cities.

These were naturally the successful men of their communities, though for that matter failure, while less conspicuous, is no more bearable in urban than in rural surroundings.

But I am here concerned with those who elected to remain in small towns, preferring, as the old proverb has it, to be first in a Nubian village rather than second in Rome. These are the men who might have gone to the big towns and been proportionately successful there.

They had worked out their careers in towns having from thirty thousand inhabitants down to as few as five thousand. They were farmers, bankers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, manufacturers. They were small-town men, but they did not seem to have small-town minds. They got about; they knew men; they were interested in large enterprises; they had had varied experiences. Some of them were trustees of the college. All had connections, social and business, with other towns, other states. After leaving college, some had gone East for postgraduate work or professional training, and returned to start in the home town; others took over the paternal bank or store or factory. They married, had children and grandchildren, and some of these had settled close by. None of them seemed to feel he had chosen unwisely. Their lives were as full, as gracious, as satisfying, apparently, as lives anywhere.

Success, of course, is measured by various yardsticks, but a work that satisfies, ample material return, and a pleasant environment cover what most of us desire. The last is the most important, for there is no doubt that a man can make as good a living in a small town as his ability can achieve; the doubt lies in whether the living, when made in such an environment, is worth while. . . .

It is obvious that practically everything which can be bought with money is as accessible to the small-towner as to the big-city man. The deeper satisfactions of life in small cities or large villages lie elsewhere—in nature and human nature, the country and the people.

There is something in us that demands contact with elemental forces—earth, sky, wind, sun. There is a philosophy that comes from nearness to the land, tilling the soil, caring for animals, coping directly and at first hand with nature. Outdoor men, farmers, cowboys, shepherds, sailors, hunters, engineers, have it. I often felt it in my boyhood

in the farmers that I knew, strong, quiet, thoughtful men. The earth does things to you—the smell of freshly turned sod, the sun on the back of your neck, running water, the tremendous systole and diastole of nature, giving each month of the round a significance; in the city months are but names on a calendar.

The Greeks put the idea neatly in the legend of Antaeus, whose strength was renewed by contact with Mother Earth. The only way Hercules could overcome him was to get him off his feet.

The small town is still linked to the soil. It has more affinity with the country than with the big city it so mistakenly emulates. Its people are still aware of the procession of the seasons, seedtime and harvest, sunrise and sunset, the night and its stars, which for the city dweller—his earth plated with concrete, his sky narrowed by brick canyons—have almost ceased to exist.

But the best thing about a small town is the people who live in it. I say this boldly, knowing how often that element is seized upon as a subject for ridicule—their dullness, banality, narrow lives and interests. The point is that the indictment simply is not true. There are such people and such conditions in small towns, just as there are in large cities, for the human race is plentifully supplied with all kinds; they average about the same everywhere. The inhabitants of the small town are no worse and no better than people everywhere, but in the small town you know them, as friends, neighbors, acquaintances, over a long span of years, lifetimes often, and they know you for what you are—a sobering but an inspiring thought. In the small town you do not need to pretend; you can be yourself. This may irk some minds, who will prefer the anonymity of the big city, but to a normal person there is something heartening in being an integral part of a community. Be sure of this: if you find the small town dull, the lack is in you. You no doubt bore the people.

Neighborliness! That is the touchstone of the small town. Our common, ingrained humanity finds expression and overleaps mere social distinctions. The girl in the Western Union office rejoices audibly over the good news we are telegraphing, and condoles with us over a misfortune. She goes to our Sunday

school. The carpenter and painter take a friendly interest in their work, with none of that slapdash indifference of city artisans, here today and gone tomorrow, and they do odd jobs for you not countenanced by their unions. The old postman sits down in your porch to look over this week's *Time* before leaving it, and tells you he is sorry there is no letter from Betty this week—Betty being your married daughter who lives in Texas. The postman has known her from babyhood, when she used to sit on the gatepost waiting for the mail; now she has daughters of her own. One is surrounded by this warm, friendly, genuine interest which is neither prying nor curious, which does not fail in times of trouble. It is the thing country folk miss most in large cities.

The neighborliness of the small town is an honest tradition from pioneer days when the early settlers "changed work" and helped one another with bees and house-raising, as is done still among farmers at threshing time. The neighborly exchange of simple social life, from porch to porch, over the back fence, the casual daily meetings on Main Street, still go on, but they are accompanied now in even the smallest places by social functions which differ little from the same festivities in large cities.

Besides qualifying for the small-town virtue of neighborliness, some of the people are intrinsically interesting and worth knowing for their own sakes. There are characters distinguished for culture, achievement, experience, and personality far more individual than if their corners had been rubbed off by the friction of metropolitan life. In a big city you might see such famous people, but in the small town, if you are worthy, you are privileged to know them. They are part of the life of the town, *dramatis personae* of the play for which you have a reserved seat.

I recall such people in a town of less than 30,000 men and women—a Latin teacher who was a gifted conversationalist, a cobbler whose astute socialist arguments dismayed smug reactionary business men, an editor who in his leisure hours became an authority on the geology of the state, a Catholic priest who was the best of good companions, a lawyer whose library was a collection of rare first editions. Stories, each one of them. To know

them was an experience, an adventure in friendship.

One is aware of the continuing stream of life. Mankind is seen as a whole, in all its relations, instead of such detached segments as impinge on one's consciousness from the milling crowds of a great city. You may thus behold, if you live long enough, the span of five successive generations—births, marriages, and deaths, the vagaries of heredity, the changing fortunes in human lives. I recall in my boyhood a stern bearded man, son of the first pioneer of our village. I knew his son and his grandson, and, did I still live there, I should now know that grandson's grandson; and such experiences are repeated for other family strains. The lives of such dynasties constitute books, books read with a touch of nostalgia by detached floating human elements living in big cities. There is as much romance, adventure, drama, tragedy, in any small town as in any similar-sized group in a large city. For one to whom a human being is the most interesting animal in the world, there is unfailing entertainment, and food for thought too, in the changing panorama of life in a small town.

What is often disparaged as the gossip of a small town is its most vital quality—interest in human history. After all, what is the difference between the country-wide interest in the marital adventures of Barbara Hutton, or the struggle for possession of Gloria Vanderbilt, and the same curiosity, tempered in this case by friendly interest, regarding the marriage of Mame Littleton of our town, whose birth notice in the local sheet we read, it seems, just the other day, whose father and mother are our friends and neighbors, whose grandfather we looked up to with awe as children as one of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet"? The county correspondence in country newspapers comes in for a good deal of "joshing," with its grist of seemingly trivial social affairs, but what essential difference is there between those paragraphs and the items in the society column of a metropolitan newspaper?

Small towns have culture, often in greater degree, relatively, than any large city. There are college towns in the Mississippi Valley (and elsewhere, too)—Oberlin, Marietta, Jacksonville, Galesburg, to name but a few—with a high I.Q. The public library at Galesburg

is one of the best in Illinois. The use of books there during the depression rose to 16.7 per capita a year, which librarians will tell you is a high score. Nor is that due to the presence of Knox College, for the students have their own unusually complete library. There are some fine libraries in homes, and many books and magazines in others, study clubs which really function—the two best have met continuously for forty years—musical societies, little theaters, all the paraphernalia of culture. . . .

Under the impact of movie, radio, and motor car, the town has changed; some of its peace and quiet has vanished; it is bigger, noisier, more crowded. . . . And there are many such [towns] in that great plain between the Alleghenies and the Rockies.

If I have inclined too strongly toward the Middle West, it is only partly because I know it best, but more logically because that region is the heart of the United States. The towns are widely scattered, each the center of its own broad farming land, hence isolated and self-contained; less overshadowed by big cities, and able to lead its own life and develop its own individuality. These towns are the projection of a recent pioneer impulse, and many of them are less than one hundred years from virgin prairie. But the thesis holds good for small towns in other sections of the country, the East and the far West, provided they have not sold their birthright for a mess of industrial pottage. For it is the farm towns that today look best and reveal a charm and inviting prospect which few factory towns have yet learned to acquire.

The small towns are our greatest asset. It is time we took stock of them, those middle-sized, middle-class, bourgeois burghs which it is so easy to mock, though few who have lived there have escaped their charm and amenity. A wistful longing for them has built up a flourishing business in New York, selling out-of-town newspapers. The movement toward decentralization already under way, which made Rockefeller Center and the Empire State Building obsolete before they were completed, will give them new significance.

"God made the country," said the proverb, "and the devil made the city." Between God's country and the devil's city is the small town, combining the best features of both.

Forms of Communication

H. A. Overstreet

WHAT WE READ, SEE, AND HEAR

Harry Allen Overstreet (1875-) was born in San Francisco and educated at the University of California and at Oxford. Following a decade of service as a member of the philosophy staff at California, Professor Overstreet in 1911 became head of the Department of Philosophy at the College of the City of New York, from which position he retired in 1939. His retirement, however, in no way lessened his intellectual and scholarly activity. In the past dozen years he has been an extension lecturer for the universities of Michigan and California, has written four books and numerous monographs, and has actively participated in the program of several learned societies.

The *Mature Mind*, 1949, from which the following selection was taken, shows Professor Overstreet's deep interest in enduring human values. It shows how, as a philosopher, he has been more concerned with applying philosophic concepts to the art of living than with studying those concepts in the abstract. In "What We Read, See, and Hear" Professor Overstreet discusses four of the common means of communication and shows how these mass media may retard rather than accelerate our maturity.

1. Four influences continually at work in the shaping of our character are newspapers, radio, movies, and advertising. We need, now, to ask the psychosocial question whether the influence of these has, in the main, been for or against our maturing.

2. Every day—sometimes "every hour on the hour," sometimes all morning, or all afternoon, or all day long; almost always at breakfast and on the journey home at night—these influences come into the lives of millions of people. Walt Whitman once wrote about a child that went forth each day and became what he saw. A later Whitman, writing about what comes into the lives of people each day through newspapers, radio, movies, and advertising, might well ask whether that which

comes into their lives they themselves become. Surely, all this daylong and lifelong bombardment by news, entertainment, and announcements of things to be bought must have some effect. As a matter of fact, it is more than likely that we might properly be called newspaper-made, radio-made, movie-made, and advertisement-made people. To the extent that this is true, what kind of people, then, are we?

3. The functions of news-bringing, storytelling, music-making, and goods-selling are obviously basic to our needs. We live by them. In one form or another, man has always lived by them. The human being wants to know what is going on: hence our universal welcome to the news-bringer. We all need, now and then, to be stirred by tales that take us outside ourselves and help us to do the uniquely human thing of entering, through imagination, into the lives of others. In fact,

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it seems probable that our growth into empathy—so essential to our psychological maturing—depends in no small degree upon our having a chance to live vicariously the lives of many different sorts of people. We need, again, to hear the rhythms of music. We need, for the planning of our practical lives, to know what things are available for our convenience, comfort, and increased efficiency. To this extent it must be said that all these things are good—newspapers, radio, movies, advertising.

4. Yet it might be more accurate to say that they are potentially good; for, from the point of our psychological maturing, each of them is today a question mark. Is today's newspaper-reading public made wise and informed by its newspaper reading? Is the public that listens to the radio and goes to the movies thereby prepared to make more mature responses to human situations? Is a public that is constantly being importuned to buy things encouraged toward discrimination and self-discipline? It is altogether probable that, in spite of their high technical achievements, their constant accessibility, and their relationship to deep human wants and needs, newspapers, radio, movies, and advertising are doing as much to arrest as to promote our maturing. In many lives, in fact, they appear to weight the scales heavily toward arrested development.

5. All of these influences are part of a culture marked by vast technical expertness. But all of them, also, it must be remembered, are part of a money-making culture: an economy in which the prime value that attaches to most things produced is their exchange value—their salability. This is no less true of a newspaper or a motion picture than it is of a washing machine. Fundamental in the motivation of each of these character-shaping factors we have named, then, is the producer's need to make profits. The yardstick that the producer applies to what he offers is, first, a financial yardstick; it is not the yardstick of human welfare or human growth into maturity, except as such growth happens to be profitable. Here, therefore, is our peculiar modern situation: every day our minds and characters are receiving the impress of objects and experiences that have been put on the market because they represent the seller's best guess as to what we are ready to buy.

6. Here, again, we must note the difference between a business and a profession. In a profession, welfare comes first; money-making second. The distinction is a delicate one and hard to make with precision. Nevertheless, it is a real one that makes a notable difference in the spirit and aims of an undertaking. Thus, where money-making is the paramount interest, a constant search will be made to discover what most people *as they are* can be relied upon to like most of the time. What a few discriminating people like is of no great financial significance. What many people might eventually like if they were helped to develop their powers of discrimination has equally little financial import. What most people like once in a while is of less financial import than what they like most of the time. Hence, the primary hunt conducted by each of these four licensed mind-makers has been for a formula that would insure most people's being attracted most of the time. Once the formula is set, there is more profit to be derived from people's remaining *as they are* than from their growing up to some new level of insight and discrimination. The essential fact to be noted about each of the four businesses at hand is that each has found its own particular formula, has geared its productive set-up to that formula, and therefore has a vested interest in the public's continued responsiveness to that formula.

II

7. The newspaper has discovered that most people most of the time are interested in some form of catastrophe: a plane crash, a railroad wreck, a murder, a flood, a scandal, a fight of some sort. It is an old story that the planes that fly safely, the trains that reach their destination, the individuals who live together without murdering each other, the rivers that flow between their banks, and the men and nations that transact their affairs and resolve their differences without fighting are not news. Not one of these would yank a man out of his own preoccupations as he passed a newsstand. Not one of them would make him prop up his paper at the breakfast table and become absorbed in reading, to the neglect of his family. To capture the breakfaster, some unusual "happening" must be reported. To keep him

turning page after page, one column of unusual "happenings" must follow another. In order to induce that same breakfaster to buy a second paper in the afternoon or evening—or, if possible, even a third—headlines must again shrill the unusual and the catastrophic.

8. News, in short, must be as different as possible from the average daily routine; for otherwise it will not pull the mind of man out of that routine. The mind of man is, of course, capable of escaping routine through an intensification of awareness; through a deepened sense of values; through becoming sensitized to the subsurface drama of life. But this type of escape cannot be reduced to a formula. It has to do with the growth of the individual toward the unique fulfillment of his powers. It is not only useless, therefore, but actually detrimental, so far as mass production of news is concerned. The formula calls for the constant playing up of the only "escape-from-routine" news that has mass appeal: that is, news about some event that is enough out of the ordinary to give people a thrill without requiring of them any unusual sensitivity or subtlety of insight.

9. Between the accounts of catastrophe, newspapers do carry a good many items that lie outside the formula and that have their own constant appeal because of certain sustained human interests: weather reports, stock-market reports, household suggestions, real-estate news, educational, religious, and scientific news, and other such. But the primary appeal of a newspaper is the news it brings of happenings that bode ill to someone. Most political news is cast as "fight" news. Most foreign news is similarly cast. Most domestic news that makes the headlines is catastrophic news: someone has been killed, robbed, or assaulted; someone has called a strike; someone has been putting over a raw deal; someone has been arrested; some criminal has escaped; someone is denouncing someone. Most newspapers, in brief, have made the money-making discovery that most people most of the time are more interested in life that has "run off the track" than in life that has "stayed on the track."

10. Newspapers, therefore, have developed what might be called a *vested interest in catastrophe*. If they can spot a fight, they will

play up that fight. If they can uncover a tragedy, they will headline that tragedy.

11. From the point of view of our psychological maturing all this has obvious significance. It means that day by day, year in and year out, all of us—young as well as old—are being moved to accept a one-sided, distorted view of life. We get life in its hostile and catastrophic patterns more often than in its friendly and constructive patterns. Ours is a culture in which newspapers have influenced most people, from their childhood on, to build the expectation that "eventfulness" is mostly conflict and catastrophe.

12. To take one example, our public opinion in regard to the world situation is chiefly shaped by what we read in the newspapers. If what we read is consistently and sharply slanted away from the constructive and peace-seeking activities of men and nations to those that are destructive and belligerent, the opinion we form will be not only one-sided and often erroneous, but it will be fraught with terrible danger to our own future and that of mankind. Our own "hostility potential" will be raised. Our attitudes toward peace-seeking activities will be skeptical and pessimistic. We will be wary and quick to suspect someone of trying to put something over on us. Our major emotional readiness will be for belligerent action—or for such belligerent verbalizing as makes peaceful action more difficult to achieve. We will get a more tingling pride out of having our nation "tell off" another nation than we will out of having it effect a mutual agreement with that nation. When we lay our nickels and dimes on the line for our daily dose of vicarious catastrophe and conflict it is almost as though we were paying the newspapers for getting us ready to commit human suicide.

13. A striking example of the power of the newspaper "formula" occurred at the time of the formation of the United Nations Organization in San Francisco. It will be remembered that the State Department had ventured a remarkable innovation: it had invited the leading non-partisan voluntary associations of the country to send representatives to the Conference to serve as "consultants." These consultants were privileged to sit in on all major sessions; to confer among themselves

about moot problems; to meet with various experts and put their questions and suggestions to these experts; to make recommendations to the appropriate bodies; and, last but not least, to send regular reports back to their organizations. Before long, anxious letters began coming to them from members back home. "We don't understand," these letters said in effect. "You keep sending us word that everything is going well and that a world organization will surely be formed; but our newspapers keep telling us that fights and disagreements among the delegates are so constant that there is little hope of success for the Conference. Are you sure you know the score? We don't want to be fed on false hope."

14. The situation was a typical one. Newspapers, with their vested interest in catastrophe, were playing up every cross word spoken; magnifying every squabble of orators until it seemed a major crisis—a crisis the development of which would surely have to be followed in tomorrow's paper as well as in today's.

15. In one vital respect, however, the situation was atypical. Normally, we of the public have no representatives on hand to give a picture different from the one the newspapers give; at San Francisco, we had such representatives—the consultants. As worried letters kept coming in from the home people, these consultants went to the correspondents and asked why they were persistently trying to make the Conference appear to be a failure. Actually, of course, the correspondents—as individuals and as citizens—did not want it to fail. But as *correspondents* they wanted news that would make the old "formula" appeal. Called to account by the consultants—who represented, through their combined organizations, a significant slice of the reading public—the newspapers were persuaded to believe that even good news might be rated as news. A gradual change became evident in the reporting of the Conference.

16. That our newspapers have been in many respects a cultural asset goes almost without saying. With their enormous coverage of news, they have done wonders to release us from our old parochialisms and to help us move out of our squeezed local en-

vironments into the total world. Also, in many cases, they have been valiant exposers of evil and valiant fighters for the human decencies. Yet the fact remains that their major appeal has been to the psychological immaturities still resident in grown men and women.

III

17. Radio came as something new under the sun. As it flashed upon the human horizon, it promised a new world. Space, man's ancient enemy, had been overcome. In an instant's time, our minds could encircle the globe. Man could be neighbor to man the earth around.

18. The spectacle of an average person sitting in his average room before a small box-like instrument, summoning voices out of the distance, roused the imagination. The Greeks had said that a city should be no greater in size than the distance a man's voice could travel. In the twentieth century, suddenly, a man's voice could travel around the world. How large, then, should the "city of man" now be?

19. The man sitting in his small room, moreover, with his small box, could not only encircle the globe. He could summon at will voices nearer at hand: voices to sing to him; tell him news when he wanted news; tell him a story when he wanted a story; preach him a sermon when he wanted a sermon.

20. There was no doubt about it: an amazing new force had entered our human scene. Would it become a new, major force for our maturing? Or would it so lend itself to our immaturities that these would become more tenacious than ever?

21. Such delicate and difficult questions have never yet yielded us a simple Yes or No answer. Because of the radio, greatness has poured into our homes from many places and at many times: great symphonic music, the news of world-transforming events, great poetry, great speeches, great drama. Not even the poorest, most inaccessible shack or farm kitchen has been so mean that greatness—via the radio—has refused to enter and live there. It would be strange if all this could happen without some increase in maturity happening also.

22. Yet greatness has not been the only

thing that has entered our homes—and our consciousness—over the sound waves. In a sense, it has been the least of what has entered. Where one notable program has occupied one band of air for a scant half hour or less, scores of lesser programs have occupied all the other bands of air all day long and all night long. The talking, the singing, the playing of instruments, the making of jokes, the asking of quiz questions, the retailing of news, and from all stations, at virtually all times, the ubiquitous advertising of goods—these have become a Niagara of sound. In the total mass, the proportion of greatness to the proportion of littleness has not been encouraging.

23. Radio remains, and increasingly becomes, a technical triumph. But it would not be an exaggeration to say that nine out of ten of the voices that the listener summons when he turns the dial are the voices of mediocrity—and of immaturity: mediocre actors speaking mediocre lines—or actors who deserve better lines trying to inject meaning into the meaningless; mediocre singers singing mediocre songs; mediocre comedians laboring to make old jokes sound new; mediocre commentators sharing the air with their more penetrating and responsible fellows; mediocre quiz masters asking questions and handing out prizes; mediocre advice-givers responding to deep human perplexities with pat mediocre advice. If, from the point of view of man's maturing, the test we must put to radio is that of its *average* influence or its most frequently exerted influence, the answer is not reassuring.

24. It is almost as easy to gripe about radio programs as about the weather: they have become as much part of our "atmosphere" as wind and sun; and they seem, sometimes, to be as far removed from our influence. Our wish, here, is not to engage in any such griping. In the first place, appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no unreachable "God" of radio "weather" who resides in a heaven beyond our human reach; there are only men, in skyscrapers or in lesser buildings, who engage, day in and day out, in the business of trying to guess what most people want most of the time or what they can, by sufficient suggestion, be made to want. From the psychological angle, then, the average

level of radio programs betrays our immaturity quite as much as it fosters that immaturity. We have to keep this fact in mind as we analyze the influence that is daily being exerted upon our character structure by this new medium of communication. In the second place, radio programs cannot be evaluated as though they were isolated phenomena in our culture. Powerful as radio corporations are, they are only fragments of a system very much larger than themselves; and they would not have become powerful if their aims and methods had been out of line with the practices of that system or offensive to those conditioned by it.

25. The plain fact is that the owners and program directors of radio stations have been engaged in an enterprise similar to that of newspaper owners and editors: they have been looking for a formula with which to hold the attention of the greatest possible number of people for the greatest possible period of time. They seem to have discovered two things: that most people, most of the time, want to be entertained; and that the entertainment that has the maximum appeal is that which rouses ready emotions and does not tax the mind. With these "discoveries" as directives, the radio formula has gradually evolved.

26. One program-building assumption has been that people must not be asked to keep their attention focused on any one thing for more than a few minutes at a time. Thus, each day's program becomes a miscellany; and, daylong and nightlong, it invites the mind to engage in a kind of jumping game. No sooner is the attention given to a news report than it is diverted to a hillbilly singer or a mystery story or a quiz program or a comedy program replete with guest singers. This aspect of the radio formula must be of major concern to all who care about human maturing. One mark of the psychological growth of the human being, from infancy through childhood and into adulthood, is the lengthening of the attention-span. The immature mind hops from one thing to another; the mature mind seeks to follow through. Whatever other influences it may exert for our maturing, radio is on the side of lifelong immaturity in the constant invitation it offers us to develop hopscotch minds. For five minutes, say, we are

asked to be in a mind and mood suitable for an honest consideration of a world crisis. Then, for an even briefer interval, we are asked to feel that it is of supreme importance for us to buy a certain brand of dehydrated soup or to have our winter furs stored at a certain place. Abruptly, then, a humorist begins to wisecrack—and again our mind and mood are supposed to be at his command. Such fluttering surface interest in one thing after another militates against our making a genuinely suitable response to anything. How many people, for example, who hear an appeal for the starving children of Europe tucked in between a soap opera and a singer of folk songs, with advertisements for insulation, are actually invited to feel what mature human beings should feel about the starvation of children?

27. It is, of course, impossible to talk about the radio without talking about radio advertising. Not only does this contribute mightily to the hopscotch character of the daily program, but it has exerted its influence upon each item that makes up that program. Radio listeners do not, by direct methods, put anything into the coffers of radio producers. It is the advertisers who must keep those coffers filled; and they will not do so unless they are convinced that every program item for which they pay is being heard by potential customers in a suitable frame of mind to buy. The housewife who has just had a good cry over a soap opera is more likely to give uninhibited and friendly response to an advertiser than is a person whose mind has been engaged at a high level of discrimination. Similarly, the man who has just had a good laugh at a comedian's jokes has been softened up into friendliness. From the advertiser's point of view, two things are not good business: programs that put the critical powers of man to work and programs that raise any basic issues about the economic structures within which advertising operates. We shall have more to say about advertising in a later section. Suffice it here to say that, in the radio world, it is an all-powerful influence: it makes it necessary that programs be on the air at all hours of the day and night, every day of the year, whether or not material worth hearing can be provided in such quantity; it makes it necessary

that most programs be "relaxing" in their influence; and it performs the odd function of taking that old stock figure, the peddler, off the doorstep and into the living room—there to wheedle as he has always wheedled; there to run off his stock phrases as he has always run them off; but there to invade the family privacy as he has never invaded it before.

28. When an instrumentality is taken over as a money-making device, those who live by it must seek a money-making formula. Radio has found its formula. Whereas the newspaper has found its vested interest in catastrophe, radio has found it in mediocrity.

IV

29. Are the movies a force for maturing? To ask that question is, almost, to answer it. Hollywood has become a synonym for vacuity serviced by technical experts: highly profitable vacuity, since a staggering proportion of Americans, young and old, week after week, place themselves under its influence.

30. Great pictures have come out of Hollywood; and briefly they have heartened us. But when they have had their run, the typical Hollywood production has again taken over—and throughout the thousands of movie theaters of the land, the routine of vacuous inanity has been resumed. Today's pictures are infinitely smoother in their production than those of even a few years ago. Also, they are more sophisticated in their characterization: the villain twirls his mustache less obviously; the "scarlet woman" does not, at her first appearance, advertise her intentions by turning Theda Bara eyes upon her victim. The past few years, moreover, have witnessed certain efforts to give movie plots a third dimension—to add to mere eventfulness some slight consideration of human motives of a less than obvious sort. Yet when we attend revivals of earlier movies, and compare them with those that now make a less flickering appearance upon the screen, we are forced to conclude that the psychological difference is a pin-point difference compared with the technical.

31. Here we confront the same perplexity as in the case of the radio: how did it happen that this great invention has so developed as to express and encourage immaturity rather than maturity. To be sure, it began as a peep-

show gadget; but very quickly it revealed its power for greater things. It could tell a story as no story had ever been told before: with horses galloping, guns firing, crowds milling around; or, more quietly, with people walking in the garden, or hiking over a mountain trail. Where drama had hitherto been confined to a small stage, the motion picture could take place on a stage as wide as the world. As a medium, therefore, of enormous range and flexibility, it might have become the greatest influence in human history for the encouragement of empathic imagination. Not confined, as legitimate drama has been confined, to a few theaters in a few cities, it might have invited the most obscure inhabitant of the most remote village to develop an ever maturing insight into the ways of people, and the needs and fears and hopes of people, everywhere. It was technically equipped to perform this role in our culture; but only fortuitously and rarely has it performed it.

32. Again, we must note an economic cause: movies soon became big business. Single movies ran into millions for their production. *Ben Hur*, for example, cost six million. Salaries were fabulous. In two years of acting in cowboy films, W. S. Hart earned \$900,000. Big business meant that there had to be big capital: bankers had to be enlisted. The enlistment of big bankers meant that a formula must be found for making big business grow continually bigger.

33. Hollywood found its formula. It began to find it in the early days when actors threw custard pies at one another or an escaped convict in prison stripes hid in a basket of clothes on which a housewife had momentarily turned her back. Audiences clapped and shrieked; every frustrated person present got vicarious satisfaction out of seeing the other fellow get it in the face or out of seeing the forces of respectability put to rout.

34. It began to find its formula when "America's sweetheart" showed her face on the screen. Every man in the audience loved her as he had always hoped he would love some woman; every woman saw in her the type of eternal sweetheart that she herself had hoped to be.

35. It was finding its formula when it put on male actors who typified "romance." When

Valentino stormed the hearts of American women, the story was plain enough for any producer to see: women wanted men who would look into their eyes as their own work-a-day husbands did not look; they wanted men with enough mystery about them to make their least glance glamorous and a little frightening, even; they wanted men in whom kindness and aloofness would be so subtly blended that a relationship with them could never become a routine; but they wanted these men in a daydream situation—not as any actual substitute for the reliable bringer home of the bacon.

36. It was finding its formula—through a genius who could not be reduced to formula—when a little tramp with a postage-stamp mustache, battered shoes, and a derby hat, took the kicks of the world and walked out of every picture swinging his ridiculous cane in a defeat so jaunty that it amounted to triumph. Charlie Chaplin was Everyman—every man who carries with him his unresolved frustrations, his clumsy good will, and his need to believe that the defeats he suffers are part of fate.

37. It was finding its formula when the six-shooter hero dashed across the plains on a superb horse that would tolerate no other rider—and rescued the heroine at the last possible moment.

38. It was finding its formula when, in picture after picture, the erring husband returned to his wife and went down on penitent knees; and when, in picture after picture, the honest small-town hero, with native shrewdness as his only weapon, outsmarted the man from the city; and when the poor girl married a rich husband—and automatically knew just what to do on every occasion that her new setting presented; and when, conversely, the rich girl, deciding that money isn't everything, married her poor lover; and when the erstwhile villain suddenly showed himself as having a heart of gold; and when, in as many ways as ingenuity could devise, the pompous man was made to look like a fool.

39. What Hollywood discovered—by rule of thumb and box-office returns—was that the sure-fire way to attract people (or at least, most of the people most of the time) is to give

them compensatory illusions. Motion pictures became the big business through which unsatisfied men, women, and adolescents in unprecedented numbers were granted a day-dream fulfillment of their hopes. The motion picture did not aim to make these unsatisfied people go forth and take positive action to solve their own problems. It aimed to give them a dream that was in itself so thrilling in comparison with reality that they would return, and return again, for further hours of dreaming. So fixed has this money-making formula become that even novels and dramas of stature and integrity come out of the movie-mill something other than they were: they come out revised to fit the daydreams of the unsatisfied immature.

40. Fulfillment by fantasy: this is the pattern of psychological immaturity. Fulfillment by rational, sustained program of action: this is the pattern of psychological maturity. To an overwhelming extent, the Hollywood formula has been on the side of immaturity. Hollywood, we might say, is the enormously profitable enterprise of encouraging millions of people—an estimated 80,000,000 a week in 1940, for example—to find their habitual escape from frustration and boredom in glamorous fantasy. Hollywood, in short, has a vested interest in escapism. Inevitably, therefore, it has a vested interest in emotional immaturity.

v

41. Advertising is the nation's biggest business. It is also one of the biggest and most continuous psychological influences in our lives. It is literally everywhere. Wherever, by day or night, our eyes and ears are open, we are likely to see or hear some invitation to buy something. It is as though we were surrounded by a vast army of salesmen, each struggling to win our attention; each with something to show us, something for us to buy, something we are made to feel that we *must* buy if we are not to live our lives under handicap; each trying to get the money we have to spend before someone else gets it.

42. We do not resent the importunities of these "salesmen." We like to do the sort of wanting that they make us do: the advertisements in a home magazine or a Sunday paper are willingly given a large slice of our atten-

tion; and few things yield us more repeated delight than a seed catalogue or the fat catalogue from a mail-order house . . . to say nothing of the windows of clothing stores, hardware stores, book stores, art supply stores, stationery stores. Goods, goods everywhere, and money with which to buy: this is one shape that the American dream has persistently taken; and it has been very far from a bad dream. The ingenuities of men in producing endless things for use, comfort, and convenience have been good ingenuities; and much of the wanting that we do, under the stimulus of advertisements, is good wanting. Much of it ties up soundly with our making of choices and plans. Basic to a high productive economy, in brief, is the process of letting people know what has been produced.

43. Yet there are psychological questions to ask here: questions that are again tied up with the problem of our individual and cultural maturing. So far as advertisers are concerned—and the producers who employ them—the average man plays only one role that has any significance: that of consumer. His mental and emotional processes are of interest only to the extent that they can be ferreted out and capitalized: used as stimuli to make him buy. Such a one-sided concept of the human being—particularly when almost unlimited resources are used to make it attractive—can scarcely help making for a one-sided development, and therefore a less than fully mature development, of that human being. When he and his fellows, moreover, have in sufficient number and for a sufficient length of time taken such one-sidedness for granted, the whole culture to which they belong will be slanted away from full maturity.

44. To put the matter succinctly, advertising halts our psychological growth to the extent that it *makes us do too much wanting* and *makes us want things for the wrong reasons*.

45. It makes us do too much wanting. There is scarcely a waking hour of our lives when we are not told, through some medium, that we ought to pay out money to buy this or that. The cumulative effect of this is four-fold: we are kept always on the edge of material discontent, so that what we have never seems good enough; we are progressively

trained to want the ready-made and to think of what we can make ourselves as a poor substitute, so that the pleasures of ownership overshadow the pleasures of creativeness; we are encouraged to discard things not only before they have been fully used but before they have become intimate and beloved companions of our daily living; and we are induced to believe that most of our mental, emotional, and social problems stem from our lack of the right material goods.

46. It makes us want things for the wrong reasons. The easiest emotions for the advertiser to tap—and the ones most certain to produce “results”—are those related to our fears, particularly our social fears; our hunger for attention and prestige; and our frustration-born pleasure in outdoing somebody else. These are not our most mature emotions—nor those most conducive to our further maturing. They all represent in some degree an immature centering upon the self. The fears, for example, that advertisers most effectively capitalize—even when they are directing their appeals at grown men and women—are adolescent fears: fears that have to do with being “different,” with failing to meet rigid standards of group conformity, with being left out, with not making a good appearance, with being criticized by other people. Similarly, their prestige-appeals are largely on the adolescent level: the individual is invited to see himself, not as maturely equal with others, but as *the focus of attention and envy*.

47. Advertising, in brief, like the other businesses we have been weighing, has found its formula: get a person to want something for himself, and to want it badly enough, and a sale is made. The art of salesmanship—and therefore of advertising—is that of awakening self-wants: making the person feel that his own life is incomplete and that what it lacks wears a price-tag. The perfect consumer is the individual who is so suggestible that he can be kept pretty continuously engaged in the process of indulging his own ego. If the proper maturing of the self consists, as we have seen, in its development away from immature fears and egocentricities toward a wider range of human interests and relationships, then the ego-absorptions encouraged by endless invitations to buy actually arrest our maturing.

Advertising has its own peculiar vested interest: in human self-indulgence.

48. We speak of ours as a materialistic age—and thus throw upon material goods an onus they do not deserve. It would be less ambiguous to call it a self-indulgent age. The most powerful forces around us beg us, implore us, plead with us to indulge ourselves. We hear the insinuating words on the radio: “You owe it to yourself . . .”; “Don’t wait another day . . .”; “Be the first in your town to own . . .”; “Your friends will envy you. . . .” We read the words of persuasion in flaring spreads in newspapers, in magazine pictures that invite us to project ourselves into a dream-world of beauty and convenience, in neon signs against the night sky: something to drink; something to smoke; something to eat that champions eat; something to make you beautiful; something to make you a man of distinction; something to bring you success; something to make you the life of the party; something to reduce some kind of work to the mere pushing of a button; something to take away all your worries and let you lie in a hammock the rest of your life.

VI

49. Newspapers, radio, movies, and advertising—these might be called the “big four” of communication. These are the four great money-making enterprises of mind-making. It would be pleasant to report that they all make for the fine maturing of human character. But the report must be otherwise. In spite of what each has contributed to our growth, each has, through its own formula, found it profitable to keep us from full psychological maturing. Or, to put the best possible face upon the matter, each has found in us some immaturity that waited to be tapped. Engaged in the tapping process, each of these powerful forces has been too busy to think about the long-range consequences of its formula.

50. Lest we be tempted, however, to pass the buck to these great agencies of influence—laying on them the total blame for our immaturity—three final observations must be made.

51. The first is that the owners and producers of newspapers, radio programs, motion

pictures, and advertisements are not to be regarded in their money-making preoccupation, as cultural "sports." Their values are not atypical; they are typical. The definitions of prestige and success that they emphasize are the definitions to which most men and women, right down the line, gear their lives and the lives of their children. The hunger for "shock news"—catastrophe, scandal, conflict—that newspapers satisfy to their own profit is not a newspaper-made hunger, though it may be a newspaper-stimulated hunger. It derives from deeper ills in our culture: from boredoms, disappointments, and apathies that make adults, by and large, unresponsive to any drama in life except "shock drama"; also, from latent hostilities that make adults, by and large, draw guilty satisfaction from the ill fortunes of others. The propensity to daydream that has proved so vastly profitable to the producers of soap operas, motion pictures, and glamor advertisements is, again, stimulated by, but not created by, those who thus make money from its existence. In a culture where everyone is encouraged to believe, at the outset, that his ship will come in and where this hope is so regularly flouted; and in a culture where love and marriage are so constantly presented as adolescent affairs of everlasting moonlight and roses, the frustration of people is enormous—and their propensity to daydream is likewise enormous. While, therefore, we have every right to look at these powerful mind-makers with critical eyes, seeing how ready they are to capitalize our immaturities, we need also to look beyond them for the causes of those immaturities they capitalize.

52. The second observation that must be made is that these mind-makers are not as dangerous to human welfare as they might be. That statement sounds like bland dismissal of our problem; but it is, rather, a simple recognition of fact. Everywhere in the world, and in every period of history, the job of mind-making has been in large measure the monopoly of some power group or groups. Nowhere in the world, and at no time in history, has the average man actually "made up his own mind." Priests and theologians have made it up for him. Kings have made it up for him. Conquerors, dictators, and poli-

ticians have made it up for him. While his own personal experience has taught him much, his basic beliefs about his rights and obligations and his place in the scheme of things have come to him from the outside. Always there have been some few—seers, prophets, teachers, statesmen—who have wanted him to think well of himself as a human being and to act out a proud, creative role in the human tradition. But for the most part, everywhere and always, the dominant power group has wanted the average man to have an image of himself that would comport well with the power and perpetuation of the group. Newspaper owners, advertisers, and the rest, when they are persuading the average man to see himself in a role that is profitable to them, are therefore, we might say, simply the inheritors of age-old power techniques and power-attitudes. They—like uncounted priests, demagogues, and dictators before them—are simply mind-making to their own advantage. But that tells only half the story. Psychologically, the most dangerous power-groups and power-individuals in history have been those who have wanted the average man to be a *contented follower*: a meek acceptor of his lot; a proud borrower of significance from the leader he served. The four great mind-making powers of our day are less concerned with the average man as a *contented follower* than they are with him as a *discontented wantor of things for himself*. They do not, in the traditional sense, see him as a follower at all. They see him as a consumer. This is a fundamental difference. It means that they will provide whatever that average man—writ large to make a public—is ready to want to pay for. They have modified the old utilitarian slogan—the *greatest good of the greatest number*—to read *the greatest amount of goods to the greatest number*. They may, through their reliance upon their immature formulae, delay the maturing of the public. But their aim is to make money, not to see themselves as "leaders" to whom the passive millions lift adoring eyes. Every cubit of maturity that is added, through whatever influence, to our cultural stature will, therefore, influence the quality of the products put at our disposal by the great mind-makers. If and when we want maturity, in brief, they will cater as assidu-

ously to our mature wants as they now do to our immaturity.

53. The third observation is that there are ways in which the public can learn to handle even immature materials maturely. There are high schools, for example, today, in which the students are learning to work up their own standards of criticism for motion pictures and radio programs—and are, in the process, maturing their own powers of discrimination. There are high-school and college classes in increasing numbers in which students are comparing various newspapers and magazines and are trying to decide upon standards of measurement. There are parent groups, small and large, that are taking collective issue with the assumption that any motion

picture is good enough so long as it will keep their children out of the house and off the street for a few hours. Similarly, there are parent groups that are coming to joint decisions about the radio programs to which their children of various age levels should listen. The growth of consumer groups is another evidence that the public can learn to be something more mature than the advertiser's "perfect consumer." Such methods for making demands upon those who make our minds are in their infancy. But it is a promising infancy. It offers hope that the time will come in our culture when newspapers, radio stations, motion-picture producers, and advertisers may all find it profitable to appeal to our maturity.

Albert H. Marckwardt

WHAT IS GOOD ENGLISH?

Albert Henry Marckwardt (1903-) was educated at the University of Michigan, where he is now professor of English. Trained by the eminent linguist C. C. Fries, he has become one of the leading students of language and is highly successful as scholar, lecturer, consultant, and teacher.

In language, as in art, ethics, philosophy, and religion, people are continually seeking an ultimate standard. In this brief talk, Professor Marckwardt clearly sets forth the doctrine of usage, which today is generally accepted by students of linguistics.

1. Editorials are written about every phase of it. Teachers are deluged with letters asking them to referee disputes over it. Even our statesmen have manifested a consistent interest in the problem—both Benjamin Franklin and Theodore Roosevelt tried to reform our spelling. As far as the schools are concerned, everyone generally agrees upon one point: Good English should be successfully taught. But when it comes to deciding what is not Good English, there are almost as many points

of view as there are persons to hold them.

2. In all this diversity, two diametrically opposed attitudes may be discerned. At one extreme are those who look to the conventional rules of grammar, to dictionaries, to lists of frequently mispronounced words as absolute authorities. This attitude of dependence upon authority, since it implies a belief that a language may arrive at and maintain a relatively static condition—that it may be kept pure—is usually spoken of as *purism*. Little more need be said about this point of view for most of us are quite familiar with it. We have all met it somewhere, in the schools or out.

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3. During the last twenty-five years, however, there have been indications of a change of attitude toward the question of Good English and its teaching, both in the schools and among the most competent linguists in the country. There has been formulated what may be called for want of a more accurate term a "liberal" attitude toward language, which is directly in opposition to many of the tenets and practices of the purists. As in the case of any liberal movement, this one has been accompanied by much misunderstanding as to its aims and methods. There are abroad sinister rumors that "anything you hear is right," and dire forebodings of future generations whose verbs and nouns will not agree.

4. It is most important, I believe, to the general success of the English language program in our schools, to clear away some of the erroneous conceptions which have sprung up in connection with linguistic liberalism. This may best be accomplished by pointing out, first of all, how and why this change in attitude came about; second, by defining the standards of Good English which the liberal grammarians uphold; and finally, by pointing out certain ideas and attitudes which they do not put forward. The limitations of space necessitate my treating only one aspect of this broad question, namely grammar in its more restricted sense; although what I have to say may be applied in most cases to problems of pronunciation and vocabulary as well.

5. To explain the rise of the liberal attitude toward a standard of Good English, we must examine briefly the history of the rules which are to be found in the school grammars of today. These rules, for the most part, originated with certain English grammarians of the eighteenth century—notably William Ward, Robert Lowth, and James Buchanan. These men were not as interested in reflecting and codifying the actual spoken English of their time as in setting up an ideal language for their own and future generations to strive to master. This ideal language was based in part upon the rules of Latin grammar—for the eighteenth century was an age which revered the classics—and in part upon what seemed to be a rational arrangement for a language—for the eighteenth century was also an age of reason.

6. In the two hundred years which have elapsed since the formulation of these rules, the study of language has progressed remarkably, and we have learned much concerning this aspect of human behavior. The early nineteenth century was marked by a tremendous growth in our knowledge of the history of both ancient and modern languages.

7. The grammarians of the eighteenth century assumed that language was static, that it might reach and be kept at a state of perfection. In the nineteenth century we learned to apply the evolutionary concept to language as well as to botany and zoology. We came to see that language is not stationary, that it is in a state of continuous development, that standards which may hold good for one century are not necessarily applicable to another.

8. Along with our increased knowledge of the history of the English language and the conception of language as an evolving organism, came the realization that many of the rules of so-called correct English did not reflect actual speech habits; that they set up standards which were not only absent from spoken English but, more than this, were virtually foreign to the genius of the language.

9. In 1927, the late Professor S. A. Leonard, together with Professor H. Y. Moffat, began to study this problem. They selected from typical school text-books then in use 102 expressions condemned as incorrect; they submitted these to a jury composed of twenty-six eminent linguists and a similar number of authors, editors, business executives, teachers of English and of speech—about 225 all told. This jury was asked to rate the 102 condemned expressions as acceptable, questionable, or illiterate. It is possible to give only a few of the results of the survey here, but it was found that more than 40 of the 102 expressions usually condemned in the school texts were considered acceptable by over 75 per cent of the linguists, and many others were held by them to be matters of divided usage.

10. Among the expressions condemned by the text-books and accepted by the jury were: "This is a man I used to know," "That will be all right," "You had better stop that foolishness." The first of these omits the relative pronoun; the second used the term "all right" to which some grammars object; in the third

the locution "had better" is at times condemned by text-books as a colloquialism. All of them are obviously in current use today.

11. It is interesting to read what an eminent British linguist, Professor J. H. G. Grattan, has said on this same subject. He writes, "The attitude of the American schools is, so far as the English language is concerned, ultra-conservative. Eighteenth century ideas of correctness are not yet dead in the United States. Indeed, by American standards, many idiomatic usages long sanctioned in Great Britain are still bad grammar."

12. When it became apparent that the rules of many of the school grammars prescribed something that was not idiomatic English, the question immediately arose: If the rules of the grammars cannot be held to constitute a valid standard of Good English, what standard can be set up in its place? This is, it will be recalled, the second of the three questions which were raised before.

13. The liberal grammarians answer in the following manner: The history of most modern languages shows that from generation to generation, and from century to century, there has been in existence an accepted or received standard form of that language—English, French, or whatever it may be; and that that standard form has been based upon the speech of the class and section of the country which was politically, economically, and culturally dominant at the time.

14. London English, just one of many English dialects, became the standard speech of England chiefly because the city of London rose to a position of prime importance in the affairs of the English-speaking people. The same was true of the language of the Ile de France and of the Kingdom of Castile. If this is generally the case, why should we not consider as the standard of present-day English that speech which is in actual use by the large group who is carrying on the affairs of the English-speaking people? An attitude of this kind is usually spoken of as a doctrine of usage.

15. In connection with such a doctrine or standard, one problem arises. Suppose the usage of this dominant group is not wholly in agreement on all points? Suppose some of its members occasionally use a split infinitive

while others do not? What then is to be our guiding principle?

16. Here again we may have recourse to our knowledge of the history of our language. Since it is possible to examine with some accuracy the forms of the English language during the last thousand years, such a study will indicate that certain inflectional and syntactical traits have been constantly expanding and developing, while others have been disappearing. If it is possible from an examination of what has gone on in the past to make a reasonable prediction as to what will come about in the future—and we assume this with most of the studies we undertake—then, in the case of a divided usage, let us choose that form or construction which seems to be in accord with the developing tendencies or patterns of the English language.

17. To return to the problem of a split infinitive. Since a careful examination of the English of the last five hundred years shows such a construction to have been in constant use, and to have arisen from a desire to speak English naturally and clearly, the least we can do is to allow it equal rank with the alternative construction; to favor it when it seems better to perform the function of communicating the idea involved; and to rule it out when it does not express the thought as clearly.

18. Unfortunately a number of misconceptions have arisen in connection with such a proposed standard of usage. Uninformed people frequently ask if such a doctrine means that any sort of English that may be heard on the street is Good English. If an expression is used, no matter where or by whom, must it then necessarily be correct? The answer is no. The doctrine of usage does not legalize the language of the gutter, for the language of the gutter is not the English which is apt to prevail as Standard Spoken English. It is perfectly true that upon occasion certain expressions and certain modes of pronunciation have spread from one social class to another, frequently from a higher to a lower, and at times from a lower to a higher. The broad *a* sound in such words as *past* and *half*, now considered to be ultra-refined by many speakers, is a case in point; for in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries it was, as a dictionary of the time puts it, "the sound used

by the vulgar but not the polite and learned world." But these occasional cross currents do not justify an acceptance of wholly uncultivated speech as a norm. By virtue of the historical principles upon which the liberal grammarians proceed, they are still committed to the speech of the people who direct the affairs of the community as a standard. On the other hand since the English-speaking countries are democratic in character, the limitation of the speech standard to the narrowest top layer of the social order is also precluded.

19. The second aspect of the doctrine of usage which frequently troubles people to whom the idea is somewhat new is the fear that the lack of strict and ironclad rules will lead to eventual disintegration. Again history shows such fears to be unfounded. It has been pointed out that rules for the speaking of correct English date chiefly from the beginning of the eighteenth century. They have existed only two hundred years of the fifteen hundred since the Angles and Saxons first came to the British Isles. Accordingly when English is considered in the light of its millennium of existence as a separate language, one is inclined to feel that the rules have had relatively little effect in either hindering or accelerating the main trends of development.

20. Moreover, we can never be too sure as to just what is meant by disintegration of a language, which innovations are bad and which are good. As one eminent linguist has written, "To the conservative grammarian all change is decay. Although he knows well that an old house often has to be torn down in part or as a whole in order that it may be rebuilt to suit modern conditions, he never sees the constructive forces at work in the destruction of old grammatical forms. He is fond of mourning over the loss of the sub-

junctive and the present slovenly use of the indicative. He hasn't the slightest insight into the fine constructive work of the last centuries in rebuilding the subjunctive."

21. At present the greatest need confronting those who are entrusted with the teaching of our language in the schools is for new textbooks which describe accurately the language of those now carrying on the affairs of the English-speaking people, particularly grammars which will record the forms and syntax of present-day American English. A most significant beginning in this direction has already been made by the National Council of Teachers of English who, in November 1932, sponsored the publication of *Current English Usage*. This volume is in reality a continuation of the survey mentioned above, begun by Professors Leonard and Moffat, a survey which has for its purpose a codification of the usages of present-day English, and which proceeds upon the theory that it is the principal function of the grammarian to describe the language as it exists rather than to prescribe a state of perfection for it.

22. I can close in no more appropriate manner than to quote from Miss Ruth Mary Weeks' introduction to this forward-looking work. She writes, "Language is a living thing and the greatest law of life and growth is change. Dictionaries, grammars, books of rhetoric are not eternal statutes handed down from heaven like the tables of Mosaic law. They are history, not dogma; description not command—description of the changing speech habits of the mass of men.

23. "As our speech changes, so do dictionaries and grammars change; so must they change if we are to prepare our students to speak the language of their own time, or to secure from the better speech of our own day reinforcement of our teaching."

Ann Leighton

CONVERSATION

Ann Leighton (1901-) is the pseudonym of Mrs. Isadore Luce Smith, American wife of a British army officer, whom she met in India. An essayist with a light touch, she has written entertainingly about such common experiences as cooking, the inept designing of small kitchens by men who do not use them, and the typical activities and traits of an American housewife; she has also written in an amusing vein about her travel experiences in India, Burma, England, and the United States. Her war book, While We Are Absent, 1943, describes the adventures at home of an American housewife and her three children hoping for the end of the war and the return of her soldier-husband.

The essay on "Conversation" belongs to a type once more popular than it is today—the personal, or familiar, essay. Some of the famous personal essayists of the past were Addison, Goldsmith, Lamb, Stevenson, and Hazlitt, while today Max Beerbohm, James Thurber, and E. B. White are among the most successful and best known. In the familiar essay, the subject is usually quite commonplace, but the style is highly individualistic: urbane, genial, witty, playful, humorous, whimsical, figurative. Underlying the playful manner of expression, however, there is often an earnestness of purpose, and sometimes there is good-natured satire. A glance at the first and last paragraphs of this essay will reveal most of these characteristics.

1. Conversation . . . is a universal human need commonly treated as a recreation. A life force without which civilization would perish, it is classed as a subject for serious discussion with remote elegancies like wines and manners. Essential to the well-being and sanity of mankind, it is dealt with in books—not on medicine or religion or sociology but on etiquette. Never practiced, seldom taught, it is required of everyone. Prohibited only to certain monks, it is demanded of young girls in finishing schools who confuse it forever with balls and rapiers. As with cooking and the investing of money, it is made a cult whose initiates seek to terrify outsiders. Revered chiefly in its maimed form, the monologue, it is usually declared dead by those who think they know. Disjointed, denied, buried . . .

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the miracle of conversation is that it goes on.

2. And on and on—everywhere and all of the time. Anyone willing to listen will discover that conversation is what there is the most of. It is not necessary to eavesdrop or take notes or a census. One need only take a walk or a ride.

3. What interesting bits of others' lives one collects for what paltry exchanges! What valuable pieces of information, freely given, may save us later in difficult situations now unforeseen, like knives in the pockets of shipwrecked sailors. That bit about how to take a parrot by train across France. Call it a bicycle, the man said. And how to get a body out of Egypt. And the talisman from the crowded Washington taxi, driving away from a Senate hearing. . . . A tired listener said she supposed the die-hard isolationist meant well. "Young lady!" snapped the epitome of all Southern Colonels, "my father said to me, 'My son, remember this—Any man who means

well and does not do well is just a damned fool—"Worth the fare. Worth remembering—as are most of the things people really say to each other.

4. For conversation is what people say to one another—not being talked to, or at, or over. Good conversation is humanity at its best, in a disembodied way, a simple Paradise within easy reach, unlike other blueprints of eternity. To have someone to talk with eternally is enough promise of bliss for many people. See them, shut up in great houses, looking expectant on journeys, pretending to shop just to talk with others, and know that there go all of us. Change a word, any word, with me and I am the better for it. And so are you.

5. One of the commonest conversational openings about this country is that there is no conversation here, is there. The accepted answer to this is that one about how we are such a young country, aren't we. These dual untruths will pass as conversational coin among experts who will rule out a wealth of genuine treasure merely because of its subject matter. So many rejections have been made by those who constitute themselves judges that what is allowed by them to be conversation is often too oddly rare and beyond common speech. In the early twenties Sinclair Lewis and others prohibited anything said on a front porch, in a train, or at a country club. The subjects ruled out were invariably what the talkers knew most about—business, cars, crops, obstetrics, children. Cracker barrels and politics were allowed only as quaint survivals. Recently John Marquand has blacklisted reports of any conversational exchanges with the drivers of taxis, although, to many dinner guests, they may be the most rewarding conversational encounters of the evening. And many clever and intolerant young people have ruled out anything not having to do with either art or sex and said off the floor, and have written books about themselves in which conversation is always reported as witty and shown in a trail of brilliant dots. But the real conversationalists never notice. They just go on talking.

6. Of course there are people who actively dislike conversation. One can hear them reporting the next day after an evening out—

"And *what* do you suppose we did after dinner, my dear? *Talked!*" Adolescents, particularly, have never been conscious of conversation's joys. One of the grimmest sights known to modern society is a sit-down, formal party for the young to whom conversation seems an intoxication of the spirit bordering on lunacy. With no intention of forgetting themselves for an instant in each other or anything less than a cataclysmic explosion, they sit side by side, male and female, eyes on their plates, hell in their hearts. Someone is expected to make a noise, a cheerful noise, an intelligent noise, any noise? Not I. How do I know anyone would answer? And, oh, the shame of being the only one to speak. Better to keep still. Still as unbroken ice.

7. It is for such wary unbelievers that little books on how to make conversation are written complete with questions and answers. For them elocution teachers breathe in and out about, oh, what beautiful roses. Lists of icebreakers are furnished, sure to freeze everyone to the chairs. "You have been in China? Tell me all about China!" or, "I hear you are an international banker. What do you think of international finance?" Ice is terrible for conversation, they say, and we must do anything we can to break it. The safer, the worse. To what end is it broken. . . . For falling through and drowning, thinks the adolescent. And refuses to break it.

8. But adolescents often grow up to talk brilliantly. And for those who do not, there is bridge and parlor games and the company of their own kind with the best of all hostesses—those who place their guests in the announced pattern of the evening and do not seek to create ever-fresh designs with ever-fading guests.

9. For it is one of the paradoxes of conversation that its chief enemies are its most ardent exponents. The monologist who feels that the conversation is not good if anyone else speaks, the hostess who has been told (probably by the monologist) that she is the type who should have a salon, those eager repeaters of the most trivial remarks of the truly great . . . all these prey upon conversation mercilessly. Theirs is a nightmarish, heraldic world where lions must rest quietly with many lambs, and even with each other, which is

harder for them. Extra men who cannot talk become stags. And fabulous birds, just alighted from however brief flights to remote but vital spots, are coaxed to speak their pieces uninterrupted while sages who have lived there all their lives, but left earlier, become their meat. And wandering about, here and there picking up a kernel and preening their dull plumage, are the strange fowl who constantly repeat famous names with a casual familiarity. But this is not conversation. And it only looks like a salon.

10. To most of us who can put one word after another, conversation is most like a walk in the woods, enjoyable or wearing depending upon one's companions and the terrain. It is not always easy to find the way, to settle upon a trail, to share the responsibility. There are always the conversational redskins who lie in ambush, arrow ready for the first misstep. And the professional walkers come down from above the timber line, their faces ruddy with winds from interstellar space, to assure us we are getting nowhere. For in conversation, as in life, there are more who chide than guide. And conversation can be extremely dangerous—more so than mountain-climbing. Roped together by words alone for remarkably long intervals across very slippery slopes, who will tell us where to put each foot, when to use the ice axe, when, even, to stop and breathe deeply at high altitudes?

11. And where, oh, where are the experts who make the rest of us ashamed to use our crampons from the very start, those dear, familiar clichés which give at least one firm foothold on the ice while we reach for the next step? Fallen, we hope, into deep conversational crevasses, frozen forever into their own slow-moving ice. For the world is, indeed, a small place, after all. And surrounded by a very great deal of weather, always constantly changing, so helpful to those first meeting each other. In fact, apart from the happy circumstances of everyone having the same number of fingers and toes, so that we may lose contact but never count, and business can become the basic medium of understanding, the changing weather is the first influence towards gracious, disinterested social intercourse. A well-turned cliché as a conversational opening is the back of the hand held

out to a strange and apprehensive dog. Cliché by cliché is the way to begin.

12. And after that the general conversational technique can be decided upon. Even when the talkers are all of the same nationality and social habits this is not easy. How much more difficult it becomes when, say, they are only as far removed from each other as British and Americans. Due, perhaps, to a survival of frontier story-swapping, Americans generally prefer competitive narration. It may be this conversational habit that gave us our reputation for a country of boasters a hundred years ago. Cap *that*, is still a recognizable challenge today. Americans ready with an even bigger and better story feel sorry for the foreigner surprised without one in his turn.

13. But no sorrier than they feel for themselves in an evening of talk managed in the British way. For the traditions of fox-hunting hold in drawing-room conversation and the English love to hunt one subject until it is quite dead. The subject is chosen, usually by the oldest and most distinguished guest present, and then pursued through the hours. The thoroughness of English education has prepared them all to hunt any given subject down, through the years, through history, through the classics. . . . With gay halloos and Latin puns on they go. The American's more superficial education is soon exhausted and so is he. Gladly would he change the subject and the course, happily tell his very best story, joyfully die. But such easy ways out are not allowed, particularly when the subject chosen has, most likely, something to do with American history, in his honor. After an evening like this no American ever wants to see an essay. Short shorts have been developed for his mental wind.

14. Which is odd because his humor is as long as the British is short, and as nobly conceived as their serious conversation. One of the characteristics of American humor, shared with no other country, is the willingness to become a fool to save a party. The Englishman will let any party die for all of him, but an American will leap once more into the breach and endear himself to his hostess. Better, the American feels, that others should laugh at him than not at all.

15. Even clichés, after the world and the

weather, are not quite the same for both British and Americans. Englishmen often take too seriously the spontaneous American woman's indication that she is willing to converse when she asks everyone what do they suppose has just happened to HER? She, in turn, will wait politely when the Englishman says, Oh, I say—and then says nothing. But these are conversational aids not to be lightly dismissed. Even the habit of the well-traveled Englishwoman—of repeating the last three words just spoken by another as if they were very important—while reassuring to savages and upsetting to Americans, is a fine safety device

which may stimulate conversation by simulating it, which is, as we say, half the battle.

16. And if we encounter such divergencies in the conversational habits of those who use the same words, what of all those languages we do not understand, whose very gesture for Come is ours for Go? Adolescents are no more assured and gay at their first party than their elders embarking on international discourse. Jericho fell from noise alone. Noise made by a stranger outside the walls. What if its inhabitants had made a noise, too? The right kind of noise.

17. As in conversation.

Serge Koussevitzky

INTERPRETING MUSIC

Serge Alexandrovitch Koussevitzky (1874-1951) was born in northern Russia. He received his musical education at the Moscow Conservatory, where he later taught. He founded the Koussevitzky Symphony Orchestra in Moscow and the Concerts Koussevitzky in Paris. In 1924 he was appointed conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, a position which he held until his retirement in 1949. In 1940 he was largely responsible for organizing the Berkshire Music Center, an organization created to assist composers and to further the development of musical culture, and for a while served as its director. In 1949-1950 he made, as guest conductor, a world-wide tour. One of his life's ambitions was to make music meaningful to musicians and laymen alike.

The realm of interpretation in music, and especially the realm of conducting, is still very young, when we think that Berlioz, Mendelssohn, and Wagner, who appeared about the same time as the leading conductors of their epoch, were, indeed, the first conductor-interpreters. In fact, they founded a new school. I believe that Wagner was the very first conductor who turned his back to the audience when leading an orchestra. Before him, the conductors stood *à trois quarts* facing the public. You may well imagine what little influence a conductor could have on

the orchestra, standing with his back to the musicians. But, as I said, at that time the art of interpretation in conducting was not known. The conductors were mostly "time-beaters" who did not even trouble to rehearse, letting the concertmaster rehearse in their stead. Hence originated the word "concertmaster." The performance consisted in playing in time, without any consideration of details or perfection. If there was in the orchestra a virtuoso player, and if he had a solo passage to play, he performed his musical phrase with the utmost individuality, disregarding the whole conception of the work, its general meaning or line.

Wagner and Mendelssohn created a real

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revolution in the sphere of conducting. They no longer "beat time"; they built up the musical phrase. Yet this, of course, was far from the modern art of conducting. The geniuses of Wagner and Mendelssohn were totally opposite: Wagner was essentially romantic, Mendelssohn essentially constructive. I would say that Mendelssohn's art of conducting is nearer to our day than the art of Wagner, because Mendelssohn's approach to musical compositions is more abstract than Wagner's approach. I would remark that in their time almost the entire young generation followed Wagner, not Mendelssohn, because Wagner reflected his epoch immeasurably more than did Mendelssohn. Which of the two was right? We cannot say.

Here we actually come to the problems of interpretation. Before the First World War, interpretative art was strongly influenced by the romantic school. That is, the interpreter regarded a musical composition as an artist-painter would regard a landscape: to him it is an "aspect of nature." He takes that "aspect of nature" and reflects it as he sees, feels, and understands it. Therefore, one and the same landscape in the hands of two artists will have different reflections. Also the form of one and the same object will be given different lights and shadings.

In all ages, artists were prophets of either the rise or downfall of a culture. In the pre-war period, leading artists introduced decadence into art before it manifested itself in the social and political life of the post-war period. Decadence in musical interpretation in some countries grew to such proportions that not only were the lights and shadings distorted, but the form itself was lost. At the same time, artists in other countries, also instinctively foreseeing that decline, attempted to straighten the distorted line of classical art.

We have a great deal of evidence, however, that musical performers have a right to interpret compositions freely. They hold that right from the composer. Take Bach, for example. In his works we very often find no nuances. Does it mean that Bach intended to have his compositions played without nuances? Positively no. The great Bach leaves that freedom to the performer. Take the classical concertos by Mozart and Beethoven: we find that cadenzas are very rarely written by the com-

poser, who leaves the freedom of improvisation to the performer. In Wagner's scores, after *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, we find no exact indication of tempi. Wagner omitted it intentionally, and says in his book on the art of conducting that it is unnecessary to mark the exact tempo, because a talented conductor will find the right tempo anyway, and the untalented conductor will never grasp the tempo even if it is printed in the score. For that reason, Wagner marks his tempi in a general way, as such: *Bewegt*, *Mässig bewegt*, slower, faster, and so on.

I recall a personal experience with the most outstanding contemporary composer, Jean Sibelius. When I studied his Fourth Symphony for a performance here, I found that the tempo of the last ninety-eight bars of the scherzo was marked twice as slow as the preceding tempo—and was one that I could neither feel nor understand. I wrote to Sibelius asking for an explanation, thinking that it was a possible misprint and saying I did not feel that tempo. And Sibelius answered: "The right tempo is the one that the artist feels." Where is, after all, the truth of interpretation, and how can an artist justify that truth?

Personally, I believe that a composer, when creating a work, transfuses it not only with his musical power, but also with the entire meaning of his life—the essence of his being. That is why we can and we must find a "central line" in the creation of every composer. What is the central line of a composer? It is the meaning of his life and ideals, which he brings to us through the medium of his music.

With Bach, the central line is religion. Bach came to glorify God. And we find in his entire life his praise of God, exaltation of heaven and divinity. Haydn's line is joyfulness, humor, which he wants to share with others. We feel it in every symphony, in every minuetto and allegro. Mozart gives us pure tonal harmony, absolute purity of musical form. If we analyze his creative work, we will find how free Mozart was of any outward influence: he believed in music for the sake of music, sound for sound, beauty for beauty. Let us take Beethoven. His central line is transcendental-ity: he reflects universal emotion in music. When Beethoven grieves, he grieves with the world; when Beethoven is joyful, it is uni-

versal joy; when he feels a tragedy, it is a world tragedy. We can well say that the central line of Beethoven's art is the unifying element of universality. I shall not overburden you by enumerating other composers. But I cannot go by an outstanding figure in musical art—Wagner. The central line of Wagner's art is love and devotion, which we can trace in all his creative work: the love and devotion of Senta in *The Flying Dutchman*; of Elizabeth in *Tannhäuser*; of King Marke to Isolde; of Isolde and Kurwenal to Tristan. And so, we can find in the work of each master a central line expressed in sound.

Here emerges the truth of interpretative art. When the artist-interpreter is able to perceive the inner meaning, the central line, of a composition, he will find in himself the right and illuminating emotion to perform it. It may not be difficult to trace externally the central line, because there exists a vast literature of the life and activity of every composer, especially those belonging to history. It is not difficult for a musician to analyze a score externally, to determine its form, its melodic and harmonic plan, and entire structure. But this only takes us halfway; this is only the surface part of the central line, which will give us no true understanding of the depth and emotion of this or the other work or composer. The most important part is that which can neither be read nor learned; it rests in the interpreter himself, in his own emotions, depth and feeling.

Today we often hear "musical authorities" declare, when discussing a performance, "Let music speak for itself." That up-to-date motto is dangerous, because it paves the way for mediocre performers to come and accurately play over a composition from beginning to end, claiming that they "let the music speak for itself." That argument is also not correct because a talented artist, no matter how accurately he follows the markings in the score, renders the composition through his own prism, his own perception of the score, his own temperament and emotion. And the deeper the emotion of the interpreter, the greater and more vivid the performance.

A perfect interpretation may have two different aspects, equally faithful to the score of the composer. One may be called mechanically perfect, the other organically perfect. The first

gives the beauty of mathematical balance, symmetry, and clarity; the second is the indivisible, living, pulsating *élan vital* of the composition. One aims to present a beautified surface or reflection of the composition. In the other, the composition—its central idea—lives as a reality. One may be compared to a perfectly symmetrical building; the other to a great Gothic cathedral, with its partly asymmetrical yet organic order of unity. One is always enjoyable, pleasant and delightful, but remains, like a beautiful scene, external to the listener. The other takes and carries him with the *élan vital* of the work, merges him with the reality of the central meaning, makes him co-live and co-experience the *élan vital* of the composition. Like a mystic experience, the organic interpretation puts the listener in direct touch with the absolute reality hidden in the great work.

Approaching further the question of orchestral performance, I must say that at no time has the standard of musical performance been set as high as it is in America today. This is not a mere statement: facts speak for themselves. In Europe, even in the best of the old days, the symphony orchestras had not nearly the same possibilities that we have here. Nor was there the same intensity of work and interest. I shall take, for example, the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, one of the oldest in Europe. How many concerts did that orchestra give in the course of one season under the leadership of a great conductor? In its most brilliant period, the Berlin Philharmonic gave ten concerts with Nikisch conducting. The remaining concerts were led by different and indifferent conductors. Yet that was the foremost orchestra of the time. A strikingly interesting period of the musical life of Vienna, which may well be termed "heroic," is the period when Gustav Mahler was at the head of the Vienna Opera Orchestra. That same orchestra gave also symphony concerts and was then called "The Philharmonic." However, it was, in the first place, an opera orchestra, the concerts came in between; there were perhaps eight or ten symphony concerts in a season, also conducted by various conductors. The possibilities in America are infinitely better, and give a new idea of orchestral performances.

It is a mistake to think that musical life in

America develops only because of America's wealth. This is wrong. Musical life in this country grows because there is the need for music. That need for music today has an explanation: men seek an outlet for their best and deeper emotions, and they find it in music. For music is the recovered word of true feeling, liberated from the banality, hypocrisy, and cruelty of life. Music is to help the souls of men. It is the pure language, regenerating, like the mountain air.

In the presence of her lofty mission, music of our time makes an increased demand upon the high moral standing of the musician, his integrity and complete devotion to his art.

How far has the musician progressed on this ascending path? What is his actual standing in the life and society of our day? By way of an answer, let us examine and question the past. In less than two centuries, the standing of the musician has undergone a remarkable evolution through three distinctive periods.

The first period finds the musician in the inconspicuous place of an "entertainer," a member of the staff and at the service of some princely European court. It was not unusual, for example, to read notices asking for a valet or a steward who would also be a good accompanist. It is interesting to note that despite these circumstances, the musician of that period manifested an astounding spiritual independence, a profound individuality, and exceptional creative powers, for this was the epoch of such inimitable masters and geniuses as Haydn and Mozart, and partly covered the time of Beethoven.

The second period extends into the post-romantic era, when the musician finds himself wrapped in a cloak of exclusiveness and adorned with a halo of the privileged; he becomes *l'enfant gâté* of his society, which takes pleasure in his eccentricities, his long hair, and allows him to break accepted and conventional rules. The artist, however, was soon to realize the artifice of his position and to detect the condescending attitude of society toward him. He was eager to free himself of such travesty and to claim recognition on equal grounds with society.

Now we have entered a third stage—a period which was pointed out to us by great artists

who were also great men. It seems only yesterday that we had among us Paderewski, the musician-patriot, statesman, and aristocrat of the spirit. We still have with us—though not among us—Albert Schweitzer, the musician-philosopher, scientist, and humanitarian, who has set a singular example for mankind. The advent of such men announces a new era in music, an era where outer perfection, brought to a definite point of attainment, does not suffice; where a new dimension is sought—the infinite fourth dimension which rests with and within us.

This elevated concept asks for a new spiritual strength, for an increased concentration and penetration into the innermost strata of self.

When a student decides to become a musician, let him first take counsel with himself. Does he possess the true gift and qualifications that give him a right to step upon the stage where thousands of eyes watch him and thousands of hearts beat in anticipation of the message he is to bring through music and his art? Will he, indeed, open the gates of heaven and let the people experience ecstasy—were it for an infinitesimal moment; or will the gates stay closed and heaven remain a promise unfulfilled?

A musician should realize that the new strength of which we speak lies in the co-ordination and cooperation of all his faculties, both as an artist and as a human being. He should be true to himself on as well as off the stage. He should be clean inside and out.

"Strive for true humanity," says Goethe. "Become yourself a man who is true to his inner nature, a man whose deed is in tune with his character."

The true artist-man will not submit to circumstances or to passing whims of society; rather, he will conquer circumstance and guide society, not with self-satisfaction but with self-confidence born of a full consciousness and acceptance of his mission and task.

As one chosen by destiny and richly endowed by nature, the artist must have a sense of obligation toward those who are denied these riches. It is for him to repay nature and to offer his gifts to humanity, in all humility of heart, as an act of gratitude for the grace bestowed upon him.

Sports and Hobbies

Winston Churchill

PAINTING AS A PASTIME

Winston Leonard Churchill (1874-), statesman, soldier, historian, and biographer, finds time to pursue several hobbies, among which bricklaying and painting are special favorites. His interest in painting began in 1915, when he was forced out of his position as First Lord of the Admiralty and needed a challenging occupation for his leisure time. The inspiration that led him first to attempt painting came from his cousin, Lady Bertie-Churchill, an amateur water-color artist. But it was the wife of Sir John Lavery, famed Irish portrait painter, who introduced him to oils, his favorite medium, and who gave him confidence to "splash into the turpentine, wallop into the blue and the white, frantic flourish upon the palette—clean no longer—and then several large, fierce strokes and slashes of blue on the absolutely cowering canvas." Mr. Churchill has done some 300 canvases, painted from time to time in nearly every section of the British Isles, France, Africa, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, and in the Rocky Mountains region of the United States and in Miami, Florida. His paintings are best known to Americans through a series of Christmas cards released in 1950.

For men and women in search of a hobby, Mr. Churchill's essay presents a convincing brief for hobbies in general and painting in particular and, to the uninitiated, offers suggestions as well as encouragement.

1. Many remedies are suggested for the avoidance of worry and mental overstrain by persons who, over prolonged periods, have to bear exceptional responsibilities and discharge duties upon a very large scale. Some advise exercise, and others, repose. Some counsel travel, and others, retreat. Some praise solitude, and others, gaiety. No doubt all these may play their part according to the individual temperament. But the element which is constant and common in all of them is Change.

2. Change is the master key. A man can wear out a particular part of his mind by continually using it and tiring it, just in the

same way as he can wear out his elbows of his coat. There is, however, this difference between the living cells of the brain and inanimate articles: one cannot mend the frayed elbows of a coat by rubbing the sleeves or shoulders; but the tired parts of the mind can be rested and strengthened, not merely by rest, but by using other parts. It is not enough merely to switch off the lights which play upon the main and ordinary field of interest; a new field of interest must be illuminated. It is no use saying to the tired "mental muscles"—if one may coin such an expression—"I will give you a good rest," "I will go for a long walk," or "I will lie down and think of nothing." The mind keeps busy just the same. If it has been weighing and measuring, it goes on weighing and measuring. If it has been worrying, it goes on worrying. It is

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only when new cells are called into activity, when new stars become the lords of the ascendant, that relief, repose, refreshment are afforded.

3. A gifted American psychologist has said, "Worry is a spasm of the emotion; the mind catches hold of something and will not let it go." It is useless to argue with the mind in this condition. The stronger the will, the more futile the task. One can only gently insinuate something else into its convulsive grasp. And if this something else is rightly chosen, if it is really attended by the illumination of another field of interest, gradually, and often quite swiftly, the old undue grip relaxes and the process of recuperation and repair begins.

4. The cultivation of a hobby and new forms of interest is therefore a policy of first importance to a public man. But this is not a business that can be undertaken in a day or swiftly improvised by a mere command of the will. The growth of alternative mental interests is a long process. The seeds must be carefully chosen; they must fall on good ground; they must be sedulously tended, if the vivifying fruits are to be at hand when needed.

5. To be really happy and really safe, one ought to have at least two or three hobbies, and they must all be real. It is no use starting late in life to say: "I will take an interest in this or that." Such an attempt only aggravates the strain of mental effort. A man may acquire great knowledge of topics unconnected with his daily work, and yet hardly get any benefit or relief. It is no use doing what you like; you have got to like what you do. Broadly speaking, human beings may be divided into three classes: those who are toiled to death, those who are worried to death, and those who are bored to death. It is no use offering the manual labourer, tired out with a hard week's sweat and effort, the chance of playing a game of football or baseball on Saturday afternoon. It is no use inviting the politician or the professional or business man, who has been working or worrying about serious things for six days, to work or worry about trifling things at the week-end.

6. As for the unfortunate people who can command everything they want, who can gratify every caprice and lay their hands on

almost every object of desire—for them a new pleasure, a new excitement is only an additional satiation. In vain they rush frantically round from place to place, trying to escape from avenging boredom by mere clatter and motion. For them discipline in one form or another is the most hopeful path.

7. It may also be said that rational, industrious, useful human beings are divided into two classes: first, those whose work is work and whose pleasure is pleasure; and secondly, those whose work and pleasure are one. Of these the former are the majority. They have their compensations. The long hours in the office or the factory bring with them as their reward, not only the means of sustenance, but a keen appetite for pleasure even in its simplest and most modest forms. But Fortune's favoured children belong to the second class. Their life is a natural harmony. For them the working hours are never long enough. Each day is a holiday, and ordinary holidays when they come are grudged as enforced interruptions in an absorbing vocation. Yet to both classes the need of an alternative outlook, of a change of atmosphere, of a diversion of effort, is essential. Indeed, it may well be that those whose work is their pleasure are those who most need the means of banishing it at intervals from their minds.

8. The most common form of diversion is reading. In that vast and varied field millions find their mental comfort. Nothing makes a man more reverent than a library. "A few books," which was Lord Morley's definition of anything under five thousand, may give a sense of comfort and even of complacency. But a day in a library, even of modest dimensions, quickly dispels these illusory sensations. As you browse about, taking down book after book from the shelves and contemplating the vast, infinitely varied store of knowledge and wisdom which the human race has accumulated and preserved, pride, even in its most innocent forms, is chased from the heart by feelings of awe not untinged with sadness. As one surveys the mighty array of sages, saints, historians, scientists, poets and philosophers whose treasures one will never be able to admire—still less enjoy—the brief tenure of our existence here dominates mind and spirit.

9. Think of all the wonderful tales that have been told, and well told, which you will never know. Think of all the searching inquiries into matters of great consequence which you will never pursue. Think of all the delighting or disturbing ideas that you will never share. Think of the mighty labours which have been accomplished for your service, but of which you will never reap the harvest. But from this melancholy there also comes a calm. The bitter sweets of a pious despair melt into an agreeable sense of compulsory resignation from which we turn with renewed zest to the lighter vanities of life. . . .

10. But reading and book-love in all their forms suffer from one serious defect: they are too nearly akin to the ordinary daily round of the brain-worker to give that element of change and contrast essential to real relief. To restore psychic equilibrium we should call into use those parts of the mind which direct both eye and hand. Many men have found great advantage in practising a handicraft for pleasure. Joinery, chemistry, book-binding, even brick-laying—if one were interested in them and skilful at them—would give a real relief to the over-tired brain. But, best of all and easiest to procure are sketching and painting in all their forms. I consider myself very lucky that late in life I have been able to develop this new taste and pastime. Painting came to my rescue in a most trying time, and I shall venture in the pages that follow to express the gratitude I feel.

11. Painting is a companion with whom one may hope to walk a great part of life's journey,

"Age cannot wither her nor custom stale
Her infinite variety."

One by one the more vigorous sports and exacting games fall away. Exceptional exertions are purchased only by a more pronounced and more prolonged fatigue. Muscles may relax, and feet and hands slow down; the nerve of youth and manhood may become less trusty. But painting is a friend who makes no undue demands, excites to no exhausting pursuits, keeps faithful pace even with feeble steps, and holds her canvas as a screen between us and the envious eyes of Time or the surly advance of Decrepitude.

12. Happy are the painters, for they shall not be lonely. Light and colour, peace and hope, will keep them company to the end, or almost to the end, of the day.

13. To have reached the age of forty without ever handling a brush or fiddling with a pencil, to have regarded with mature eye the painting of pictures of any kind as a mystery, to have stood agape before the chalk of the pavement artist, and then suddenly to find oneself plunged in the middle of a new and intense form of interest and action with paints and palettes and canvases, and not to be discouraged by results, is an astonishing and enriching experience. I hope it may be shared by others. I should be glad if these lines induced others to try the experiment which I have tried, and if some at least were to find themselves dowered with an absorbing new amusement delightful to themselves, and at any rate not violently harmful to man or beast.

14. I hope this is modest enough: because there is no subject on which I feel more humble or yet at the same time more natural. I do not presume to explain how to paint, but only how to get enjoyment. Do not turn the superior eye of critical passivity upon these efforts. Buy a paint-box and have a try. If you need something to occupy your leisure, to divert your mind from the daily round, to illuminate your holidays, do not be too ready to believe that you cannot find what you want here. Even at the advanced age of forty! It would be a sad pity to shuffle or scramble along through one's playtime with golf and bridge, pottering, loitering, shifting from one heel to the other, wondering what on earth to do—as perhaps is the fate of some unhappy beings—when all the while, if you only knew, there is close at hand a wonderful new world of thought and craft, a sunlit garden gleaming with light and colour of which you have the key in your waistcoat-pocket. Inexpensive independence, a mobile and perennial pleasure apparatus, new mental food and exercise, the old harmonies and symmetries in an entirely different language, an added interest to every common scene, an occupation for every idle hour, an unceasing voyage of entrancing discovery—these are high prizes. Make quite sure they are not yours. After all, if you try,

and fail, there is not much harm done. The nursery will grab what the studio has rejected. And then you can always go out and kill some animal, humiliate some rival on the links, or despoil some friend across the green table. You will not be worse off in any way. In fact you will be better off. You will know "beyond a peradventure," to quote a phrase disagreeably reminiscent, that that is really what you were meant to do in your hours of relaxation.

15. But if, on the contrary, you are inclined—late in life though it be—to reconnoitre a foreign sphere of limitless extent, then be persuaded that the first quality that is needed is Audacity. There really is no time for the deliberate approach. Two years of drawing-lessons, three years of copying woodcuts, five years of plaster casts—these are for the young. They have enough to bear. And this thorough grounding is for those who, hearing the call in the morning of their days, are able to make painting their paramount lifelong vocation. The truth and beauty of line and form which by the slightest touch or twist of the brush a real artist imparts to every feature of his design must be founded on long, hard, persevering apprenticeship and a practice so habitual that it has become instinctive. We must not be too ambitious. We cannot aspire to masterpieces. We may content ourselves with a joy ride in a paint-box. And for this Audacity is the only ticket.

16. I shall now relate my personal experience. When I left the Admiralty at the end of May, 1915, I still remained a member of the Cabinet and of the War Council. In this position I knew everything and could do nothing. The change from the intense executive activities of each day's work at the Admiralty to the narrowly measured duties of a counsellor left me gasping. Like a sea-beast fished up from the depths, or a diver too suddenly hoisted, my veins threatened to burst from the fall in pressure. I had great anxiety and no means of relieving it; I had vehement convictions and small power to give effect to them. I had to watch the unhappy casting-away of great opportunities, and the feeble execution of plans which I had launched and in which I heartily believed. I had long hours of utterly unwonted leisure in which to contemplate the frightful

unfolding of the War. At a moment when every fibre of my being was inflamed to action, I was forced to remain a spectator of the tragedy, placed cruelly in a front seat. And then it was that the Muse of Painting came to my rescue—out of charity and out of chivalry, because after all she had nothing to do with me—and said, "Are these toys any good to you? They amuse some people."

17. Some experiments one Sunday in the country with the children's paint-box led me to procure the next morning a complete outfit for painting in oils.

18. Having bought the colours, an easel, and a canvas, the next step was to *begin*. But what a step to take! The palette gleamed with beads of colour; fair and white rose the canvas; the empty brush hung poised, heavy with destiny, irresolute in the air. My hand seemed arrested by a silent veto. But after all the sky on this occasion was unquestionably blue, and a pale blue at that. There could be no doubt that blue paint mixed with white should be put on the top part of the canvas. One really does not need to have had an artist's training to see that. It is a starting-point open to all. So very gingerly I mixed a little blue paint on the palette with a very small brush, and then with infinite precaution made a mark about as big as a bean upon the affronted snow-white shield. It was a challenge, a deliberate challenge; but so subdued, so halting, indeed so cataleptic, that it deserved no response. At that moment the loud approaching sound of a motor-car was heard in the drive. From this chariot there stepped swiftly and lightly none other than the gifted wife of Sir John Lavery. "Painting! But what are you hesitating about? Let me have a brush—the big one." Splash into the turpentine, wallop into the blue and the white, frantic flourish on the palette—clean no longer—and then several large, fierce strokes and slashes of blue on the absolutely cowering canvas. Anyone could see that it could not hit back. No evil fate avenged the jaunty violence. The canvas grinned in helplessness before me. The spell was broken. The sickly inhibitions rolled away. I seized the largest brush and fell upon my victim with Berserk fury. I have never felt any awe of a canvas since.

19. Everyone knows the feelings with which

one stands shivering on a spring-board, the shock when a friendly foe steals up behind and hurls you into the flood, and the ardent glow which thrills you as you emerge breathless from the plunge.

20. This beginning with Audacity, or being thrown into the middle of it, is already a very great part of the art of painting. But there is more in it than that.

*La peinture à l'huile
Est bien difficile,
Mais c'est beaucoup plus beau
Que la peinture à l'eau.*

I write no word in disparagement of water-colours. But there really is nothing like oils. You have a medium at your disposal which offers real power, if you can only find out how to use it. Moreover, it is easier to get a certain distance along the road by its means than by water-colour. First of all, you can correct mistakes much more easily. One sweep of the palette-knife "lifts" the blood and tears of a morning from the canvas and enables a fresh start to be made; indeed the canvas is all the better for past impressions. Secondly, you can approach your problem from any direction. You need not build downwards awkwardly from white paper to your darkest dark. You may strike where you please, beginning if you will with a moderate central arrangement of middle tones, and then hurling in the extremes when the psychological moment comes. Lastly, the pigment itself is such nice stuff to handle (if it does not retaliate). You can build it on layer after layer if you like. You can keep on experimenting. You can change your plan to meet the exigencies of time or weather. And always remember you can scrape it all away.

21. Just to paint is great fun. The colours are lovely to look at and delicious to squeeze out. Matching them, however crudely, with what you see is fascinating and absolutely absorbing. Try it if you have not done so—before you die. As one slowly begins to escape from the difficulties of choosing the right colours and laying them on in the right places and in the right way, wider considerations come into view. One begins to see, for instance, that painting a picture is like fighting a battle; and trying to paint a picture is, I suppose, like

trying to fight a battle. It is, if anything, more exciting than fighting it successfully. But the principle is the same. It is the same kind of problem as unfolding a long, sustained, interlocked argument. It is a proposition which, whether of few or numberless parts, is commanded by a single unity of conception. And we think—though I cannot tell—that painting a great picture must require an intellect on the grand scale. There must be that all-embracing view which presents the beginning and the end, the whole and each part, as one instantaneous impression retentively and untiringly held in the mind. When we look at the larger Turners—canvases yards wide and tall—and observe that they are all done in one piece and represent one single second of time, and that every innumerable detail, however small, however distant, however subordinate, is set forth naturally and in its true proportion and relation, without effort, without failure, we must feel in the presence of an intellectual manifestation the equal in quality and intensity of the finest achievements of warlike action, of forensic argument, or of scientific or philosophical adjudication.

22. In all battles two things are usually required of the Commander-in-Chief: to make a good plan for his army and, secondly, to keep a strong reserve. Both these are also obligatory upon the painter. To make a plan, thorough reconnaissance of the country where the battle is to be fought is needed. Its fields, its mountains, its rivers, its bridges, its trees, its flowers, its atmosphere—all require and repay attentive observation from a special point of view. One is quite astonished to find how many things there are in the landscape, and in every object in it, one never noticed before. And this is a tremendous new pleasure and interest which invest every walk or drive with an added object. So many colours on the hillside, each different in shadow and in sunlight; such brilliant reflections in the pool, each a key lower than what they repeat; such lovely lights gilding or silvering surface or outline, all tinted exquisitely with pale colour, rose, orange, green, or violet. I found myself instinctively as I walked noting the tint and character of a leaf, the dreamy, purple shades of mountains, the exquisite lacery of winter branches, the dim, pale silhouettes of far

horizons. And I had lived for over forty years without ever noticing any of them except in a general way, as one might look at a crowd and say, "What a lot of people!"

23. I think this heightened sense of observation of Nature is one of the chief delights that have come to me through trying to paint. No doubt many people who are lovers of art have acquired it in a high degree without actually practising. But I expect that nothing will make one observe more quickly or more thoroughly than having to face the difficulty of representing the thing observed. And mind you, if you do observe accurately and with refinement, and if you do record what you have seen with tolerable correspondence, the result follows on the canvas with startling obedience. Even if only four or five main features are seized and truly recorded, these by themselves will carry a lot of ill-success or half-success. Answer five big questions out of all the hundreds in the examination paper correctly and well, and though you may not win a prize, at any rate you will not be absolutely ploughed.

24. But in order to make his plan, the General must not only reconnoitre the battleground, he must also study the achievements of the great Captains of the past. He must bring the observations he has collected in the field into comparison with the treatment of similar incidents by famous chiefs. Then the galleries of Europe take on a new—and to me at least a severely practical—interest. "This, then, is how — painted a cataract. Exactly, and there is that same light I noticed last week in the waterfall at —." And so on. You see the difficulty that baffled you yesterday; and you see how easily it has been overcome by a great or even by a skilful painter. Not only is your observation of Nature sensibly improved and developed, but you look at the masterpieces of art with an analysing and a comprehending eye.

25. The whole world is open with all its treasures. The simplest objects have their beauty. Every garden presents innumerable fascinating problems. Every land, every parish, has its own tale to tell. And there are many lands differing from each other in countless ways, and each presenting delicious variants of colour, light, form, and definition. Obvi-

ously, then, armed with a paint-box, one cannot be bored, one cannot be left at a loose end, one cannot "have several days on one's hands." Good gracious! what there is to admire and how little time there is to see it in! For the first time one begins to envy Methuselah. No doubt he made a very indifferent use of his opportunities.

26. But it is in the use and withholding of their reserves that the great Commanders have generally excelled. After all, when once the last reserve has been thrown in, the Commander's part is played. If that does not win the battle, he has nothing else to give. The event must be left to luck and to the fighting troops. But these last, in the absence of high direction, are apt to get into sad confusion, all mixed together in a nasty mess, without order or plan—and consequently without effect. Mere masses count no more. The largest brush, the brightest colours, cannot even make an impression. The pictorial battlefield becomes a sea of mud mercifully veiled by the fog of war. It is evident there has been a serious defeat. Even though the General plunges in himself and emerges bespattered, as he sometimes does, he will not retrieve the day.

27. In painting, the reserves consist in Proportion or Relation. And it is here that the art of the painter marches along the road which is traversed by all the great harmonies in thought. At one side of the palette there is white, at the other black; and neither is ever used "neat." Between these two rigid limits all the action must lie, all the power required must be generated. Black and white themselves, placed in juxtaposition, make no great impression; and yet they are the most that you can do in pure contrast. It is wonderful—after one has tried and failed often—to see how easily and surely the true artist is able to produce every effect of light and shade, of sunshine and shadow, of distance or nearness, simply by expressing justly the relations between the different planes and surfaces with which he is dealing. We think that this is founded upon a sense of proportion, trained no doubt by practice, but which in its essence is a frigid manifestation of mental power and size. We think that the same mind's eye that can justly survey and appraise and prescribe beforehand the values of a truly great picture

in one all-embracing regard, in one flash of simultaneous and homogeneous comprehension, would also with a certain acquaintance with the special technique be able to pronounce with sureness upon any other high activity of the human intellect. This was certainly true of the great Italians.

28. I have written in this way to show how varied are the delights which may be gained by those who enter hopefully and thoughtfully upon the pathway of painting; how enriched they will be in their daily vision, how fortified in their independence, how happy in their leisure. Whether you feel that your soul is pleased by the conception or contemplation of harmonies, or that your mind is stimulated by the aspect of magnificent problems, or whether you are content to find fun in trying to observe and depict the jolly things you see, the vistas of possibility are limited only by the shortness of life. Every day you may make progress. Every step may be fruitful. Yet there will stretch out before you an ever-lengthening, ever-ascending, ever-improving path. You know you will never get to the end of the journey. But this, so far from discouraging, only adds to the joy and glory of the climb.

29. Try it, then, before it is too late and before you mock at me. Try it while there is time to overcome the preliminary difficulties. Learn enough of the language in your prime to open this new literature to your age. Plant a garden in which you can sit when digging days are done. It may be only a small garden, but you will see it grow. Year by year it will bloom and ripen. Year by year it will be better cultivated. The weeds will be cast out. The fruit-trees will be pruned and trained. The flowers will bloom in more beautiful combinations. There will be sunshine there even in the winter-time, and cool shade, and the play of shadow on the pathway in the shining days of June.

30. I must say I like bright colours. I agree with Ruskin in his denunciation of that school of painting who "eat slate-pencil and chalk, and assure everybody that they are nicer and purer than strawberries and plums." I cannot pretend to feel impartial about the colours. I rejoice with the brilliant ones, and am genuinely sorry for the poor browns. When I get to heaven I mean to spend a considerable por-

tion of my first million years in painting, and so get to the bottom of the subject. But then I shall require a still gayer palette than I get here below. I expect orange and vermilion will be the darkest, dullest colours upon it, and beyond them there will be a whole range of wonderful new colours which will delight the celestial eye. . . .

31. It would be interesting if some real authority investigated carefully the part which memory plays in painting. We look at the object with an intent regard, then at the palette, and thirdly at the canvas. The canvas receives a message dispatched usually a few seconds before from the natural object. But it has come through a post-office *en route*. It has been transmitted in code. It has been turned from light into paint. It reaches the canvas a cryptogram. Not until it has been placed in its correct relation to everything else that is on the canvas can it be deciphered, is its meaning apparent, is it translated once again from mere pigment into light. And the light this time is not of Nature but of Art. The whole of this considerable process is carried through on the wings or the wheels of memory. In most cases we think it is the wings—airy and quick like a butterfly from flower to flower. But all heavy traffic and all that has to go a long journey must travel on wheels.

32. In painting in the open air the sequence of actions is so rapid that the process of translation into and out of pigment may seem to be unconscious. But all the greatest landscapes have been painted indoors, and often long after the first impressions were gathered. In a dim cellar the Dutch or Italian master recreated the gleaming ice of a Netherlands carnival or the lustrous sunshine of Venice or the Campagna. Here, then, is required a formidable memory of the visual kind. Not only do we develop our powers of observation, but also those of carrying the record—of carrying it through an extraneous medium and of reproducing it, hours, days, or even months after the scene has vanished or the sunlight died. . . .

33. There is no better exercise for the would-be artist than to study and devour a picture, and then, without looking at it again, to attempt the next day to reproduce it. Nothing can more exactly measure the prog-

ress both of observation and memory. It is still harder to compose out of many separate, well-retained impressions, aided though they be by sketches and colour notes, a new, complete conception. But this is the only way in which great landscapes have been painted—or can be painted. The size of the canvas alone precludes its being handled out of doors. The fleeting light imposes a rigid time-limit. The same light never returns. One cannot go back day after day without the picture getting stale. The painter must choose between a rapid impression, fresh and warm and living, but probably deserving only of a short life, and the cold, profound, intense effort of memory, knowledge, and will-power, prolonged perhaps for weeks, from which a masterpiece can alone result. It is much better not to fret too much about the latter. Leave to the masters of art trained by a lifetime of devotion the wonderful process of picture-building and picture-creation. Go out into the sunlight and be happy with what you see.

34. Painting is complete as a distraction. I know of nothing which, without exhausting the body, more entirely absorbs the mind. Whatever the worries of the hour or the threats of the future, once the picture has begun to flow along, there is no room for them in the mental screen. They pass out into shadow and darkness. All one's mental light, such as it is, becomes concentrated on the task. Time stands respectfully aside, and it is only after many hesitations that luncheon knocks gruffly at the door. When I have had to stand up on parade, or even, I regret to say, in church, for half an hour at a time, I have always felt that the erect position is not natural to man, has only been painfully acquired, and is only with fatigue and difficulty maintained. But no one who is fond of painting finds the slightest inconvenience, as long as the interest holds, in standing to paint for three or four hours at a stretch.

35. Lastly, let me say a word on painting as a spur to travel. There is really nothing like it. Every day and all day is provided with its expedition and its occupation—cheap, at-

tainable, innocent, absorbing, recuperative. The vain racket of the tourist gives place to the calm enjoyment of the philosopher, intensified by an enthralling sense of action and endeavour. Every country where the sun shines and every district in it, has a theme of its own. The lights, the atmosphere, the aspect, the spirit, are all different; but each has its native charm. Even if you are only a poor painter you can feel the influence of the scene, guiding your brush, selecting the tubes you squeeze on to the palette. Even if you cannot portray it as you see it, you feel it, you know it, and you admire it for ever. When people rush about Europe in the train from one glittering centre of work or pleasure to another, passing—at enormous expense—through a series of mammoth hotels and blatant carnivals, they little know what they are missing, and how cheaply priceless things can be obtained. The painter wanders and loiters contentedly from place to place, always on the lookout for some brilliant butterfly of a picture which can be caught and set up and carried safely home.

36. Now I am learning to like painting even on dull days. But in my hot youth I demanded sunshine. Sir William Orpen advised me to visit Avignon on account of its wonderful light, and certainly there is no more delightful center for a would-be painter's activities: then Egypt, fierce and brilliant, presenting in infinite variety the single triplex theme of the Nile, the desert, and the sun; or Palestine, a land of rare beauty—the beauty of the turquoise and the opal—which well deserves the attention of some real artist, and has never been portrayed to the extent that is its due. And what of India? Who has ever interpreted its lurid splendours? But after all, if only the sun will shine, one does not need to go beyond one's own country. There is nothing more intense than the burnished steel and gold of a Highland stream; and at the beginning and close of almost every day the Thames displays to the citizens of London glories and delights which one must travel far to rival.

John H. Finley

WALKING

John Houston Finley (1863-1940) held many prominent positions during his lifetime and wrote many books, which brought him international fame. He was a college president, the recipient of honorary degrees from more than thirty universities and of honors from more than thirteen foreign governments, and one of the most famous editors of one of the greatest newspapers of the world, the *New York Times*. In addition he was for eight years Commissioner of Education for New York State.

Mr. Finley's interest in walking far and near was manifested in two positions he long held: president of the American Geographic Society and president of the League of Walkers. His reference in the article to walking in Palestine makes his book entitled *A Pilgrim in Palestine, 1919*, of special interest.

This selection, like "Conversation" by Ann Leighton and "Farewell, My Lovely!" by Lee Strout White, is an example of the familiar essay.

1. It is in the month of April, said "learned Chaucer" in *The Canterbury Tales*, that folk long to go on pilgrimages and to seek strange strands. Yet in any month of the year one may find a new justification for embarking on happy pilgrimages no matter where he may be. By walking only three miles a day he will have covered a thousand in a year, a goodly distance for a pilgrim in any age. The pilgrimages I propose do not, however, require the pilgrims actually to set out for any distant land or strange strand. They may walk their thousand miles without going a hundred miles from their homes.

2. And while exercise in the open air would be the first purpose in these pilgrimages for urban folk, a second objective might be the journey in imagination over a like distance of some country, chosen for travel, either one's own country or some foreign land, the "pilgrims" to become acquainted through "collateral reading" and pictures with the landscapes and historic associations through which each one travels at the pace of three miles a day. Thus one might, while walking to and

from one's office or daily work, in the course of a month of spring walk a hundred miles in the south of France with Félix Gras's *Reds of the Midi* from Marseilles up through Avignon and Orange, or traverse the Côte d'Azur by the red rocks and the blue sea, or walk across the Campagna from the Eternal City up through Tivoli and out to Horace's Sabine farm and look upon the snow-capped Soracte, or up among the Tuscan hills with Howells' *Tuscan Cities* in one's pocket.

3. In midsummer, even though kept at one's work in the city, one might in the early mornings and late evenings make a journey on foot in one or another of the Scandinavian countries, or up in the lake region of England, or one might let one's mind, in the midst of the fiery heat, think "on the frosty Caucasus" and make one's way with Lord Bryce (when he was only young James Bryce) down to Ararat or wander among the heathered moors or the Highlands of Scotland. In the autumn one might play the troubadour through the Côte d'Or in France or meander among the hills in Greece. And in the winter make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

4. Indeed, the medal which I designed several years ago to give to those who walked

WALKING: Reprinted, by permission of the publisher, from the *New York Times Magazine*, April 12, 1925.

certain distances bears beneath the figure of a walker the legend "à la Sainte Terre"—to the Holy Land. I am indebted for this legend to Thoreau, who, after deriving the word "saunterer" from Sainte-Terrer, a Holy Lander, adds: "They who never go to the Holy Land in their walks—are indeed idlers and vagabonds." A real pilgrim is no idler or vagabond or aimless vagrant; he is a destined person, a walker, a "hiker," a wanderer or even a "saunterer" with a goal, but with an ever-changing prospect. There should ever be a Carcassonne in one's itinerary, even if we never get beyond Narbonne or Perpignan, a Sainte Terre in our purpose, even if we perish before reaching it, as did the soldiers whose graves I saw in Palestine at the foot of the last hill on their crusader way to the Holy City which they never saw but helped to recover.

5. "The wealth of the world is so unbounded," adds Thoreau, "and each man's Holy Land lies in so different a direction that it is difficult to say whither his path will lead."

6. When I award the "à la Sainte Terre" medal I translate the legend freely as meaning "to our better selves"—the "better" meaning both physical and spiritual health, which is reached by most people most certainly by keeping their feet on what that beloved philosopher of the out of doors, Liberty Bailey, has called "the holy earth." The Crusaders in the Middle Ages used to call every road which led "à la Sainte Terre" the *Via Dei*, the way of God. It is often difficult for a pedestrian in this age to think of a city street or even a country highway in this definition, for in the one he is in daily peril of the taxis and in the other he is pushed off into the gutter or roadside by the automobiles. There has just come a gratifying bit of news that in one community at least a pedestrian is given by law the right of way, except in the congested districts, and may by holding up his hand have all the authority of a traffic policeman.

7. Yet there is something to be said even for city streets. They are walkable nearly every day in the year for one thing, if the walker is properly clothed and shod. Then, as the author of *Shanks' Mare* says, there are joys on the pavements which even the loneliest of

roads cannot offer. "The kaleidoscope changes so often that even one's beaten paths never become monotonous.—No dream of Arabian Nights ever imagined a more dazzling array of jewels than the mazes of streets with their myriad lights afford (by night). And a stroll by day along the busy waterfront, where great ships from every clime lie at anchor, will give a more intimate idea of the world's commerce than all the books and market reports ever written."

8. *Three miles a day—a thousand miles a year in the open and on foot!* These foot-miles will save many gallons of gasoline, lengthen the life of tires (and incidentally that of the walker), save street car fare (incidentally relieve subway congestion), and best of all, promote the health of him or her who takes this free fresh-air medicine for mind and body. Who would not walk a thousand miles for such a God-given preventive or remedy?

9. Thoreau said that he could not preserve his health and spirits unless he spent four hours at least in the open. The suggested "three miles" do not require in time more than a quarter of Thoreau's minimum, and perhaps they are not enough for both health and spirits, but one may keep open windows and find other means of preserving one's "spirits." An authority, whose book *Going Afoot* I commend to all walkers (Bayard H. Christy), makes the following sensible observations about daily walking:

10. "The Daily Walk." Walking is to be commended, not as a holiday pastime merely, but as part of the routine of life, in season and out. Particularly to city dwellers, to men whose occupations are sedentary, is walking to be commended as recreation. Will a man assert himself too busy? His neighbor plays a game of golf a week; he himself, perhaps, if he will admit it, is giving half a day a week to some pastime—maybe a less wholesome one.

11. It is worth a man's while to reckon on his walking every day in the week. It may well be to his advantage, in health and happiness, to extend his daily routine afoot—perhaps by dispensing with the services of a "jitney" from the suburban station to his residence, perhaps by leaving the train or street car a station further from home, perhaps by walking downtown to his office each morning.

12. It is, however, not only the daily walks over familiar ground that complete these proposed pilgrimages. In addition to these there should be occasional and frequent long walks, for which the daily exercise prepares us and at least one real "hike" a year. Incidentally these longer walks and longest "hikes" will make up the average for the days when the short three-mile walk was impossible for one reason or another. When president of the College of the City of New York I used to make this suggestion to the students at the beginning of every holiday period, long or short:

Take a long walk,
Read a good book,
Make a new friend.

It is the best bit of counsel for a holiday, and during a real vacation should be taken repeatedly. A long walk ought when possible to lead us into the country, where one can actually touch the ground, as did the old Antaeus, the wrestler, to renew his strength; but it may also be taken in the city.

13. For myself, I have been accustomed to walk around Manhattan Island once a year, partly for the rigorous and testing exercise, partly to keep the whole island with its variegated life in my consciousness and partly just for the sake of doing it. And one does touch the ground, too, up just this side of Spuyten Duyvil, where one has to make one's way by a trail through the woods as wild as a bit of New Hampshire. Moreover, such feats as this furnish one not only with agreeable memories, but with the satisfaction of achievement. I should feel that I had lost some of the most pleasurable and thrilling memories of my life if I had not had the forty-mile walk in France, the night which dawned into the day that waked all Europe to war, or the sixty-mile walk in one day and night across the Holy Land, or the seventy-mile walk across New Hampshire. One ought to have every year some long walk to keep in memory—and it should include the night with the day.

14. I have seldom, so far as I can recall, tried to set down in order my reasons for walking by night. Nor am I aware of having given specific reasons even to myself. It has been sufficient that I have enjoyed this sort of va-

grancy. Yet trying to analyze the enjoyment, I remember that:

15. The roads are generally freer for pedestrians by night. One is not so often pushed off into the ditch or into the weeds at the roadside. There is not so much of dust thrown into one's face or of smells into one's nostrils.

16. Many landscapes are more beautiful and alluring by moonlight or by starlight than by sunlight. The old Crusader's song intimates this: "Fair is the sunlight; fairer still the moonlight and all the twinkling starry host." And nowhere in the world have I appreciated this more fully than out in Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine, where the Crusaders and Pilgrims walked by night as well as by day. But I have particularly agreeable memories too of the night landscapes in the Green Mountains.

17. By night one is free to have for companions of the way whom one will out of any age or clime, while by day one is usually compelled, even when one walks alone, to choose only from the living and the visible. Spirits walk by day, but it takes more effort of the imagination to find them and detach them. One of my most delightful night memories is of a journey on foot over a road from Assisi that St. Francis must have often trod.

18. There is always the possibility of adventure by night. Nothing can be long or definitely expected, and so the unexpected is always happening. I have been "apprehended"—I do not like to say "arrested"—several times when walking alone at night. Once, in France, I was seized in the street of a village through which I was passing with no ill intent, taken to a guardhouse and searched. But that was the night of the day that war was declared. Once, and this was before the war, I was held up in Rahway, toward midnight, when I was walking to Princeton. I was under suspicion simply because I was walking, and walking soberly, in the middle of the road.

19. By day one must be conscious of the physical earth about one, even if there is no living humanity. By night, particularly if one is walking in strange places, one may take a universe view of things. Especially is this true if the stars are ahead of one and over one.

20. Then it is worth while occasionally to

see the whole circle of a twenty-four hour day, and see "the eyelids of the day," and especially to walk into a dawn. I had the rare fortune to be on the road in France when the dawn came that woke all Europe to war. And I was again on the road one dawn when the war was coming to its end out in the East.

21. There are as many good reasons for walking by day as by night, but no better

reason than that one who loves to walk by night can never fear the shadow of death.

22. You will ask if I have any directions to give. I regret to say that I have not. I seldom walk with else than a stick, a canteen of water, a little dried fruit in my pocket and a box of matches, for sometimes it is convenient to be able to read signboards and kilometer posts even by night.

Ernest Hemingway

ON THE BLUE WATER

Ernest Hemingway (1898-), novelist and short story writer, is an ardent sportsman—his father gave him a fishing rod at two and a gun at ten. He served as an ambulance driver in World War I, out of which experience he wrote A Farewell to Arms, 1929. When the Spanish Civil War broke out in 1936, he went to Spain and remained there during much of that turbulent period, which furnished the background of For Whom the Bell Tolls, 1940.

Although Mr. Hemingway now lives in Cuba, he also has a home in Key West, Florida, where he has done much deep-sea fishing and where he has gathered material for several short stories and for his novel, To Have and to Have Not, 1937. Vice President of the International Game Fish Association, he is still an enthusiastic fisherman. He has contributed many rare specimens of deep sea life to various museums, and is proud that a scorpion fish, the neomerinthe hemingwayi, has been named for him.

1. Certainly there is no hunting like the hunting of man and those who have hunted armed men long enough and liked it, never really care for anything else thereafter. You will meet them doing various things with resolve, but their interest rarely holds because after the other thing ordinary life is as flat as the taste of wine when the taste buds have been burned off your tongue. Wine, when your tongue has been burned clean with lye and water, feels like puddle water in your mouth, while mustard feels like axle-grease, and you can smell crisp, fried bacon, but when you taste it, there is only a feeling of crinkly lard.

2. You can learn about this matter of the
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Ernest Hemingway.

tongue by coming into the kitchen of a villa on the Riviera late at night and taking a drink from what should be a bottle of Evian water and which turns out to be *Eau de Javel*, a concentrated lye product used for cleaning sinks. The taste buds on your tongue, if burned off by *Eau de Javel*, will begin to function again after about a week. At what rate other things regenerate one does not know, since you lose track of friends and the things one could learn in a week were mostly learned a long time ago.

3. The other night I was talking with a good friend to whom all hunting is dull except elephant hunting. To him there is no sport in anything unless there is great danger and, if the danger is not enough, he will increase it for his own satisfaction. A hunting

companion of his had told me how this friend was not satisfied with the risk of ordinary elephant hunting but would, if possible, have the elephants driven, or turned, so he could take them head-on, so it was a choice of killing them with the difficult frontal shot as they came, trumpeting, with their ears spread, or having them run over him. This is to elephant hunting what the German cult of suicide climbing is to ordinary mountaineering, and I suppose it is, in a way, an attempt to approximate the old hunting of the armed man who is hunting you.

4. This friend was speaking of elephant hunting and urging me to hunt elephant, as he said that once you took it up no other hunting would mean anything to you. I was arguing that I enjoyed all hunting and shooting, any sort I could get, and had no desire to wipe this capacity for enjoyment out with the *Eau de Javel* of the old elephant coming straight at you with his trunk up and his ears spread.

5. "Of course you like that big fishing too," he said rather sadly. "Frankly, I can't see where the excitement is in that."

"You'd think it was marvelous if the fish shot at you with Tommy guns or jumped back and forth through the cockpit with swords on the ends of their noses."

"Don't be silly," he said. "But frankly I don't see where the thrill is."

"Look at so and so," I said. "He's an elephant hunter and this last year he's gone fishing for big fish and he's goofy about it. He must get a kick out of it or he wouldn't do it."

"Yes," my friend said. "There must be something about it but I can't see it. Tell me where you get a thrill out of it."

"I'll try to write it in a piece sometime," I told him.

"I wish you would," he said. "Because you people are sensible on other subjects. Moderately sensible I mean."

"I'll write it."

6. In the first place, the Gulf Stream and the other great ocean currents are the last wild country there is left. Once you are out of sight of land and of the other boats you are more alone than you can ever be hunting and the sea is the same as it has been since before men ever went on it in boats. In a

season fishing you will see it oily flat as the becalmed galleons saw it while they drifted to the westward; white-capped with a fresh breeze as they saw it running with the trades; and in high, rolling blue hills the tops blowing off them like snow as they were punished by it, so that sometimes you will see three great hills of water with your fish jumping from the top of the farthest one and if you tried to make a turn to go with him without picking your chance, one of those breaking crests would roar down in on you with a thousand tons of water and you would hunt no more elephants, Richard, my lad.

7. There is no danger from the fish, but anyone who goes on the sea the year around in a small power boat does not seek danger. You may be absolutely sure that in a year you will have it without seeking, so you try always to avoid it all you can.

8. Because the Gulf Stream is an unexploited country, only the very fringe of it ever being fished, and then only at a dozen places in thousands of miles of current, no one knows what fish live in it, or how great size they reach or what age, or even what kinds of fish and animals live in it at different depths. When you are drifting, out of sight of land, fishing four lines, sixty, eighty, one hundred and one hundred fifty fathoms down, in water that is seven hundred fathoms deep you never know what may take the small tuna that you use for bait, and every time the line starts to run off the reel, slowly first, then with a scream of the click as the rod bends and you feel it double and the huge weight of the friction of the line rushing through that depth of water while you pump and reel, pump and reel, pump and reel, trying to get the belly out of the line before the fish jumps, there is always a thrill that needs no danger to make it real. It may be a marlin that will jump high and clear off to your right and then go off in a series of leaps, throwing a splash like a speedboat in a sea as you shout for the boat to turn with him watching the line melting off the reel before the boat can get around. Or it may be a broadbill that will show wagging his great broadsword. Or it may be some fish that you will never see at all that will head straight out to the northwest like a submerged submarine and never

show and at the end of five hours the angler has a straightened-out hook. There is always a feeling of excitement when a fish takes hold when you are drifting deep.

9. In hunting you know what you are after and the top you can get is an elephant. But who can say what you will hook sometime when drifting in a hundred and fifty fathoms in the Gulf Stream? There are probably marlin and swordfish to which the fish we have seen caught are pygmies; and every time a fish takes the bait drifting you have a feeling perhaps you are hooked to one of these.

10. Carlos, our Cuban mate, who is fifty-three years old and has been fishing for marlin since he went in the bow of a skiff with his father when he was seven, was fishing drifting deep one time when he hooked a white marlin. The fish jumped twice and then sounded and when he sounded suddenly Carlos felt a great weight and he could not hold the line which went out and down and down irresistibly until the fish had taken out over a hundred and fifty fathoms. Carlos says it felt as heavy and solid as though he were hooked to the bottom of the sea. Then suddenly the strain was loosened but he could feel the weight of his original fish and pulled it up stone dead. Some toothless fish like a swordfish or marlin had closed his jaws across the middle of the eighty-pound white marlin and squeezed it and held it so that every bit of the insides of the fish had been crushed out while the huge fish moved off with the eighty-pound fish in its mouth. Finally it let go. What size of a fish would that be? I thought it might be a giant squid but Carlos said there were no sucker marks on the fish and that it showed plainly the shape of the marlin's mouth where he had crushed it.

11. Another time an old man fishing alone in a skiff out of Cabañas hooked a great marlin that, on the heavy sashcord handline, pulled the skiff far out to sea. Two days later the old man was picked up by fishermen sixty miles to the eastward, the head and forward part of the marlin lashed alongside. What was left of the fish, less than half, weighed eight hundred pounds. The old man had stayed with him a day, a night, a day and another night while the fish swam deep and pulled the boat. When he had come up the

old man had pulled the boat up on him and harpooned him. Lashed alongside the sharks had hit him and the old man had fought them out alone in the Gulf Stream in a skiff, clubbing them, stabbing at them, lunging at them with an oar until he was exhausted and the sharks had eaten all that they could hold. He was crying in the boat when the fishermen picked him up, half crazy from his loss, and the sharks were still circling the boat.

12. But what is the excitement in catching them from a launch? It comes from the fact that they are strange and wild things of unbelievable speed and power and a beauty, in the water and leaping, that is indescribable, which you would never see if you did not fish for them, and to which you are suddenly harnessed so that you feel their speed, their force and their savage power as intimately as if you were riding a bucking horse. For half an hour, an hour, or five hours, you are fastened to the fish as much as he is fastened to you and you tame him and break him the way a wild horse is broken and finally lead him to the boat. For pride and because the fish is worth plenty of money in the Havana market, you gaff him at the boat and bring him on board, but the having him in the boat isn't the excitement; it is while you are fighting him that is the fun. If the fish is hooked in the bony part of the mouth I am sure the hook hurts him no more than the harness hurts the angler. A large fish when he is hooked often does not feel the hook at all and will swim toward the boat, unconcerned, to take another bait. At other times he will swim away deep, completely unconscious of the hook, and it is when he feels himself held and pressure exerted to turn him, that he knows something is wrong and starts to make his fight. Unless he is hooked where it hurts he makes his fight not against the pain of the hook, but against being captured and if, when he is out of sight, you figure what he is doing, in what direction he is pulling when deep down, and why, you can convince him and bring him to the boat by the same system you break a wild horse. It is not necessary to kill him, or even completely exhaust him to bring him to the boat.

13. To kill a fish that fights deep you pull against the direction he wants to go until he

is worn out and dies. It takes hours and when the fish dies the sharks are liable to get him before the angler can raise him to the top. To catch such a fish quickly you figure by trying to hold him absolutely, which direction he is working (a sounding fish is going in the direction the line slants in the water when you have put enough pressure on the drag so the line would break if you held it any tighter); then get ahead of him on that direction and he can be brought to the boat without killing him. You do not tow him or pull him with the motor boat; you use the engine to shift your position just as you would walk up or down stream with a salmon. A fish is caught most surely from a small boat such as a dory since the angler can shut down on his drag and simply let the fish pull the boat. Towing the boat will kill him in time. But the most satisfaction is to dominate and convince the fish and bring him intact in everything but spirit to the boat as rapidly as possible.

14. "Very instructive," says the friend. "But where does the thrill come in?"

15. The thrill comes when you are standing at the wheel drinking a cold bottle of beer and watching the outriggers jump the baits so they look like small live tuna leaping along and then behind one you see a long dark shadow wing up and then a big spear thrust out followed by an eye and head and dorsal fin and the tuna jumps with the wave and he's missed it.

16. "Marlin," Carlos yells from the top of the house and stamps his feet up and down, the signal that a fish is raised. He swarms down to the wheel and you go back to where the rod rests in its socket and there comes the shadow again, fast as the shadow of a plane moving over the water, and the spear, head, fin and shoulders smash out of water and you hear the click the closepin makes as the line pulls out and the long bight of line whishes through the water as the fish turns and as you hold the rod, you feel it double and the butt kicks you in the belly as you come back hard and feel his weight, as you strike him again and again, and again.

17. Then the heavy rod arc-ing out toward the fish, and the reel in a band-saw zinging scream, the marlin leaps clear and long, silver in the sun, long, round as a hoghead and

banded with lavender stripes and, when he goes into the water, it throws a column of spray like a shell lighting.

18. Then he comes out again, and the spray roars, and again, then the line feels slack and out he bursts headed across and in, then jumps wildly twice more, seeming to hang high and stiff in the air before falling to throw the column of water and you can see the hook in the corner of his jaw.

19. Then in a series of jumps like a greyhound he heads to the northwest and standing up, you follow him in the boat, the line taut as a banjo string and little drops coming from it until you finally get the belly of it clear of that friction against the water and have a straight pull out toward the fish.

20. And all the time Carlos is shouting, "Oh, God the bread of my children! Oh look at the bread of my children! Joseph and Mary look at the bread of my children jump! There it goes the bread of my children! He'll never stop the bread the bread the bread of my children!"

21. This striped marlin jumped, in a straight line to the northwest, fifty-three times, and every time he went out it was a sight to make your heart stand still. Then he sounded and I said to Carlos, "Get me the harness. Now I've got to pull him up the bread of your children."

22. "I couldn't stand to see it," he says. "Like a filled pocketbook jumping. He can't go down deep now. He's caught too much air jumping."

"Like a race horse over obstacles," Julio says. "Is the harness all right? Do you want water?"

"No." Then kidding Carlos, "What's this about the bread of your children?"

"He always says that," says Julio. "You should hear him curse me when we would lose one in the skiff."

"What will the bread of your children weigh?" I ask with mouth dry, the harness taut across shoulders, the rod a flexible prolongation of the sinew, the pulling ache of arms, the sweat salty in my eyes.

"Four hundred and fifty," says Carlos.

"Never," says Julio.

"Thou and thy never," says Carlos. "The

fish of another always weighs nothing to thee."

"Three seventy-five," Julio raises his estimate. "Not a pound more."

23. Carlos says something unprintable and Julio comes up to four hundred.

24. The fish is nearly whipped now and the dead ache is out of raising him, and then, while lifting, I feel something slip. It holds for an instant and then the line is slack.

"He's gone," I say and unbuckle the harness.

"The bread of your children," Julio says to Carlos.

25. "Yes," Carlos says. "Yes. Joke and no joke yes. *El pan de mis hijos*. Three hundred and fifty pounds at ten cents a pound. How many days does a man work for that in the winter? How cold is it at three o'clock in the morning on all those days? And the fog and the rain in a norther. Every time he jumps the hook cutting the hole a little bigger in his jaw. Ay how he could jump. How he could jump!"

"The bread of your children," says Julio.

"Don't talk about that any more," says Carlos.

26. No it is not elephant hunting. But we get a kick out of it. When you have a family and children, your family, or my family, or the family of Carlos, you do not have to look for danger. There is always plenty of danger when you have a family.

27. And after a while the danger of others is the only danger and there is no end to it nor any pleasure in it nor does it help to think about it.

28. But there is great pleasure in being on the sea, in the unknown wild suddenness of a great fish; in his life and death which he lives for you in an hour while your strength is harnessed to his; and there is satisfaction in conquering this thing which rules the sea it lives in.

29. Then in the morning of the day after you have caught a good fish, when the man who carried him to the market in a handcart brings the long roll of heavy silver dollars wrapped in a newspaper on board it is very satisfactory money. It really feels like money.

30. "There's the bread of your children," you say to Carlos.

"In the time of the dance of the millions," he says, "a fish like that was worth two hundred dollars. Now it is thirty. On the other hand a fisherman never starves. The sea is very rich."

"And the fisherman always poor."

"No. Look at you. You are rich."

"Like hell," you say. "And the longer I fish the poorer I'll be. I'll end up fishing with you for the market in a dinghy."

"That I never believe," says Carlos devoutly. "But look. That fishing in a dinghy is very interesting. You would like it."

"I'll look forward to it," you say.

"What we need for prosperity is a war," Carlos says. "In the time of the war with Spain and in the last war the fishermen were actually rich."

"All right," you say. "If we have a war you get the dinghy ready."

Robert Smith

BASEBALL SINCE THE TWENTIES

Robert Miller Smith (1905-) was born in Boston. He is now president of the Magazine Institute, a school of magazine writing. He has published two novels, *Hotel on the Lake*, 1943, and *The Human Image*, 1945, and a number of short stories. *Baseball*, 1947, from which the following selection is taken, is his first book of non-fiction.

Baseball is described as a historical narrative of the game, the men who have

played it, and its place in American life. The material which follows comprises the final three chapters of the book. In these Mr. Smith discusses modern baseball, pointing out the shift in strategy, the effects of chain-store baseball, and the influence of America's chief pastime on the lives of the people.

1. Modern baseball—that is, baseball since the twenties—looks different from old-time baseball mainly because it has been adjusted to the lively ball. Infield play is altogether new. Strategy, at least in the American League, is falling into a new pattern. There are even new pitches, or at least new names for old pitches, and new small wrinkles in deliveries that were invented long before.

2. It was not long ago that a semipro short-stop who failed to get his heels together in fielding a ground ball might find himself sitting on the bench. There was *one* way to play grounders, and that was to *stop* them. You stopped them with your hands if you could; but if you couldn't, you stopped them with your feet, your legs, or your chest. Infielders played close in to the base lines and knocked down many a ball with their bodies.

3. Now an infielder who put both heels together to pick up a ground ball would look like a child playing ups-a-daisy. Infielders, facing a ball that bounces harder and faster through the infield, try now to take the ball in stride, to field it cleanly in the hands every time, and be set for the throw as soon as they have grasped the ball. They have farther to throw, too, for naturally when they play out on the grass or near it they are putting a greater distance between themselves and the base.

4. Hitting is basically different, too. Now a man can be let go by a major-league club because he "just hits singles." The managers want power at the bat, the ability to hit the ball for extra bases, consistently, so as to score two or three or four runs at a time. Batters no longer stand alertly in the box, adjusting their grip and their stance to the pitcher or the pitch. A batter works out the stance that gives him the best feeling of balance and then, if he can, he digs into it, so that his feet will not slip when he swings.

5. Batters in these times seem to be looking for the impossible in bats to hit with. They want long, light bats—long enough to reach those outside pitches, light enough to be swung swiftly and easily. But bats that are too light for their length don't have wood enough in them to drive the ball the full distance.

6. And pitchers in general do not seem to develop the motions they did a few decades back. A pitcher's wind-up in the early years of the century was as awesome and intricate as a cowboy's spinning of his lariat. In that time, every boy learned to crank his arm around and around, to lean far back, with the hand holding the ball reaching almost to the ankle, and then to unleash the pitch with a long sweep of the arm and a forward step and dip of the body.

7. The ball nowadays comes back so fast and hard that many a pitcher must give special thought to protecting himself after he lets the ball go. In batting practice in training camps some teams use a canvas shield behind which the pitcher stands to throw the balls to the batters. In the game, against a fearsome hitter, the pitcher must land on both feet after the pitch, alert to get his hands up to fend off the ball that is cannonaded back at his head. Some pitchers have no wind-up at all. They simply crook their elbows once or twice, lift the ball face-high, and sling it down toward the batter. The champion Red Sox of 1946 had a pitcher who threw like an infielder: Jim Bagby, who merely cocks his arm, with the ball behind his ear, and snaps it down. Sometimes the return throw from the catcher seems to have all the speed of Bagby's pitch, or more.

8. Yet young pitchers give as much thought to the development of trick pitches as the hurlers ever did in 1910. At least one major-league team of recent days had a pitching staff made up almost entirely of knuckle-ball throwers. The modern knuckle ball is really a finger-tip or a fingernail ball—that is, the

fingers are drawn back so the very ends of one or more fingers are perched on the ball, in the spot where the knuckles were held in former days. The effect is much the same. The ball creates the illusion, because of the full-arm throw, of coming toward the batter at full speed. But, because it has no spin, its forward motion is abbreviated and it falls suddenly, without momentum. It is a pitch hard on the arm, as is any pitch which is designed to give the appearance of full strength with only half the impetus. But hardly a pitcher lives today in semipro, minor, or major leagues—unless he be an established veteran—who does not give some thought to the development of his "knuckler."

9. The old-time pitchers insist that this failure to concentrate on a full wind-up, and a motion, like Feller's, which gets the full body into the pitch, means arm weariness for pitchers and shorter careers. But a young pitcher who has tried a hard straight ball, with a long, graceful follow-through, against a batter like Jimmy Foxx, for instance, and has come to in the dressing room with someone holding cold packs to the purpling knob on his forehead, may feel that there are worse ways than a sore arm of bringing a career to an end.

10. As for the knuckler, and those other "modern" pitches, the slider, the sailer, the screwball, and the fork ball, these, according to the old-timers, are just junk and delude too many youngsters into neglecting the standard equipment—control, speed, and a change-up—that is, a ball, usually a curve, thrown with the same apparent effort as the fast ball, but traveling at about two-thirds the speed.

11. To the part-time spectator, who sees baseball as simply a throwing of the ball and an effort, sometimes successful, to hit it so that the opponents cannot retrieve it in time, the intricacies of pitching may sound like nonsense, superstition, or mysteries too deep for contemplation. Yet they are simple applications of common sense to the task of fooling the batter or holding runners on base.

12. On this account certain strategical concepts have remained the same through the days of the lively ball, with only minor modification. Yet, for some reason I cannot pretend to fathom, the American League, which

has the liveliest ball, has had a tendency to standardize these notions of strategy until they have become almost ritualistic. The National League, however, which a few years ago came out and confessed that their ball had been livelier—and that they were deadening it at once—has used more imagination in varying the standard practices to suit certain tense tactical situations.

13. For an example: it has been standard practice, since the days when Denton True Young was brushing the hay off his britches, to "waste" a pitch when there are two strikes and no balls on the batter. Every pitcher who has even the faintest understanding of tactics knows enough to throw a ball high, or wide, or low when the count is "two and nothing"—the idea being that the batter, aware of the fact that he will go out on any pitch which even nicks the strike zone, will be persuaded to hit at a bad ball, which will probably turn into an easy grounder, a pop fly, or, at the worst, a long fly ball to the outfield.

14. In some clubs this practice is so thoroughly standardized that pitchers are fined fifty, a hundred, or even five hundred dollars if they "groove the two-and-nothing pitch." They are allowed no judgment in the matter. They *must* waste that pitch.

15. As a consequence, experienced batters who find themselves "behind the pitcher" by this count have themselves adopted a standard practice of "taking" that pitch (allowing it to go by unmolested), because they know it is going to be wasted.

16. In the World's Series of 1946 there were one or two striking examples of American League ritual opposed to National League imagination. In the final game, with the tying runs on base and none out, a Red Sox batter stepped to the plate and quickly found himself behind the pitcher by two and nothing. He *knew* what would happen next. *Everyone* knew that pitchers were under orders to waste the next pitch. So when it came, he let it go—and this time it was a strike, right down the middle. The Cardinal pitcher had found the psychological moment to alter the tactics and catch the batter with his figurative pants below his knees.

17. Another standard practice, which is known to every grammar-school ballplayer,

is "taking" the pitch when the count is three balls and no strikes. In that case, from major leagues to barnyard, the next pitch is the "automatic strike"—the pitch which is sometimes allowed to float right in at perfect height. Naturally, a pitcher is not always able to make the "automatic strike" come into the strike zone; and that is the purpose of letting it go—to take a chance that the pitcher's control will be unequal to the task of grooving the ball, and the batter will get a free walk. But there are times when it is necessary to hit this "cripple," as the three-and-nothing pitch is termed. A hitter like Williams, for instance, may come to bat with a man on second and first base open. In this case the pitcher is likely to take chances on just nicking the plate corners, or the upper and lower limits of the strike zone. For he will be willing to chance putting Williams on base to keep him from getting hold of a ball to his liking. (If he *does* walk, the situation will not greatly deteriorate, and may even improve, inasmuch as there will then be possible force plays at every base.) Williams, in such cases, may have permission from his manager to hit the cripple. Otherwise he may never see a ball worth offering at.

18. In batting, the National League, where the ball is not made to be so lively, seems to be going back to the methods of the opening decade of the century. Here the bunt and the hit-and-run are practiced often enough by certain clubs to make the game look familiar to our fathers and grandfathers. In Brooklyn, for instance, Manager Durocher had a player on his 1946 team (which very nearly won the pennant) who, according to "modern" standards, did not belong on a major-league club. By Durocher's own admission, Ed Stanky "couldn't hit, throw, or run." That is, the little second baseman was just an ordinary performer in the three vital departments. But Stanky could wait out a pitcher, working him for a walk because of his sharp eye. He could get a start on a pitcher through sharp observation and alertness—and so he could steal bases despite his lack of speed. And he could lay down a good bunt, and so could help push a run around into scoring position. But all these qualities were supposed to be less than nothing in the era of the lively ball.

Why bother having a man steal a base when the next hitter could score him from first with a ball against the fence? Why fret over one run when three good hitters in a row, and a walk thrown in, could fashion four runs in an inning?

19. Still, the Brooklyn team won many a game through these outdated tactics and even finished three or four places higher in the standings than the experts said they should have. So, possibly, other managers now will consider the advantages of old-time "inside" baseball, with efforts to steal the signs of the opponents; with careful signaling to the batter of what his next move should be; with use of the hit-and-run to get a runner from first to third, or the squeeze play to get a run in from third base at the cost of an out; with frequent employment of the sacrifice bunt so that a weak hitter may pay his way in the line-up through shoving runs up into scoring position.

20. In other clubs, and especially in the American League, weak hitters, no matter how strong they might be on the defense, were usually seen in the parks (except during the recent war) only when they bought tickets. Strong hitters could hold their jobs down in spite of great awkwardness on the defense. Two of the greatest first basemen of the modern era, Bill Terry and Lou Gehrig, were something less than finished performers on the field when they first earned their jobs. Both men had an embarrassing habit, when trying to make a double play by way of second base, as Fred Tenney used to, of accidentally hitting the runner in the back with the ball. Yet they stayed in the line-up because they could be counted on to earn two or three or even four bases at a time with one swift swipe of the bat.

21. The 1946 World's Series was won by sharp defensive play, some of it so spectacular, so well calculated to make a tired fan stand up and yell till his throat hurt, that it may perhaps suggest to the men who own the game that the time has come to concentrate less on slugging and fearful speed. The outfielders of both teams, three of whom at one time or another pulled up with bad injuries, caught balls that were counted impossible to catch, or chopped off sure runs at the

plate by throws which were aimed to the inch and timed to the split second. Terry Moore, of the St. Louis Cardinals, batting so feebly that he might have deserved, by American League standards, to spend the series on the side lines, saved the whole Series for his team by racing some thirty yards at top speed (on an injured leg) to catch a ball that had traveled four hundred feet from the bat of Ted Williams—a ball that would have been a home run in many parks and would have been a triple in this one if a less skillful and determined man had tried to play it. Harry Walker, in the same game, leaped up and made a backhanded catch of a similar blow by Higgins of Boston. And throughout the series there were finger-tip catches of foul balls by Musial and Kurowski, first and third baseman, respectively, of St. Louis, which sent Boston batters to the bench just when they seemed about to crack a game right in two.

11

22. Modern fans, who seem more numerous than ever (there were a million telephone calls in New York City by men and women who wanted to learn the outcome of the games in the 1946 World's Series, in which no New York team was involved), still want speed and heavy hitting to some degree. They will crowd a park any day to see Ted Williams or Stan Musial—or their like—drive the ball to the fence, or they will neglect their jobs for an afternoon on the chance that they may see Robert Feller make a new strike-out record. They will even turn out in unusual numbers to see some player run a "hitting streak" for a few more games, to establish some peculiar record, which may exist only in their minds. (Baseball records, despite the tons of paper and rivers of time that have been devoted to them, are notoriously inaccurate and may stand for years on the basis of a misprint, a miscalculation, or a bit of neglect.) Yet fans are not the same breed that the country knew ten years ago.

23. Baseball must still serve to more than a few as the only staff on which to hang, without embarrassment or danger, the love of his fellow man that grows somewhere in everyone. It must absorb the loyalties, the inarticulate ambitions, and the yearning for a better

life which thousands have to spend—in a world where the struggle for daily bread invites loyalty only to self, and where the chief victory life has to offer lies in garnering the fruits of other men's labor. Yet baseball does not, in the degree it did before, evoke fierce partisanship or rivalry between town and town. In Brooklyn there is still the burning core of the spirit that made 5000 fans one year send a joint telegram to Manager Du-rocher demanding that he use a man named Dixie Walker in the outfield. In New York there must be some fans still who want to see Boston or Brooklyn beaten on the ball field because they are homes of the outlander or the snob. St. Louis fans, in fair numbers, must experience a spasmodic resentment against other teams as representing the profit-swollen East.

24. In general, however, though today's fans may put in long hours talking about games and hanging on their outcome, their loyalties are scattered and superficial. One man may find himself shifting loyalties in the middle of a season. Or some may send their hearts along with a favorite player as he jaunts from Cincinnati, to Brooklyn, to St. Louis, to Washington, to Montreal. The synthetic quality of inter-town rivalry, first detected almost eighty years ago in Cincinnati, has finally become so patent that only the very young can shut their eyes to it. Now it is the game itself that fans must enjoy, the swift patterns of defense, the ring of long, hard hits, the fire and craft of pitching, the speed and accuracy of throws. Outcomes of games are really important now only to those who have bet money on one team or the other. A pitcher may come to New York to shut out the Yankees or Giants and earn as many cheers as if he "belonged" to the city, for he may carry the good wishes of most fans for his skill, and of others for the cash they have invested in his arm.

25. As to playing the game, there is less and less opportunity for that. In the big cities, particularly, the knell of the original game of baseball is rung each week, when boys and young men refer to it as "hard ball"—to differentiate it from the game they are now devoted to, soft ball, in which the ball is not especially soft, but which is better adapted

to narrower space and myriad neighboring windows.

26. The majority of professional ballplayers today are country boys, from farms and villages, where there is more space to practice the game, and where young men have generally been more likely to concentrate on the physical side of life, seeking pastimes that excite their muscles rather than their minds and emotions. For baseball demands, in even greater degree than other sports, a confidence in one's individual agility, a concentration on the performance of certain routine muscular feats, a physical egoism that is not often the property of young men who are bred among a thickening swarm of their fellow creatures.

27. Then, too, the practices of the profit-hungry men who own the professional game have dried up baseball on many sand lots. Chain-store baseball is supposed to justify itself because it provides high-quality performers in towns which could not afford them were not some major-league club contributing to their salary. And it is supposed to assure every ambitious young man with baseball ability an opportunity to show himself to major-league managers, inasmuch as most major-league managers now have access to "farms," all up and down the scale of skill, where anyone who deserves a try may get one. In the old days, the modern baseball publicists will explain, a boy might offer himself to some small club that could neither appreciate him nor offer him a chance to move ahead. Or he might apply to some major-league team and find that there simply was not room.

28. What may happen nowadays, however, is that a young man can be bought by a major-league team and kept in the minor leagues—still under contract to the major-league team—for seven long years, without a chance to move ahead or show himself elsewhere. The parent team may have no need for him, despite his skill, and he may find himself shifted here and there in low-grade baseball, yet kept "on ice" all the time, lest some rival club should add him to their strength. Of course, under the chain-store system, rivalries in minor-league cities are even more synthetic than they are upstairs. The smaller teams are run, not for the benefit

of the people who patronize them, but for the good of the parent club. Stars may be lifted out and sent along to the majors, or to clubs higher in the scale, in a manner that must seem haphazard and thoughtless to the fans of the small town. Young men who own a home-town following may find it impossible ever to play near home. The men who control the game must put them in a farm club where there happens to be room. And no independent small-town team can outbid a baseball chain. Nor can small-town teams develop proper local support without the local stars.

29. Of course, the advantages of chain-store baseball, in its offer of decent salaries to young men on small teams, and its providing of good baseball to fans who cannot travel to the seats of the major leagues, may be enjoyed without the present chain-store system, which is wasteful of human effort and discouraging of home-town loyalty. Judge Landis once set forth a scheme which called for co-operative support of the minor leagues by the entire body of major-league baseball, with baseball schools and tryout camps established and maintained co-operatively. Under this plan, players who proved themselves in league tryout camps could be assigned to teams near their homes and in leagues suitable to their ability. There would be no "sale" to the clubs which hired them, and consequently there would be money left in the small club's pocket with which to pay the player a decent stipend. The players in the minor leagues, under this scheme, could be drafted without restriction—that is, taken up at the end of the league season by major-league clubs, with the lowest club in each league having first choice of players. A player in this way could feel sure that he was moving up to the big time just as soon as his ability warranted.

30. But this plan, which seemed designed to keep the richest clubs from exercising an eventual monopoly over baseball talent in the country, was denounced as "socialistic" by the master minds of baseball, who never fail to see down to their very noses' ends. As in so many big, hungry businesses, each magnate continues to be prompted by the conviction that, in the rush for wealth, he at last will come out on top of all his neighbors.

31. Meanwhile the baseball business con-

tinues to make patchwork defenses against the various threats to its ever-swelling income. During the war, when men and women without access to their automobiles found the ball park the next best retreat to the beach and the countryside, major-league club owners made profits such as they had not dared to dream of. Yet the baseball they offered, inasmuch as most of the great players were serving their country at scant wages somewhere, was hardly to be dignified by calling it minor league. Catchers almost too slow to hold a high-school job would lumber about on major-league diamonds and make feeble, hump-backed tosses to a base. Fielders who in normal times could not have talked themselves into a uniform stumbled about on the green and grabbed vainly at misjudged flies. For all this the fans, fed on stories of the great games the absent heroes had played, paid millions of dollars into the major-league box offices, while the magnates patriotically held salaries and traveling expenses down.

32. On the return of the prewar players there were only feeble efforts made to assure a share in these profits to the men who had offered their lives to insure them—and who had originally made them possible. Some, who had apparently lost their youthful agility in the war, were quickly brushed into minor leagues or out of baseball forever. A few were kept on the payroll through the grim efforts of some loyal manager. Attempts to secure salary increases were met with the usual tight silence. And when a new league in Mexico lured a few players away with offers of fat salaries and bonuses, there were such alarms as only an enemy invasion should have prompted.

33. When a young man named Murphy set out to build a new players' union there were indignant cries from much of the press (again, a few sports writers, like Stanley Woodward, Red Smith, and Jimmy Powers, stuck by the players) and from all the well-heeled magnates. Murphy was a "rabble-rouser," a "professional bleeding heart," a "Communist," and a "cad." And furthermore (said the magnates and the complacent press), ballplayers were well paid, even overpaid—except for one or two, or maybe a dozen exceptions hardly worthy of the name.

34. Whatever Murphy managed to accomplish for his Baseball Players' Guild, he did the players a good turn in reminding the magnates of the day when the dread word Brotherhood had been heard in the land. Quickly they evolved schemes for "player representation" or for "company unions" which would feed the players a few concessions and choke off organized protest. The cynical way in which the magnates approached the union threat seemed to suggest that they had not been reading the newspapers for the past fifteen years. They did not hesitate to utter threats of discipline against any player who dared join a union of his choice. They made no bones about organizing and financing a union under the control of the owner. And finally, after hand-picking a few "representatives" of the players, they met with these representatives, told the representatives what the players' demands should be, offered various crumbs which they felt sure they could spare—and almost immediately came up with a suggestion that the players should all play an extra fourteen games next season, at no increase in stipend. They also agreed to "allow" the players to establish a pension fund of their own, out of money which ordinarily would have gone to the players, anyway.

35. The withering of sand-lot baseball the magnates gave heed to by appropriating a ridiculously small sum of money, such as could be eaten up in "expenses" by half a dozen publicists to "spread the game" throughout the entire nation.

36. The magnates replaced Commissioner Landis with a man they thought would be more amenable, the former Senator from Kentucky; and, after getting a few frights by his show of concern for the rights of players and public, seem finally to have persuaded him to take a more "constructive" (that is, a profit-wise) point of view. While one or two of them may still snicker about him behind their hands and call him "boothead" in private, most of the magnates have come to prefer him to the unbridled old hothead who first held the job.

37. These matters, however, need not greatly concern the fan or the part-time follower of the game, for baseball will be here long after the magnates have done it all the

injury in their power. The concern of the club owners is with the money to be wrung from the game; and when it no longer pays them enough they will turn it back to the people who play and watch it.

III

38. Baseball belongs to the American people to a greater degree than many of them know. Some who have never held a stitched ball and could not observe a single inning without utter mystification or boredom still use the language of baseball in daily intercourse. Most baseball terms are slang phrases in our tongue, some of them with strikingly symbolic meanings. A man who is "born with two strikes on him," is one who needs but little misfortune to put him down for good. And one who finds himself "away out in left field" is far removed from the play at hand and, by inference, from pertinent realities. "Something on the ball" may imply sales ability, intellectual powers, or sex appeal—while in the baseball world it means only a sharply breaking pitch.

39. It is respectable, though faintly bromidic now, to remark that a person is off his base, or that some man has muffed the ball. "To make a hit" is hardly regarded as slang any longer, nor is it even reminiscent of baseball when one offers to perform some deed "right off the bat." It is out of date for a man to describe a girl as a "foul ball." The term to "play ball" in its figurative sense suggests the need for co-operation, which is the basis of the modern game. All the ordinary terms, such as "strike out," "get caught off base," "foul one off," even to "belt one over the fence," are used by common people in their everyday talk to pictorialize the petty failures and successes of ordinary life. And businessmen who can't think of any better way of putting it remind their salesmen about once a week that they must "keep their eyes on the ball." Once in a while a superior will offer to "go to bat" for an underling, and the man thus blessed will know what is meant, though he has never seen a game in his life. The phrase "pinch-hit" has become synonymous with "take the place of," in fields far removed from baseball. By some fugitive association, the term "home-run hitter" in cer-

tain places is used to mean a phony who talks big. Baseball fans are not the only citizens who describe a particularly apt or cogent remark as "right over the plate." The meaning of "grandstand play" is familiar to everyone who uses the tongue. "Keep swinging" is a behest used both in the game and out, to suggest the value of persistence in overcoming a run of bad luck. And "getting to first base" is the phrase generally used now to suggest a successful approach—intellectual, business, or sexual. An ignorant person, in vulgar circles, is described as not knowing his backside from second (or even third) base. The use of subterfuge and underhand devices is sometimes called "throwing curves." Whether the term "screwball" came out of baseball into the language, or vice versa, I am not the one to say for sure. A screwball on the diamond is one which curves in a contrary and erratic fashion. "To pull a fast one" is of doubtful parentage, yet it has a baseball flavor to it, suggesting the use of speed to outwit the umpire or accomplish some dark deed before he looks your way. Irishmen have borrowed the baseball device of dividing players into right-handers and left-handers to divide the Catholics from the Protestants.

40. Despite the pervasiveness of baseball in the spoken tongue, there is little of the game in our literature. Most baseball books, if they are not reference books, are boys' books, with not a pretense of offering any sample of reality. There are histories of various teams and biographies of certain great players, but these are jobs of journalism, written for the men and women, like me, who read the sports pages. Only Ring Lardner has ever written of ballplayers with both talent and understanding, and his satirical stories have served as models for half a hundred wan imitators. Heywood Broun once based a novel on the life of Babe Ruth, but it was not the best of his mediocre novels. Thomas Wolfe wrote a short story about a ballplayer once, but it was less convincing than the works of John Fox, Jr., and very nearly as innocent.

41. It may be that our national game appears so seldom in our literature simply because American writers have wandered so far from the highroad of American life. There are books now in which eleven-year-old girls utter

yards of solemn apothegms in painfully adult, even rhythmic phrases. We read novels in which condemned prisoners spend their last tag ends of daylight scribbling on scanty paper five- or six-page prose poems fashioned to be read aloud. Or we find masterpieces in which every one of some ten characters can recall in brilliant detail the very incident of his childhood which now has prompted him to steal from his employer, betray his wife into the hands of a seducer, wring an old man's neck, or lure half a dozen innocent girls to bed. Certainly, in worlds where such things can be, it would be difficult to scare up eighteen men to play a ball game.

42. "Serious" American writers now seem concerned, when dealing in ordinary people and everyday pursuits, with chronicling the comic aspects of poverty. Or they may have to devote full time to choking down their deep and almost tearful regard for the "little guy"—as if privates first class and semipro ballplayers were built a little smaller than magazine editors or the suave young men who read things on the radio. Or they may choose delicately to reveal the pale goings-on within "sensitive young men growing to manhood." Still others turn what talent they have to investing the simple joys of sex with melodramatic delirium.

43. Perhaps someday they'll turn to baseball, but one can hope that it will be with less conscious repression of inexpressible ideas they have not conceived, with some attention to the actual sounds and smells of the game and the deeds of the people who love it, and with more understanding of the game and the people in and around it than they can develop in cocktail lounges or plush magazine offices.

44. Of course, to many men and women in the book world baseball remains a bourgeois excrescence, like crowded bathing beaches and houses that look alike. To them it is past imagining to take the game seriously.

45. But there are several million people in the country who will take baseball seriously as long as they are alive. There are men just past their youth who will brood for days over the sudden disappearance of their ability to bend quickly for a ground ball, meet a pitch squarely with the bat, or beat a slow throw to first base. There are girls, boys, women, and men who will abandon food, work, study, or play to hear how the local baseball team has done.

46. And there are hundreds of thousands of Americans who count few things sweeter than to climb high in a baseball park, in the gentle sun, to smell the baking dry wood of the bleachers; to hear close at hand the inimitable ringing clack when a bat meets a thrown ball with perfect timing and sends it true as a gunshot into the close-clipped field; to observe the ineffable grace with which an infielder moves from his position, scoops a swiftly bounding ball into his glove, cocks his arm, and slings the ball in a sizzling low arc across to the base; or to approve the magic agility with which an outfielder, traveling in the same direction as the ball, clutches the flying sphere and pulls it down like a trapped bird to make the out.

47. Here, for a little more than an hour, a man can forget the dread march of the months and be as young again as when he first stepped trembling to the batter's box or first made a frightened grab at an angry spinning ball and held it tight.

Paul Gallico

LAST STRONGHOLD OF HYPOCRISY

Paul William Gallico (1897-) was born in New York City and educated at Columbia University. He has served as movie critic, sports editor and, since 1936, as a free-lance fiction writer. Among his books are The Secret Front, 1940, Golf Is a Friendly Game, 1942, and The Lonely One (London), 1947. Mr. Gallico's first book Farewell to Sport, 1938, from which the following selection is taken, is a severe indictment of American practices which make sports cease to be sport. The book runs the whole gamut of sports from football to ping-pong and includes a host of sports celebrities—Babe Ruth, Helen Wills Moody, Jack Dempsey, Babe Didrikson, and Jesse Owen, to mention a few. The continuing popularity of the book is revealed in its multiple printings.

College football today is one of the last great strongholds of genuine old-fashioned American hypocrisy. During Prohibition, naturally, it ran second, but with the coming of repeal and the legalization of betting on the horses in most of the states of the Union, it easily took the lead. Its nearest competitor is the Amateur Athletic Union, and that isn't even close. It is highly discouraging that, one by one, all of our fine and worshipped institutions based upon the American precept of saying one thing and doing another, writing laws and then breaking them, have been crumbling. But football has stepped into the breach nobly and seems only to be beginning to come into its own as the leader in the field of double-dealing, deception, sham, cant, humbug, and organized hypocrisy. There are occasionally abortive attempts to turn football into an honest woman, but, to date, the fine old game that interests and entertains literally millions of people has managed to withstand these insidious attacks. Like the chronic drunk, it has its moments of remorse, but equally like the inveterate souse, the benders following the periods of repentance are that much bigger and better. The future looks rosy.

The idea has dwelt with me for some time

LAST STRONGHOLD OF HYPOCRISY: Reprinted from *Farewell to Sport*, by Paul Gallico, by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Copyright 1938 by Paul Gallico.

that in some ways football was even dirtier than prizefighting, because it insists, every so often in proclaiming and harping upon its virtues, which prizefighting does not. The ring, as has been noted, is strictly a business proposition and is quite engagingly candid and shameless in the manner in which it goes about that business. The same golden rain that hoisted the manly art of self-defense into the surtax brackets likewise turned college football into a huge and highly profitable business. The college gang has been raking in the dough with both hands, but it still likes to pretend that the game is the same innocent college sport that it was back in the days when your father was posing for his picture against a corner of the quad fence, wearing a big turtleneck sweater with his varsity letter a foot high on the chest. But it isn't—for which reason I say farewell and also good riddance to a game riddled with hypocrites, liars, perjurers, and sophists. It is a game which also holds the distinction of turning loose annually into the already turbid stream of national life a fresh collection of the world's greatest bores—ex-football-players.

An insight into why it is that the game prefers to go along as it is, shamming and faking, fraudulent and frequently mealy-mouthed, hiding beneath the sacred academic cloak, is interesting. The background is purely eco-

nomic. We meet again our old friends cheap labor and the law of supply and demand.

The original premise upon which college sport, including football, is founded is that play and exercise are healthful and helpful to young men engaged in studies. Participants in inter-collegiate competition are supposed to be bona-fide registered students, paying their own way, or recipients of scholarships for excellence in their academic work. Scholastic standards are to be maintained up to a predetermined grade, a grade as nearly alike as possible in all the universities participating in extra-mural agreements.

Before the post-war sports hysteria, all this worked beautifully except for minor infractions. The tramp athlete and occasional semi-professional football-player existed back in the good old days of the turned-up hat-brim and the Gibson girl. And then suddenly football began to hit the high spots financially and collared its share of the loot that was flung about with such munificent abandon during the rich, spendthrift days of the Golden Decade; whereupon it was discovered that there just weren't enough good football-players to go round. The law of supply and demand entered into the picture and threw the whole system haywire. The puzzle still remains as to why the universities, reputedly the fountain-head of the country's ethics, brains, and culture, were unable to meet these new conditions as honestly and successfully as they have met other, not dissimilar problems.

This much became immediately patent—that only winning football teams could hope to cut in on the melon, the big two-hundred-thousand-dollar week-end gates, the publicity, and the kudos and prestige that not only brought in ready cash at the turnstiles, but also upped the entrance applications and, best of all, attracted heavy donations of money from wealthy alumni, which last item is the one that is most liable to cause Prexy to shut his educated eye when the athletic board is up to shenanigans.

The universities tossed their football teams into the public entertainment markets to pick up their share of the swag, and the academicians immediately learned that, unlike the colleges and their staffs, trained and taught

to appreciate beauty for beauty's sake, the spending public was not content with the spectacle of eleven men in handsome colored uniforms running around on the field, the band, the cheer-leaders, and the fair co-ed sponsors. It wanted to look at winners, or at least teams that had a fair and even chance of beating the other teams on the schedule. It was quite willing to spend freely, even at the high tariffs imposed by the universities, but it wanted to see something for its money.

These facts were painful to the colleges, but they had to be faced, especially after these same deep wells of learning had made the identical error of judgment that the rest of us made about the good times. They, too, thought that prosperity would last forever, and, as a result, dipped into their treasuries, or floated bonds, or mortgaged the statue of Alma Mater, to erect bigger and roomier stadiums to accommodate the ever-increasing throngs of customers who were parting with three and four dollars apiece each Saturday during the season for a look at football teams that cost the colleges nothing but maintenance, equipment, and the salary of the football professor engaged to instruct them. Old-world, retiring, and pedantic as they were, it didn't take the colleges long to experience acute pain and discomfort in the same regions where it is experienced by professional promoters when they are compelled to turn people and good money away because there is no more room inside. It makes good reading to be able to say that ten thousand applications for tickets had to be refused, but translated into the thirty or forty thousand dollars that might have been paid into the athletic association till, it hurts. Oh, how it hurts!

The next discovery made by the universities, to which knowledge they were for the most part assisted by their high-salaried football pedagogues and their ever-growing staffs, is really the crux and the kernel of the whole business. They learned that it takes football-players to play football—that is to say, high-pressure, modern, four-dollar-a-throw, stadium-packing football. And you cannot get enough of them out of the ranks of the students.

You may, to take a simple, analogous example, collect a tennis team of four or five

men out of any student body. Some will be better than others, but none of them could compete as a Davis Cup team or even last beyond the first round in a big-time National Championship. None of them would draw a dime at the gate. Every big college has a baseball team, but nobody goes to see the games, because the players and the teams aren't good enough. It will do for Old Home Week, or Alumni Day, when the Old Boys come back and dress up in funny suits and hats, but any Class C professional team plays better ball, and the public knows it.

Large enrollments are frequently misleading. Out of a student body of one thousand, 750 must be discarded immediately because of the physical requirements of the game—perhaps more. The six-foot hundred-and-eighty-or ninety-pounder is an exception. Occasionally a good hundred-and-fifty or even hundred-and-forty-pound back is developed for football, but he is even more of an exception and is useful only for his speed and elusiveness. Of the 250 remaining, 150 will be eliminated for one reason or another, either physical or mental. Some don't like football and are more interested in other sports, some may have bad hearts or some other defect, and still others lack, not the courage, but the temperament to appreciate and render service in a hard body-contact sport. That leaves a squad of a hundred or so, out of which forty perhaps have had a thorough football training in prep school or elsewhere. And out of that hundred may be developed one or two stars and perhaps four or five other first-class players. But that isn't enough for the modern game, which requires a specialist in every position and from two to three complete teams.

Football is definitely a specialized sport—much more so than golf or tennis or swimming. The average life of a college football-player in his game is from five to six years, two of those spent in prep school and three or four in college. Thereafter—that is, after graduation—he never plays again, unless, of course, he goes into professional football. It has no social value whatsoever beyond the scars and the insignia that remain. It is no accomplishment in afterlife to be an ex-football-player.

Nearly every boy can run, jump, swim, play a passable game of tennis, or hit a golf ball, but not every boy can play football. The game calls for an extraordinary amount of physical courage and combativeness. If you do not think so, picture yourself hurling yourself into the path of a two-hundred-pounder who is charging at you full speed, picking his knees up to his chin as he runs. He is wearing heavy, cleated boots, a certain amount of protective body armor, and a stiff, hard leather helmet on his head, technically for the protection of his skull, but today developed to the point where it is a dangerous and powerful offensive weapon that can well smash a man's nose level with his face, split his eye, or break his jaw. The prospect to the average man is not too attractive. The game demands, too, a great deal of skill, skill that afterwards, as has been pointed out, will be useless to the player. The body movements needed to carry out the requirements of the technical problems of offense and defense—offense, attack without the use of hands; defense, with the use of them—call for long practice, drill, and training. Kicking is an art in itself, and so is the throwing and receiving of forward passes. And definitely the strategy of the modern game, its complicated running and passing plays and deception, demands a certain type of intelligence, or if not intelligence, then adaptability to regimentation and the formation of habits.

Yes, you must have football-players to play football. There are not enough of them in the average student body. Where to get them, then? And that is the problem that is making liars and hypocrites out of ninety per cent of the American universities and colleges. Because one curious development of the game has been that the intelligence that enables a boy to learn signals and master the art of riding an end or a tackle out of a play just long enough to let the man with the ball slip past him is not the same kind that enables him to master calculus or learn to read Goethe or Ronsard at sight.

Where to get them? The faculty, the dean, and the president suggest the ranks of the regularly matriculated scholars. The coaches and the athletic directors and the alumni laugh at them and yank players off trucks or out of boiler factories or the steel mills or

prep-school farms. The faculty is asked to be its age or else. "Else" means having to support a losing football team and sacrifice rich-alumni backing, with a general financial shrinkage all around. And the faculty, generally courageous, honest, open and above-board in all other matters pertaining to university life, dogs this one, in a manner that is cowardly and craven and can hardly be called honest. It tries to get the football-players and the dough and yet maintain face by apparent strict adherence to academic and scholastic standards. Any ten-year-old child knows that in eight out of ten universities or college entrance requirements and scholastic standards as far as good football-players are concerned are strictly phony and that few teachers any longer care to risk their popularity by benching the star halfback on the eve of an important game for a weakness in Virgil. It simply isn't done. . . .

Briefly, the publicized tenets of the universities are that (a) their football-players are all bona-fide students in good standing, and (b) they are all amateurs who do not receive any fee, emoluments, or honorariums for their services on the football field. In nine cases out of ten, one or the other or neither of these will stand up. Somewhere along the line there has been an evasion, a half-truth, or just a plain downright falsehood.

The evasions are almost too many to enumerate or remember. The scholarship racket is the best known, with a few colleges turning sufficiently square to list frankly a certain sum to be set aside for athletic scholarships—in other words, to pay a young man's tuition through college in return for his services on the team, an exchange of education for football, which is a pretty good bargain for the university. Then of course there is the phony job swindle worked by nearly every school that needs good football-players. It appears to be strangely axiomatic that only the sons of the poor seem to have real talent for football. This dodge is handled by the athletic office or the prominent alumnus. And the prominent alumnus is himself an important cog in the machinery of supplying football-players. Frequently he buys one or two and presents them to his grateful Alma Mammy, or constitutes himself a scout to look for promising

material and import it to his college much as a baseball scout combs the bush leagues for fresh ivory. The new football coach generally brings a few transfers with him, boys who can play his system and who will be useful in breaking in the machine. Many up-to-date colleges maintain prep-school farms (in exactly the same manner that the major-league baseball teams own minor-league franchises and use the teams to train and season promising material), and a couple of the Southern colleges even went so far as to stage pre-season football try-outs. Boys who made the grade in the opinion of the examining coach were given scholarships. Those who didn't had to postpone their thirst for knowledge and a college degree. In their search for first-class, winning football material the colleges have had to use every method found useful and practical by the organizers of professional sport in other branches.

The thing that is so inexplicable is that there is nothing actually wrong with what the colleges are doing to promote good football teams for themselves except their stubborn and dishonest insistence that they are still playing the game under the old standards. They haven't done that for the last ten or fifteen years. The old standards no longer exist and, for that matter, are probably no longer useful or valid. But by refusing to admit this the colleges have managed to get themselves involved in a dirty and subversive business.

In the first place, there is a bad economic balance, or rather unbalance. In the old days participation in a college sport conferred a favor on the boy. He received, free of charge, the benefit of expert teaching and coaching in a sport, the pleasure of winning a place on a team and earning a distinguishing mark in the form of insignia or a letter, occasional trips away from the school, and the joys of competing against his equals as a member of a team representing his college.

Today it is just reversed. It is the boy who confers the favor upon the college. The casual and frequently pleasurable practice periods of a couple of hours an afternoon have been supplanted by long, hard, daily grinds that are continued under floodlights long after darkness has set in, tedious spring practice,

and perhaps a three-week training session at a football camp before the beginning of the fall school term. The long hours on the field are further supplemented by night blackboard lectures and early-morning skull practice. He is directly responsible, if he becomes a star, for earning thousands upon thousands of dollars for his college. . . . And because of the attendant publicity, the boy comes under a terrific nervous strain as he acquires responsibility for victory or defeat.

Whether or not he reaps any benefit from the glare of publicity to which he is subjected is debatable, but that he is definitely injured by harsh public criticism to which he is subjected is not. He is in physical danger if he is a good player, since it is considered a part of good strategy on the part of opposing teams to put him out of action if they can. This may not be aimed for deliberately, but often deliberation is not necessary. If a player is known as a dangerous ball-carrier, kicker, or passer, he is a marked man on the field and his opponents concentrate on stopping him. If they can get him off the field, so much the better for their chances. If he is a key man on his team, an injury is often insufficient to keep him on the sidelines. The university is not particularly scrupulous about inquiring into the health of its football-players and the morals and ethics of its football coach. Kids have no sense, anyway, and the coach lives only by his victories. An injured star is liable to be baked, boiled, taped, and strapped and sent into the game in no condition adequately to protect himself, with the result that what might have been a minor injury is aggravated into a permanent disability which handicaps him all through later life. There is very little joy left in modern intercollegiate football. It has become hard, specialized work.

Economically, the principles under which the colleges work are sound. Ethically and morally, they smell to high heaven. There is only one conclusion that can be drawn from their stubborn adherence to outmoded principles, and that is that as long as they stick to them they can continue to get football-players for next to nothing—cheap labor.

At best, an amateur football-player under present conditions rarely earns more than fifty dollars a week besides tuition and board. If

the universities were to turn square and actually pay their players what they were worth in box-office draw and services rendered, the profits from the football racket would be cut down tremendously. The boys are being just a little dumb about it all. But then, after all, they are just boys.

The colleges sell them a free education, a living pittance, and a phony glamour. It is a question just how attractive is the first bait. I doubt whether more than five per cent of the boys who shop for colleges to which they hope to sell their football wares are actuated by a desire to acquire an education, a degree, and a profession without paying for it. But the principle of exchange at least is a decent one, and would be more decent still if the schools would drop all pretense and state frankly: "Trade! For services on our football team, young men, eighteen to twenty-one years of age, will be given four years' free board, lodging, books, pocket money, and permission to attend such university classes as they may desire. Degrees granted if necessary work therefor is completed with passing grades."

From there it might be an easy step, especially if the boys woke up, to arrange to pay them a wage commensurate with their services and ability, time and a half for overtime, and adequate disability and death compensation. Also, if the colleges were paying their football stars a decent salary they might not be quite so reckless of their health. One is inclined to be much more restrained and careful of a property that costs five hundred dollars a week than of one that can be had for fifty.

Such a system might lead to other evils, but they could not well be any worse than those that exist now with the game organized on a one-way basis, ninety per cent for the colleges and ten per cent for the player. Play the professional game sub rosa, but keep that pure amateur countenance on the surface. It whipsaws the kids neatly and keeps the dough rolling in. It must also give the eighteen- or nineteen-year-old boy starting out on a college career a charming picture of what honesty, integrity, and truth are worth on the market, when the whole college athletic system is founded upon falsehood and double-dealing. Kids, goodness knows, are dumb, but not so

dumb that they don't know what is going on. It is a curious thing that the college to which a boy goes, not only for an education, but for the set of morals, ethics, and ideals with which to carry on in later life, is the first place where he learns beyond any question of doubt that you can get away with murder if you don't get caught at it or if you know the right people when you do get nabbed. His university is playing a dirty, lying game and it doesn't take him very long to find it out. The non-athlete, with more brains usually than the football-player, who has little to offer his school in the way of immediate headlines or victories or gate receipts, sees the football-player receiving favors, free tuition and pocket money, that are denied himself. The football-player discovers early in his career that rules are made only for them as hasn't. Them as has can make up their own rules.

Perhaps it is a good thing for a boy to make these discoveries early in life so that the world as he finds it will not be too great a shock to him. But there are many who believe that in strong idealism and high ethical sense backed by courage and action lies the only salvation for this wretched globe, and that the last stronghold of such idealism is to be found only in the independent university. Perhaps it is, but in the meantime the fact remains that, seduced by that nice, crisp, shiny football money, Alma Mammy has become something of a tramp. I have no more respect for her than I have for any other racketeer.

The colleges are apparently rigged to try any way out of their dilemma except the obviously decent and honest one. They brought the dilemma—that of the huge, unpaid-for stadiums and athletic plants—upon themselves by greed, but they will not admit it or change to meet new conditions. One large Southern university, disgusted with the obvious hypocrisy of the double-barreled eligibility rules, put the screws on. No more tramp athletes. Only students of good scholastic standing wanted. But in the meantime there was still that steel and concrete bowl and the new field-house to be paid for. And so it still schedules games with the big high-pressure semi-professional teams, teams from colleges that are not handicapped by such niceties of feelings, and the kids take a mauling—to pay for

the stadium. That does not strike me as being exactly high-minded either.

Another great and powerful university in the heart of a great city built its stadium out of bonds purchased by the small investors of that city, the tailor, the carpenter, the plumber, and the delicatessen-store owner. To default on those bonds would be a civic catastrophe and scandal. The university must fill that great arena two or three times a year. To do so it must put on the field a football team capable of competing on even terms and winning against the best in the country. There is only one way of getting such a team together today. In one way or another, you go out into the market and buy it. The boys, who in the old days had to die but once for dear old Rutgers, are now called upon first to perish for the mortgage- and bond-holders, or the First National Bank, before they get around to giving up the ghost for the beloved college.

The system is rotten from top to bottom. While the colleges close one eye to the methods used to acquire winning football teams, they haul down the other lid to the underground work, trickery, double-dealing, and questionable politics of their graduate managers and athletic boards in setting up fat money schedules. Before football became a national blight, a college could play a normal schedule of games with teams from the immediate vicinity, winding up on Thanksgiving Day with the big game with a traditional rival. Today every game must be a big game, and no schedule is worth anything without the carding of two or three intersectional games. Boys are expected to play through eight consecutive Saturdays against powerful elevens of semi-professional caliber and maintain a winning average or a clean slate, always with an eye cocked to the many "bowl" invitations that await the stand-out teams at the end of a season and the fat check that goes with it, a check in which they do not in any way share. They are supposed to take a week in proximity to the Hollywood movie queens for their end and like it. Well, some of the kids have done all right on that score too. The chiseling, petty politics, back-scratching, and maneuvering required to land a Rose

Bowl invitation rivals that necessary to bag a nomination for the presidency.

The other alternative to playing a solid schedule of strong teams with a national ranking entails the scheduling of weak or set-up or "breather" teams. The school supplying the set-up team gets a nice little guarantee, a free trip, a look at a big-time football stadium; and their boys take a licking—a good licking, too. Coaches play politics and swap favors with the booking of these weak teams. The player is never consulted. He goes where he is sent and plays whom he is told. The fact that he has no possible interest in common with the rival he is meeting is unimportant. Traditional rivalry is no longer concerned. The boys know that they must play for the record and not for the fun of it. Each week the newspapers list the number of teams remaining unbeaten. The graduate manager knows that ivy-steeped tradition will sell plenty of seats in a football stadium—Yale and Harvard would come close to selling out if they had lost every previous game of the season—but he also knows that a "natural" meeting between two top-notch unbeaten teams such as Notre Dame and Ohio State in 1935 will pack it to its last cranny.

The football coach is usually not a regular member of the faculty. He is hired for but one purpose—to produce results. When he signs, there is usually a good deal of tripe peddled about the fine influence he will have upon the sterling young manhood in his charge, but it doesn't fool anyone, not even the coach. He knows his college employers and how much they are to be trusted. He knows that if he doesn't produce a winning team his shrift will be short and he will be fired. How he produces it is of no particular concern to

his employers unless they are exceptional. He hires his own assistants and uses his own methods. Not even a graduate of the college that hires him, he owes the school nothing but the services for which he is paid, and has no loyalties except to himself. He has absolute power over the boys on the squad as long as they care to compete for places on the team. He can wreck a boy physically or with a careless or deliberately vengeful and malicious word about the boy's willingness or courage to destroy him.

But the dirtiest of all angles of the football racket, perhaps, is the occasional face-saving indulged in by a college, by way of pointing up the fact that it is clean and pure in its conduct of the sport. Some poor, stupid youngster who is dumber than usual about covering up his tracks, or who has been so foolish as to take a check, or even, to relax from the nerve strain of playing high-pressure football, has gone off on a bender or smoked a cigarette, is turned up and immediately publicly disclaimed and then pilloried by his university. High-salaried coaches inflate their egos by firing kids who have been caught breaking training, off the team, and snitching to the press about it. With three or four such victims a year, or more, the self-respect of the colleges of the country is sufficiently restored to enable them to wade into another season of skull-duggery.

If there is anything good about college football it is the fact that it seems to bring entertainment, distraction, and pleasure to many millions of people. But the price, the sacrifice to decency, I maintain, is too high. As far as I am concerned, it is good-by to college football and good riddance.



I. I. Rabi

FAITH IN SCIENCE

Isidor Isaac Rabi (1898-), Higgins Professor of Physics at Columbia University, was born in Austria but was brought to America in his infancy. After graduation from Cornell and Columbia he did postgraduate work at several European universities. He served as a member of the General Advisory Committee for the United States Atomic Energy Commission, and was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1944 for his work in nuclear physics.

For science, Professor Rabi feels, the unknown is a problem full of interest and promise, and the scientific tradition—"a contemporaneous living thing made by men for man's edification and entertainment"—should help man to renew and reaffirm his faith.

1. Mankind is puny and feeble under the heavens as long as it is ignorant. It is ignorant in so far as it is self-limited by dogma, custom, and most of all by fear—fear of the unknown. To science the unknown is a problem full of interest and promise; in fact science derives its sustenance from the unknown; all the good things have come from that inexhaustible realm. But without the light of science the unknown is a menace to be avoided by taboo or propitiated by incantation and sacrifice. The scientific tradition rests first of all on a faith in mankind, in the ability of humans to understand, and ultimately, within certain limits, which are in the nature of things, to control, the environment in which we live in all its aspects: physical, biological, and social.

2. This optimistic faith has always permeated and energized the American way of life. The scientific tradition should help us to renew and reaffirm our faith. In recent years, however, ominous symptoms of moral hypochondria have disturbed the develop-

ment of our institutions. Under the threat of impending conflict with the Russian empire some sections of the public have reacted with blind, irrational fear. The action of Congress in overriding the presidential veto of the anti-Communist bill and the arrogant dismissal of a large number of professors by the regents of the University of California are the newest examples of what I would call moral hypochondria. A healthy awareness of grave danger should lead to clear, considered, decisive action. Hysterical fear results in the setting up of taboos around emotionally charged words and symbols. The real objective, security for the free development of our institutions, becomes hazy and possibly perverted when panic takes over.

3. The greatest enemy of the scientific tradition is superstition. By superstition I do not mean merely a belief in goblins, gremlins, and the malevolent power of Friday the 13th. The superstition which is completely incompatible with the scientific tradition usually comes as a plausible system of ideas founded on premises which defy exact formulation. They may be words without a definite meaning or infer-

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ences from events inexactly described or unique and nonrepetitive.

4. An attempt to study a superstition in an external, objective fashion usually encounters emotional and often physical opposition from its proponents. Mankind seems to have a genius for the invention of superstition. As science advances, superstition makes more and more use of the terminology of science; it becomes in fact a parody of the scientific method, a deft mixture of the true and the false, which often has a fatal fascination.

5. The best examples of this sort of thing can probably be found within the realm of the Soviets. The whole Nazi movement in Germany was founded on this kind of superstition. Superstitions arise everywhere and there is no force which can hope to combat them successfully except science.

6. Even science itself has not been wholly free from superstition. Science strives for understanding, but how can one distinguish understanding from mere plausibility? The scientific tradition, although affirmative in spirit, polices itself by a profound skepticism. There are many examples where scientists have made mistakes, where they have been fooled or have fooled themselves. However, all their work passes under the scrutiny of friendly but skeptical minds.

7. Individual authority no longer possesses any force in the scientific tradition. No scientist, however great his renown, can mislead his fellow scientists for longer than it takes to check his observations or verify his conclusions and their consequences. Whether the individual scientist acknowledges his error or not is of little consequence as long as the tradition is kept pure. Controversy and polemic are now outmoded forms of scientific publication except possibly within the Soviet Union. Even there the appeal is hardly meant for fellow scientists.

8. I dwell on this point not only to show something of the reason for the great authority of established scientific doctrine, but also to indicate the way of life of science when it is free. If some of the customs and tradition of science could be transferred to the halls of our Congress or the United Nations, how beautiful life could become.

9. It is a truism to say that the application

of science to technology is the basis of modern life in the United States. I refer not only to the products in everyday use, from the automobile parked in the street to the detergent in the kitchen, but more to the living social integration of our economy. Cut a relatively few electric power lines and the larger gasoline pipes which cross the country from west to east and south to north and keep them cut for a while. The effect on the life of the country would be like a thumb on the wind-pipe of a baby. Even the proud independent farmer would be unable to cultivate his acres without gasoline. His horses are gone and his wife is not inured to pulling the plow.

10. The development of new means of communication, production, transportation, and control have not merely added new possibilities to an existing way of living: they have so altered our basic patterns of organization that national life as of today would be impossible without them. We consider ourselves exponents of individualism and free enterprise, and national planning is on the whole unpopular. Yet we live under a degree of integration of social effort comparable to that of the cells in our bodies. I doubt very much whether we would have dared to build a social structure which is so vulnerable to attack from without, and to social disorganization from within, if it were actually planned from the very beginning.

11. On the other hand, if we consider the assimilation of science into our way of thought we find that our general public—and even our educated public—is as ignorant of science as a healthy Hottentot is of physiology. We are like the city boy who likes milk but is afraid of cows.

12. It is one of the paradoxes of our age that our general public, our lawmakers, our molders of public opinion, novelists, columnists, labor leaders, and administrators, have not devoted themselves more to understanding this force which is shaping our present and our future. Wise decisions in which science is involved cannot be reached merely by consulting experts. The very aims and ideals which condition these decisions come from the intellectual and spiritual background of the people who are in positions of responsibility. These ideals come from within and are

a part of the culture of the nation. We do not ask an expert to tell us what should be our heart's desire. We only ask him how it is to be attained.

13. Barring war or other catastrophe our standard of living, and therefore our dependence on science, will increase rather than decrease. Even if our population were decentralized, our dependence on science would not be lessened, but rather increased, if we wish to maintain and better our standards of health and comfort. Is it not folly to believe that a complex organism like our society, dependent as it is on science for its lifeblood and development, can continue to be managed properly by people whose education is not imbued with the living tradition of science, who have never experienced the influence of a scientific discipline?

14. For what science has to offer, and for what the country needs, a mere interest in the so-called scientific method, without specific knowledge of some part of some science, is as devoid of content as moral principle without moral action.

15. Over and above our lives as citizens, we also live our lives as individuals. What has science to offer as a guide to conduct and to the enrichment of one's inner life?

16. Fundamental to the existence of science is a body of established facts which come either from observation of nature in the raw, so to speak, or from experiment. Without facts we have no science. Facts are to the scientist what words are to the poet. The scientist has a love of facts, even isolated facts, similar to the poet's love of words. But a collection of facts is not science any more than a dictionary is poetry. Around his facts the scientist weaves a logical pattern or theory which gives the facts meaning, order, and significance. For example, no one can look at a brilliant night sky without emotion, but the realization that the earth and planets move in great orbits according to simple laws gives proportion and significance to this experience.

17. Theory may be qualitative and descriptive like Darwin's theory of the origin of species, or quantitative, exact, and mathematical in form like Newton's theory of the motions of planets. In both cases the theory goes far beyond the facts because it has unforeseen

consequences which can be applied to new facts or be tested by experiment.

18. A scientific theory is not a discovery of a law of nature in the sense of a discovery of a mine or the end result of a treasure hunt or a statute that has been hidden in an obscure volume. It is a free creation of the human mind. It becomes a guide to new discovery and a way of looking at the world—which gives it meaning.

19. A successful theory goes far beyond the facts which it was made to fit. Newton in his laws of motion and theory of universal gravitation essentially created a universe which seemed to have the same properties as the existing universe. But it is hardly to be expected that the creation of a finite human mind would duplicate existing nature in every respect. The history of science indicates that it can't be done. Newton's theory has given place to Einstein's theory of relativity and gravitation. The Darwinian theory has been greatly modified by the geneticists.

20. The great scientific theories enable us to project our knowledge to enormous distances in time and space. They enable us to penetrate below the surface to the interior of the atom, or to the operation of our bodies and our minds. They are tremendously strong and beautiful structures, the fruit of the labors of many generations. Yet they are man-made and contingent. New discoveries and insights may modify them or even overthrow them entirely. However, what was good in them is never lost, but is taken over in the new theory in a different context. In this respect the scientist is the most conservative of men.

21. More than anything else, science requires for its progress opportunity for free, untrammelled, creative activity. The scientist must follow his thought and his data wherever they may lead. A new and fundamental scientific idea is always strange and uncomfortable to established doctrine and must have complete freedom in its development; otherwise it may be strangled at birth. Ever since the time of Galileo the progress of science has continued without a break and at an accelerated rate in spite of war, revolution, and persecution. However, this progress has not always been in the same country. When science faltered in Italy,

it began to bloom in England and Holland, then in France and Germany. Now that scientific progress is unfortunately slowing down in Europe, science in the United States after an incredibly long period of quiescence has burst out with tremendous vigor.

22. The great contributions to science in any country have usually come during or close to a period of great vigor in other fields, in periods of optimism, expansion, and revolutionary creative activity. In England it was right after the Elizabethan period. Newton's great contributions came within fifty years after the death of Shakespeare. The other great period in British science was between the Napoleonic Wars and the First World War. It was also a period of great poetry. In the United States the giant figure of Benjamin Franklin had no equal down to the most recent times; his period also produced the greatest statesmen in our history.

23. I do not wish to imply any necessary causal connection between important achievement in different fields of activity, but no one will deny that certain intellectual, moral, and spiritual climates are more conducive to creative activity than others. No one can deny that the continuity of a living tradition can be broken by the murder, exile, or ostracism of its chief exponents, or that a culture which is sterile can be kept so indefinitely by rigorous police action which prevents the intrusion of alien ideas. We have seen all too many examples of the self-preservation of sterility in recent years.

24. Fortunately for the scientific tradition it carries with it many gifts, some of which are more practical than spiritual, and therefore it has never lacked a new home when the time came to move. Science has never become localized in any place or in any culture. It is merely human and universal. French science and German science, Russian, English, Japanese, and American, do not exist separately as does poetry or some other arts such as law and government. They all speak the same universal language of science and say the same things when they have something to say. When another mode is imposed from without, science either quietly dies or goes away, leav-

ing the field to the charlatan and pseudo-scientist.

25. What then are our conclusions? What does the tradition of science teach us?

26. It teaches us moderation and tolerance of ideas, not because of lack of faith in one's own belief, but because every view is subject to change and every truth we know is only partial. The strange thought or custom may still be valid.

27. It teaches coöperation not only among people of the same kind, but also of the most diverse origins and cultures. Science is the most successful coöperative effort in the history of mankind.

28. Science inspires us with a feeling of hopefulness and of infinite possibility. The road ahead may be invisible but the tradition of science has shown that the human spirit applied in the tradition of science will find a way toward the objective. Science shows that it is possible to foresee and to plan and that we can take the future into our own hands if we rid ourselves of prejudice and superstition.

29. The tradition of science teaches us that no vested interests in institutions or systems of thought should escape continual re-examination merely because they have existed and have been successful. On the other hand it also teaches us to conserve what is operative and useful.

30. Science teaches us self-discipline. One must continually look for the mote in one's own eye. The history of science shows that it is always there.

31. These lessons can be multiplied to cover almost the entire range of human activity, because science is itself a contemporaneous living thing made by men for man's edification and entertainment.

32. I will close with one last point. Science is fun even for the amateur. Every scientist is himself an amateur in another field of science which is not his specialty, but the spirit is the same. Science is a game that is inspiring and refreshing. The playing field is the universe itself. The stakes are high, because you must put down all your preconceived ideas and habits of thought. The rewards are great because you find a home in the world, a home you have made for yourself.

Anthony Standen

THEY SAY IT'S WONDERFUL

Anthony Standen (1906-) received a thorough scientific education at Oxford University and at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is an active member of the leading scientific organizations and societies of the United States and England, assistant editor of The Encyclopedia of Chemical Technology, and author of numerous articles and of two books—Insect Invaders, 1943, and Science Is a Sacred Cow, 1950.

A first-rate scientist himself, Mr. Standen can gracefully suggest that the white-robed priests of the cult of omnipotent science, who take themselves so seriously, deserve to be treated with some skepticism. In Science Is a Sacred Cow, of which this essay is the first chapter, he reviews several of the sciences: mathematics, the only exact science but the tool of all the others; physics, the oldest, the most highly developed, deserving the deference and respect paid it by the other sciences; biology, preoccupied with definition of terms, bogged down trying to establish a precise theory of evolution; psychology, formulating the obvious, filled with pious hopes, rent by bitter schisms as reflected in the various schools—gestaltists, behaviorists, functionalists, reflexionists; social science, guesswork clad in long flowing robes of "gobbledygook." In "They Say It's Wonderful" he is primarily concerned with the layman's undue reverence for scientists, the "arrogance of scientists (collective arrogance, be it said, once and for all)," and the scientific method.

1. When a white-robed scientist, momentarily looking away from his microscope or his cyclotron, makes some pronouncement for the general public, he may not be understood, but at least he is certain to be believed. No one ever doubts what is said by a scientist. Statesmen, industrialists, ministers of religion, civic leaders, philosophers, all are questioned and criticized, but scientists—never. Scientists are exalted beings who stand at the very topmost pinnacle of popular prestige, for they have the monopoly of the formula "It has been scientifically proved . . ." which appears to rule out all possibility of disagreement.

2. Thus the world is divided into Scientists, who practice the art of infallibility, and non-scientists, sometimes contemptuously called

"laymen," who are taken in by it. The laymen see the prodigious things that science has done, and they are impressed and overawed. Einstein said that matter could be converted into energy, and the atomic scientists went ahead and did it with the atomic bomb, and what other group of people have done anything so wonderful as that? Science has achieved so many things, and has been right so many times, that it is hard to believe that it can be wrong in anything, particularly for a layman, who does not have enough knowledge of the subject to be able to argue back. He might not even want to argue back, for the claims of science are extremely inviting. The benefits we have received from it are tremendous, all the way from television to penicillin, and there is no reason to suppose that they will stop. Cancer may be cured tomorrow, or the day after, and the nuclear physicists may easily find a way to end all

THEY SAY IT'S WONDERFUL: Reprinted, by permission of the publisher, from *Science Is a Sacred Cow*, E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., 1950.

drudgery and usher in the golden age. Mere laymen, their imaginations stupefied by these wonders, are duly humble, and regard the scientists as lofty and impeccable human beings.

3. "The scientist is a man of integrity and faith who trusts the basic laws of nature and intelligence to lead him into the paths of truth. His loyalty to truth is unquestioned: his capacity for patient and sacrificial inquiry is limited only by his powers of endurance; his devotion to the scientific method is unwavering; his objective is the welfare of mankind; and his discoveries, whether of medicine, mechanics, psychology, or what not, are the free possession of democratic peoples."¹ This is the opinion of Mr. Stewart Cole, in *Liberal Education in a Democracy*, and is probably a fair sample of what many laymen suppose to be true, although if scientists had to be all that Mr. Cole has been led to believe, there would be very few scientists.

4. Since it is only human nature to accept such flattery, the scientists accept the laymen's opinion about themselves. The laymen, on the other hand, get their information about scientists from the scientists, and so the whole thing goes round and round like the whip at Coney Island. Not that scientists become individually conceited about it; they will assure you, usually with truth, that they are modest and even diffident men. They take the extravagant praise as referring to Science in general, of which they are the humble representatives. But they themselves would be the first to say that Science is just an abstraction, and that to praise Science is to praise scientists, and so these individually humble men have their collective ego as inflated as a well-managed piece of bubble gum, while the laymen accept their own inferior status with scarcely a whimper.

5. The scientists are convinced that they, as scientists, possess a number of very admirable human qualities, such as accuracy, observation, reasoning power, intellectual curiosity, tolerance and even humility. Furthermore, they suppose that these qualities can be imparted to other people, to a certain extent, by teaching them science. In

science teachers, therefore, the natural arrogance of scientists (collective arrogance, be it said, once and for all) is enhanced, for they think of teaching as preaching. They expound their subject in a spirit of high missionary zeal, hoping that some of the virtues, which they believe to be theirs, will seep into their pupils by osmosis. Teachers are therefore the propagandists, the front men, of science, and we find out most easily what science is really like by paying close attention to what the scientists teach and the reasons they give for teaching it.

6. "The success of the scientific method . . . is based entirely upon an absolute honesty of mind and love of truth." This is what Professor Hendren, of the University of Georgia, Athens, Georgia, has to say, as one of the reasons why one should read his book on physics. "Dogmatic prejudice, lying, falsification of facts, and data, and willful fallacious reasoning are all out of harmony with the spirit of the sciences. It is writ large in the history of science that the most heinous offense a man can commit is to falsify his data and let his prejudice and his desire color his reasoning. It has never been given to such a type of mind to discover any of the important truths of nature. If a student leaves his course in physical science with the typical scientific point of view, he has obtained a moral value which will be a distinct asset and which will help to lead him to a happy and successful life."²

7. If this is the effect of studying science in Georgia, it does not seem to be apparent in the rest of the population. Vast masses of people, all of whom had "Biology I" in college, or at least "Introductory Science" in high school, are not in the least distinguished, either by absolute honesty of mind, or by the absence of dogmatic prejudice, nor are they particularly happy or successful. How did this happen? Weren't they taught enough science? Or were they taught so badly that it didn't stick? Or can it possibly be that science—at any rate the kind of science they were taught—isn't all it is cracked up to be?

8. Almost everyone with a high-school edu-

² Hendren: *Survey of Elementary Physics* (Athens, Georgia: The University of Georgia Press). Reprinted by permission.

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cation or more has been exposed to just a little science; most college graduates devote a considerable fraction of their time to this highly-rated human activity, whether they like it or not. They come out of the mill with one out of about three possible reactions: either (1) they hated it, and have depressing memories of cutting up dogfish and of "doing" experiments and trying to make the result come out right, or (2) they found the subject interesting, but the teacher dull, and nourish for the rest of their lives a wistful yearning to know more, or (3) they gobble up everything, and suppose that because science has penetrated the structure of the atom it can solve all the problems of the universe. People in the first two categories are genuine, understandable human beings. But the third class! So far are they from having learned any humility, they are known in every high school and among the freshmen and sophomores of every college as the most insufferable, cocksure know-it-alls. If they go on to be professional scientists, their sharp corners are rubbed down, but they undergo no fundamental change. They most decidedly are not set apart from the others by their integrity and faith, and their patient humility in front of the facts of Nature, as their teachers would like to have us believe. They know the last word about the electron, and they seem to think that they are entitled to pour scorn on other subjects from a very great height. If you want to talk to them about poetry, they are likely to reply that the "emotive response" to poetry is only a conditioned reflex, depending on the associations established for various words, and that the thing to study is thermodynamics. They become technocrats. They propose to solve the problem of war by having a committee of sociologists apply the scientific method to the differences between nations. They eat concentrated vitamins. They psychoanalyze every remark you make until it has no meaning. They are uneducated, in the fullest sense of the word, and they certainly are no advertisement for the claims of the science teachers.

9. That there are plenty of *good* reasons for knowing something about science goes without saying. Its practical advantages are perfectly obvious. Everybody knows how use-

ful science is, in anything that you may do, from farming to mending a Ford car, and it would be very hard to find anybody who does not realize this, without any high-powered propaganda from the science-mongers. What is needed, in this very practical way, is just plain information without any high talk—as much as possible of the know-how of the television sets and dishwashing machines and plastic thingummies and gimmicks that are supposed to simplify our modern lives. The more of this kind of information everybody has the better, but it is only those who dish it out that are fooled into thinking that it has anything to do with moral values and patient sacrificial inquiry.

10. Atomic energy, of course, has given a great boost to science education, for persons of all ages from five to 100. Children play atomic bomb in their games, and grownups flock to books and magazine articles trying to make clear to them the meaning of $E = mc^2$. There was even a time, shortly after Hiroshima, when the seriousness of atomic energy was more or less appreciated, but it is very hard to go on living day after day, week after week, and keep in mind that the atomic bomb is not getting any less terrifying, but rather more so. $E = mc^2$ is dreadfully important. But this is not just another book about atomic energy, for that infernal discovery does not fundamentally change the picture, it only makes it very much sharper and more serious. Scientific warfare was bad enough as it was; it is at least 10,000 times worse now. We are forced to make decisions about atomic energy, or to let the decisions be made by our elected representatives. We, and our representatives, should know as much as we possibly can about uranium 238 and the neutrons. And it is troublesome, but true, that we would do far better to know more rather than less, and this would involve us all in a long stiff course in physics, for it is very little good having just a nodding acquaintance with a neutron.

11. But in spite of all these excellent reasons why everybody should study science in large-sized doses, the scientists stick to their attitudes that the real reason is something else, something higher and loftier altogether. They are like the Elizabethan poets, who would praise their mistress' eyes, nose, lips,

neck, etc., and then say "but if you could see the virtue that dwells within her breast, you would find that even more delightful still." It is for no base utilitarian reasons that they invite the adult, and bully the young into their classrooms. And it is not the results of science that they advertise most; it is always the "scientific method" or the "scientific attitude," or a variety of other hidden mystical virtues. Useful facts are mere dross: it is this underlying method that purifies and refines the soul. "Science teaches us how to think straight, how to avoid deceit, and how to benefit mankind most by honoring the authority of Truth,"³ says a chemist: a biologist goes in for "emotionalized standards"; one of these standards is believing in the scientific attitude with a fervent conviction "somewhat akin in its intensity to that of a religious belief."⁴ He wants to teach the laws of health, to teach that nature is governed by law, and to make pupils love birds, trees, flowers, etc., and to give what he calls "a speaking acquaintance with plants and animals." Professor E. G. Spaulding, of Princeton, "considers the cultivation of scientific attitudes in the population at large of great importance as a means toward reconciling criticism and resistance to convention with amenableness to social requirements."⁵ And so if you wish to achieve this reconciliation, whatever it is, you must get that scientific attitude. Mr. B. C. Gruenberg, an authority on the teaching of biology, favors science teaching "for enriching and stabilizing our thought in common," and says "continuous contact with the progress of science would serve to bridge the gap between older and younger, essential for family and social integration."⁶ (The bridge is essential, not the gap.) Evenings, we should sit by the fire and chat about atomic fission. Another scientific educator believes that "scientists have a special responsibility to help adults and adolescents to find new conceptions and ideas

to replace the traditional religious beliefs about the nature of the universe, man's place therein, and the meaning and value of human life, which science has made untenable"⁷ (the traditional beliefs have been made untenable, not human life, for this was written in 1935, well before the atomic age). And Mr. Gerald Wendt, of Columbia Teachers College, says: "The student and the citizen need to absorb the scientific attitude, to master the scientific method of thought, and to understand the basic concepts of the sciences. Only thus, delving beneath the superficial and avoiding the burden of the technical, can they be ready to read further and to understand in the decades to come what science is doing and can do. Only thus can their own intelligence be called into play."⁸ Merciful heavens! Were there no intelligent men before science was invented?

12. Alas, it isn't even true that scientists are always intelligent. Mr. Hilaire Belloc has pointed out that science has changed greatly, and for the worse, since it has become popular. Some hundred years ago, or more, only very unusual, highly original spirits were attracted to science at all; scientific work was therefore carried out by men of exceptional intelligence. Now, scientists are turned out by mass production in our universities, and they therefore include men of very ordinary, even mediocre intellectual powers. This is not to say that we shouldn't go on turning out scientists by mass production; their work is extremely useful, nay, indispensable: don't let us do anything to stop it. But we are having wool pulled over our eyes if we let ourselves be convinced that scientists, taken as a group, are anything special in the way of brains. They are very ordinary professional men, and all they know is their own trade, just like all other professional men. There are some geniuses among them, just as there are mental giants in any other field of endeavor. There is a good-sized intermediate group, who are fairly intelligent along their own particular line, just as in the population at large there are plenty of people who are fairly intelligent in at least one line. And there is plenty of work, in science, that can be done

³ *Journal of Chemical Education* (La Jolla, Calif.), January 1947. Reprinted by permission.

⁴ Downing: *An Introduction to the Teaching of Science* (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press). Reprinted by permission.

⁵ From *Science and the Public Mind*, by B. C. Gruenberg. Copyright 1935. Courtesy of McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc. Reprinted by permission.

⁶ *Ibid.*

⁷ *Ibid.*

⁸ From *Earth Sciences*, by J. H. Bretz, John Wiley & Sons, Inc., 1940. Reprinted by permission.

by people who are stupid. For example, much agricultural research, which is roughly like this: it is necessary to find out what certain fertilizers will do, in varying amounts, by themselves and in combination. A large field is divided up into squares, which are treated with the various fertilizers in every possible combination, and the bushels of apples or pounds of potatoes are weighed. This requires nothing more than a certain amount of attention to detail. To find out the answer—which fertilizer is really best—requires the use of some rather complicated mathematics. The proper mathematics was developed by intelligent men, but almost anybody can be trained to use it. This kind of work is by no means confined to agriculture. At a rough guess, fully 90 per cent of all the scientific papers published are of this sort, sometimes without the mathematics, and they are just plain dull. And there is no reason why we should be hoodwinked into thinking that there are marvelous virtues in something that anyone can do, and that in any case is just plain dull.

13. If it isn't a 90 per cent yield of potatoes, it's something else. It all comes down to "correlations" (one of the scientists' favorite words). They measure two things, and find that when one of them changes the other also changes: this is called a beautiful correlation, and it is pursued with a solemn, dead-pan intensity, as if a correlation were a thing in itself. Very often they argue that the one thing *caused* the other, when it might quite well have been the other way round. Executives have been found to have a large vocabulary; therefore, learn ten new words every day, and you will become an executive. Or else, there will be an argument that, in principle, runs like this: a man gets drunk on Monday on whiskey and soda water; he gets drunk on Tuesday on brandy and soda water, and on Wednesday on gin and soda water. What caused his drunkenness? Obviously, the common factor, the soda water.

14. Scientists, themselves, are sober people. Their conventions and get-togethers are not nearly so exciting as those of salesmen. They know no more about subjects outside their own than any other group of people do, perhaps less, for they are hard-working, and spend long hours in keeping up with all the

papers that are published—the 90 per cent potatoes stuff. They relax occasionally, and have their own form of rather professional humor. They easily absorb the prejudices of those around them, and many of them are mildly reactionary, and have mild class feelings and race bias, in an unthinking sort of way.

15. As we saw before, scientists are individually humble, for the most part, particularly the very best scientists. Though collectively they are a society of mutual backslappers, not all of them go in actively for scientific evangelism. It is mostly the scientific educators that do, but the rest of them make no effort to control the ridiculous excesses of these hucksters, and they may be taken as condoning their proselytizing by their silence. After all, with such a list of virtues as Mr. Cole has strung together, who would go out of his way to deny such praise? And as advertising always convinces the sponsor even more than the public, the scientists become sold, and remain sold, on the idea that they have the Key to the Absolute, and that nothing will do for Mr. Average Citizen but to stuff himself full of electrons, protons, neutrons, neutrinos, genes, chromosomes, glands, hormones, potassium chloride, high-octane gasoline, ultrasonic vibrations, and the theory of relativity.

16. What exactly is this "Science" that is so highly regarded? Buckets of ink have been used up in defining it, but the simplest way is to say, "Science is any knowledge that is arrived at by the Scientific Method"—and then to define the scientific method. Many more buckets of ink have been used in explaining this method, but its essentials can be described rather easily, as a series of definite steps, roughly as follows. The first step is observation. Usually what is observed is the result of a deliberately contrived experiment (but not necessarily, for astronomy is a science, and it is impossible to do any experiments with the stars). A number of observations are collected, and then the scientist goes into a huddle with himself and forms a hypothesis, that is, a suggested explanation, of some sort or other, of the facts that have been observed. A hypothesis is, if you like, a sort of guess: later in this book some of the hypotheses of science

will be described, to see how they work. In the next step the scientist says, "If my hypothesis is true, then when I do such and such an experiment, so and so ought to happen." The final step is to do the appropriate experiment, and see if the hypothesis is substantiated. If the result of the experiment is different from what was expected, the hypothesis is rejected at once, it's wrong. If the experiment agrees, the hypothesis is accepted tentatively. As further experiments are done, perhaps by other scientists, the hypothesis is continually put to the test of experiment, and if it survives a large number of experiments, and can explain them all, it is promoted to a "theory." A theory is simply a well-tested hypothesis, but there is no sharp dividing line. Even the very best of theories may turn out to be wrong, for tomorrow an experiment may be done that flatly contradicts it. Scientists suppose that they always remember this faint shadow of doubt that hangs over all their theories, but in practice, as we shall see later, they often forget it.

17. Besides these essentials of the scientific method, there are some other qualities usually associated with science, and that are connoted if not denoted by the word. One of these is accuracy in observation, which quite clearly is necessary. Quantitative measurement is also very highly stressed. Even more highly regarded is the absence of bias, or freedom from prejudice, that scientists think they enjoy. In the higher realms of science it really is uncommonly difficult to be properly impartial when comparing two theories, your own and somebody else's, or to be sure, in making a hypothesis, to give the other fellow's results just as much weight as your own. Most scientists do this remarkably fairly and well, in their own specialized fields, though whether they can practice this virtue outside their own little duck ponds is much more questionable; at any rate they pat themselves hard on the back for doing it at all. But they reserve the greatest praise for their own objectivity. It is continually stressed, in all scientific training, that subjective feelings must not enter. The scientist records the result of an experiment in terms of observations, usually readings of instruments; he pays no attention to whether he likes it or not. The objects in front of him

are what he is talking about, not his own subjective feelings about them. He must record a result that contradicts his theory just as objectively as one that agrees with it. According to what some scientists say, one could almost define science as pure concentrated essence of objectivity. And this explains why science is, for some people, devoid of appeal, and why it leaves out much that is of interest to everybody, for we are all of us, as human beings but not as scientists, tremendously interested in our own subjective feelings.

18. Another belief firmly held by all scientists, even the quieter ones, is that they define their terms accurately, and express themselves with a praise-worthy precision which everybody should imitate. It is hard to see how they can keep up this belief, seeing that all of them spend quite a lot of time in reading what is written by other scientists, and that clear expression is as rare among scientists as it is anywhere else. The answer to this puzzle can only be that scientists are no better readers than anybody else, and don't know clear writing when they see it. At any rate they spend a great deal of trouble in framing definitions for their words. Sometimes the definitions actually say what the words mean, sometimes they don't. But they are impressed with the advantages of this procedure, and they teach words, supposing that in so doing they are teaching science. They will have you call the mammals the "Mammalia," or the back-boned animals "Vertebrata." They will teach you that a spider is not an insect, that a whale is not a fish, or sometimes, by a crazy mismanagement of words in the name of science, that a shark is not a fish (because it is not a bony fish). They will teach you that the Latin name of an animal or a plant is the "scientific" name, as if one knew anything about science simply through knowing Latin names, although the whole Linnaean system of names, they will freely admit, is in an appalling mess. They will teach you that "work" is "force times distance" instead of being anything you do that is disagreeable and that you get paid for. In the realm of higher abstractions they will teach you powerful phrases like "electronic resonance" and "emergent evolution": they will define these in tight phrases which convey a meaning only to those who already

understand it, and if you can produce, in an examination, the correct defining words, then you pass the test. And all this has as much, and no more, to do with real science as knowing the names of the pieces and the squares on a chessboard has to do with being able to play chess.

19. The dreadful cocksureness that is characteristic of scientists in bulk is not only quite foreign to the spirit of true science, it is not even justified by a superficial view. It is of course quite possible to write the history of science as one long crescendo, whose ultimate glorious achievement is the present—and what wonderful people we must be. It is always given in this way, in teaching, as part of a little introduction which is a pep talk for the particular science being dealt with. The Greeks were very clever people, the introduction will go, and they thought of many ingenious theories, but they were lazy, and did not do experiments with their hands. Their foremost philosopher was Aristotle, and it is now the fashion to say that he was not altogether too bad, but the medievals were bad who believed things on Authority, the authority of Aristotle. Modern Science began with Galileo and Newton, and has run steadily ahead ever since, with a great acceleration of progress in the last fifty years, with radioactivity, the discovery of X rays, Einstein, Bohr, the structure of the atom, Oppenheimer, the Manhattan Project and the Atomic Energy Commission (leaving out the Un-American Activities Committee). But the same story can be told with a humiliating reverse English on it: if the climax and pinnacle of science is our knowledge of the atom *now*, then what was known ten years ago must have been decidedly imperfect, for science has made great strides since then. What was known twenty years ago was even more imperfect, and the science of fifty years ago hardly worth knowing. Using a little imagination, we can ask what will become of the science of today, some twenty or thirty years from now? Unless the rate of scientific advance shows a notable slacking off (and there are no signs of this) our best knowledge of today will become decidedly frowsy.

20. Since scientists have such overweening confidence in their ability—in their collective

ability, that is to say—it is small wonder that they make no attempt to teach what are the limitations of science, for they hardly recognize any.

21. Yet there may be limits to what science can do. Consider this question: Can science disprove ghosts? In the supremely confident period, toward the end of the last century, when it was supposed that there was a conflict between Science and Religion, and Science was rapidly winning, it was the mark of an educated man to say, "Science has proved that there are no such things as ghosts, they are merely the superstitions of the unenlightened." Education is always behind the times, and much the same attitude is prevalent today; you can still hear people say, "Surely, science has proved that there are no ghosts." And yet, is that so? Suppose, just suppose for the sake of argument, that ghosts can occasionally appear when the psychological conditions are just right, and suppose, what might quite well be true, that one necessary condition for the appearance of a ghost is the *absence* of a scientist: well then, "Science" (that is to say, scientists) would go on investigating ghost after ghost, and would "disprove" every one of them, and yet ghosts would continue to appear whenever the scientists were not looking.

22. This is a simple case, perhaps not a very important one, illustrating the impossibility of proving anything negative by the scientific method. At least it is enough to show that science is not infallible, and if science has any more serious defects than the inability to perceive an occasional spook in the corner, it is of the utmost importance that citizens, generally, should know what they are. Yet this sort of knowledge is very conspicuously absent, from the populace at large, and from the curriculums of institutes of learning. Non-scientists don't even know what science *can* do; scientists are so obsessed with the past successes and future possibilities of their own specialty that they have no idea what the proper field of science in general is and no recognition that there are any limits. What they can't do, some other scientists, presumably, can do, so that they come to think that Science with a capital "S"—or rather its concentrated and distilled essence, the Scien-

tific Method—is the universal cure-all for mankind.

23. They are wrong, for science is not a cure-all. The claims of the science fiends are preposterously exaggerated. Science has many important limitations, which will appear throughout this book in ever-increasing number. The idea that science is infallible and beyond criticism, is a delusion, and even a dangerous one. The teaching of science only perpetuates this delusion, for it is always taught by scientists, who are so busy keeping up with science that they can never look at it from the outside. What with scientists who

are so deep in science that they cannot see it, and non-scientists who are too overawed to express an opinion, hardly anyone is able to recognize science for what it is, the great Sacred Cow of our time.

24. John Dewey, a worshiper in the temple of science, said, "The future of our civilization depends on the widening spread and deepening hold of the scientific habit of mind." But perhaps there is more truth in an old wise-crack of Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Science is a good piece of furniture for a man to have in an upper chamber provided he has common sense on the ground floor."

Rachel L. Carson

THE BIRTH OF AN ISLAND

Rachel Louise Carson (1907-), aquatic biologist, was educated at Pennsylvania College for Women and at Johns Hopkins University. She has been a research scholar at Woods Hole Marine Biological Laboratory, biologist for the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, and is now editor-in-chief for the U. S. Wildlife Service.

Nearly all of her writings, from her first book, Under the Sea Wind, 1941, to the latest, The Sea Around Us, 1951, have been about aquatic life. Miss Carson has won many awards and prizes. For "The Birth of an Island," which appeared in The Yale Review, she received the Westinghouse Award "for the best piece of scientific writing to appear in a magazine" in 1950. This selection later became a part of The Sea Around Us, which won the 1952 National Book Award for non-fiction. Her next book will be a guide to the seashore.

1. Millions of years ago, a volcano built a mountain on the floor of the Atlantic. In eruption after eruption, it pushed up a great pile of volcanic rock, until it had accumulated a mass a hundred miles across at its base, reaching upward towards the surface of the sea. Finally its cone emerged as an island with an area of about 200 square miles. Thousands of years passed, and thousands of thousands. Eventually the waves of the Atlantic cut down the cone and reduced it to a

shoal—all of it, that is, but a small fragment which remained above water. This fragment we know as Bermuda.

2. With variations, the life story of Bermuda has been repeated by almost every one of the islands that interrupt the watery expanses of the oceans far from land. For these isolated islands in the sea are fundamentally different from the continents. The major land masses and the ocean basins are today much as they have been throughout the greater part of geologic time. But islands are ephemeral, created today, destroyed tomorrow. With few exceptions, they are the result of the violent, explosive, earth-shaking eruptions of sub-

THE BIRTH OF AN ISLAND: From *The Sea Around Us* by Rachel Carson. Copyright 1950, 1951 by Rachel Carson. Reprinted by permission of Oxford University Press, Inc.

marine volcanoes, working perhaps for millions of years to achieve their end. It is one of the paradoxes in the ways of earth and sea that a process seemingly so destructive, so catastrophic in nature, can result in an act of creation.

3. Islands have always fascinated the human mind. Perhaps it is the instinctive response of man, the land animal, welcoming a brief intrusion of earth in the vast, overwhelming expanse of sea. Here in a great ocean basin, a thousand miles from the nearest continent, with fathoms of water under our vessel, we come upon an island. Our imaginations can follow its slopes down through darkening waters to where it rests on the sea floor. We wonder why and how it arose here in the midst of the ocean.

4. The birth of a volcanic island is an event marked by prolonged and violent travail, the forces of the earth striving to create, and all the forces of the sea opposing. The sea floor, where an island begins, is probably nowhere more than about fifty miles thick—a thin covering over the vast bulk of the earth. In it are deep cracks and fissures, the results of unequal cooling and shrinkage in past ages. Along such lines of weakness the molten lava from the earth's interior presses up, and finally bursts forth into the sea. But the eruption of a submarine volcano is different from one on the earth's surface, where through an open crater the lava, molten rocks, gases, and other ejecta are hurled into the air. Here on the bottom of the ocean the volcano has resisting it all the weight of the ocean water above it. Despite the immense pressures of two or three miles of sea water, the new volcanic cone builds upward towards the surface, in flow after flow of lava. Once within reach of the waves, its soft ash and tuff are violently attacked, and for a long period the potential island may remain a shoal, unable to emerge. But, eventually, in new eruptions, the cone is pushed up into the air and a rampart of hardened lava is built against the attacks of the waves.

5. Navigators' charts are marked with numerous recently discovered submarine mountains. Many are the submerged remnants of the islands of a geologic yesterday. On the same charts appear islands that emerged from

the sea at least fifty million years ago, others that arose within our own memory, and undersea mountains that may be the islands of tomorrow, forming, unseen, on the floor of the ocean at this moment.

6. For the sea is by no means done with submarine eruptions; they occur fairly often, sometimes detected only by instruments; sometimes obvious to the most casual observer. Ships in volcanic zones may suddenly find themselves in violently disturbed water. There are heavy discharges of steam. The sea appears to bubble or boil in a furious turbulence. Fountains spring from its surface. Floating up from the deep, hidden places of the actual eruption come the bodies of fishes and other deep-sea creatures, and quantities of volcanic ash and pumice.

7. One of the youngest of the large volcanic islands of the world is Ascension in the South Atlantic. As the only piece of dry land between the hump of Brazil and the bulge of Africa, Ascension became known during the Second World War to every American airman crossing the South Atlantic. It is a forbidding mass of cinders, in which the vents of no less than forty extinct volcanoes can be counted. It has not always been so barren, for its slopes have yielded the fossil remains of trees. What happened to the forests no one knows, for the first men to explore the island, about the year 1500, found it treeless, and today it has no natural greenness except on its highest peak.

8. In modern times we have never seen the birth of an island as large as Ascension. But now and then there is a report of a small island appearing where none was before. Perhaps a month, a year, or five years later, the island has disappeared into the sea again. These are the little, stillborn islands, doomed to only a brief emergence above the sea.

9. About 1830 such an island suddenly appeared in the Mediterranean between Sicily and the coast of Africa, rising from 100-fathom depths after there had been signs of volcanic activity in the area. It was little more than a black cinder pile, perhaps 200 feet high. Waves, wind, and rain attacked it. Its soft and porous materials were easily eroded; its substance was rapidly eaten away and it sank beneath the sea. Now it is a shoal, marked on the charts as Graham's Reef.

10. Falcon Island, the tip of a volcano projecting above the Pacific nearly two thousand miles east of Australia, suddenly disappeared in 1913. Thirteen years later, after violent eruptions in the vicinity, it as suddenly rose again above the surface and remained as a physical bit of the British Empire until 1949. Then it was reported by the Colonial Under-Secretary to be missing once more.

11. Almost from the moment of its creation, a volcanic island is foredoomed to destruction. It has in itself the seeds of its own dissolution, for new explosions, or landslides of the soft soil, may violently accelerate its disintegration. Whether the destruction of an island comes quickly or only after long ages of geologic time may also depend on external forces: the rains that wear away the loftiest of land mountains, the sea, even man himself.

12. South Trinidad, a group of volcanic peaks lying about 700 miles east of the coast of Brazil, is an example of an island that has been sculptured into bizarre forms through centuries of weathering—an island in which the signs of dissolution are clearly apparent. E. F. Knight wrote in 1907 that Trinidad "is rotten throughout, its substance has been disintegrated by volcanic fires and by the action of water, so that it is everywhere tumbling to pieces." During an interval of nine years that elapsed between Knight's visits, a whole mountainside had collapsed in a great landslide of broken rocks and volcanic debris.

13. Sometimes the disintegration takes abrupt and violent form. The greatest explosion of historic time was the evisceration of the island of Krakatoa. In 1680 there had been a premonitory eruption on this small island in Sunda Strait, between Java and Sumatra in the Netherlands Indies. Two hundred years later came a series of earthquakes. In the spring of 1883, smoke and steam began to ascend from fissures in the volcanic cone. The ground became noticeably warm, and warning rumblings and hissings came from the volcano. Then, on August 27, Krakatoa literally exploded. In an appalling series of eruptions that occupied two days, the whole northern half of the cone was carried away. The sudden inrush of ocean water added the fury of super-heated steam to the cauldron. When finally the inferno of white-hot lava,

molten rock, steam, and smoke had subsided, the island that had stood 1,400 feet above the sea had become a cavity a thousand feet below sea level. Only along one edge of the former crater did a remnant of the island remain.

14. Krakatoa, in its destruction, became known to the entire world. The eruption gave rise to a hundred-foot wave that wiped out villages along the Strait and killed people to the number of tens of thousands. The wave was felt along the shores of the Indian Ocean and at Cape Horn; rounding the Cape into the Atlantic, it sped northward and retained its identity even as far as the English Channel. The sound of the explosions was heard in the Philippine Islands, in Australia, and on the Island of Madagascar, nearly 3,000 miles away. And clouds of volcanic dust, the pulverized rock that had been torn from the heart of Krakatoa, ascended into the stratosphere and were carried around the globe, providing a series of spectacular sunsets in every country of the world for nearly a year.

15. Although its dramatic passing was the most violent eruption that modern man has witnessed, Krakatoa seems to have come into being as the result of an even greater one. There is evidence that an immense volcano once stood where the waters of Sunda Strait now lie. In some remote period a titanic explosion blew it away, leaving only its base represented by a broken ring of islands. The largest of these was Krakatoa, which, in its own destruction, carried away what was left of the original crater ring. But in 1929 a new volcanic island arose in this place, Anak Krakatoa—child of Krakatoa.

16. Subterranean fires and deep unrest disturb the whole area occupied by the Aleutians. The islands themselves are the peaks of a thousand-mile chain of undersea mountains of which volcanic action was the chief architect. The geologic structure of the ridge is little known, but it rises abruptly from oceanic depths of about a mile on one side and two miles on the other. Apparently this long narrow ridge indicates a deep fracture of the earth's crust. On many of the islands volcanoes are now active, or only temporarily quiescent. In the short history of modern navigation in this region, it has often happened that a new island has been reported,

but perhaps as soon as the next year it had disappeared.

17. The small island of Bogoslof, since it was first observed in 1796, has altered its shape and position several times and has even disappeared completely, only to emerge again. The original island was a mass of black rock, sculptured into fantastic, towerlike shapes. Explorers and sealers coming upon it in the fog were reminded of a castle and named it Castle Rock. At the present time there are left only one or two pinnacles of the castle, a long spit of black rocks where sea lions haul out, and a cluster of higher rocks resounding with the cries of thousands of sea birds. Each time the parent volcano erupts, as it has done at least half a dozen times since men have been observing it, new masses of steaming rocks emerge from the heated waters, some to reach enormous heights before they are destroyed in fresh explosions.

18. One of the few exceptions to the almost universal rule that oceanic islands have a volcanic origin seems to be the remarkable and fascinating group known as St. Paul's Rocks. Lying in the open Atlantic between Brazil and Africa, they are an obstruction thrust up from the floor of the ocean into the midst of the racing equatorial current, a mass against which the seas, that have rolled a thousand miles unhindered, break in sudden violence. The entire cluster of rocks covers not more than a quarter of a mile, running in a curved line like a horseshoe. The highest rock is no more than sixty feet above the sea; spray wets it to the summit. Abruptly the rocks dip under water and slope steeply down into great depths. Geologists since the time of Darwin have puzzled over their origin, though it is generally agreed that they are composed of material like that of the sea floor itself. In some remote period, inconceivable stresses in the earth's crust must have pushed a solid rock mass upward more than two miles.

19. So bare and desolate that not even a lichen grows on them, St. Paul's Rocks would seem one of the most unpromising places in the world to look for a spider, spinning its web in arachnidan hope of snaring passing insects. Yet Darwin found spiders when he visited the Rocks in 1833, and forty years later the naturalists of *H.M.S. Challenger* also re-

ported them, busy at their web-spinning. A few insects are there, too, some as parasites on the sea birds, of which three species nest on the rocks. One of the insects is a small brown moth which lives on feathers. This very nearly completes the inventory of the inhabitants of St. Paul's Rocks, except for the grotesque crabs that swarm over the islets, living chiefly on the flying fishes brought by the birds to their young.

20. St. Paul's Rocks are not alone in having an extraordinary assortment of inhabitants, for the fauna and flora of oceanic islands are amazingly different from those of the continents. The pattern of island life is peculiar and significant. Aside from forms recently introduced by man, islands remote from the continents are never inhabited by any land mammals, except sometimes the one mammal that has learned to fly—the bat. There are never any frogs, salamanders, or other amphibians. Of reptiles, there may be a few snakes, lizards, and turtles, but the more remote the island from a major land mass, the fewer reptiles there are, and the really isolated islands have none. There are usually a few species of land birds, some insects, some spiders. So remote an island as Tristan de Cunha in the South Atlantic, 1,500 miles from the nearest continent, has no land animals but these: three species of land birds, a few insects, and several small snails.

21. With so selective a list, it is hard to see how, as some biologists believe, the islands could have been colonized by migration across land bridges, even if there were good evidence for the existence of the bridges. The very animals which are missing from the islands are the ones that would have had to come dryshod, over the hypothetical bridges. The plants and animals which we find on oceanic islands, on the other hand, are the ones that could have come by wind or water. As an alternative, then, we must suppose that the stocking of the islands has been accomplished by the strangest migration in earth's history—a migration that began long before man appeared on earth and still continues, a migration that seems more like a series of cosmic accidents than an orderly process of nature.

22. We can only guess how long after its emergence from the sea an oceanic island may

lie uninhabited. Certainly in its original state it is a land bare, harsh, and repelling beyond human endurance. No living thing moves over the slopes of its volcanic hills; no plants cover its naked lava fields. But little by little, riding in on the winds, drifting in on the currents, or rafting in on logs, floating brush, or trees, the plants and animals that are to colonize the island arrive from the distant continents.

23. So deliberate, so unhurried, so inexorable are the ways of nature that the stocking of an island may require thousands or millions of years. It may be that no more than half a dozen times in all these eons does a particular form, such as a tortoise, make a successful landing upon its shores. To wonder impatiently why man is not a constant witness of such arrivals is to fail to understand the majestic pace of the process.

24. Yet we have occasional glimpses of the method. Natural rafts of uprooted trees and matted vegetation have frequently been seen adrift at sea, more than a thousand miles off the mouths of great tropical rivers like the Congo, the Ganges, the Amazon, and the Orinoco. Such rafts could easily carry an assortment of insect, reptile, or mollusk passengers. Some of the involuntary passengers might be able to withstand long weeks at sea; others would die during the first stages of the journey. Probably the ones best adapted for travel by raft are the wood-boring insects, which, of all the insect tribe, are most commonly found on oceanic islands. The poorest raft travellers must be the mammals. But even a mammal might cover short inter-island distances. A few days after the explosion of Krakatoa, a small monkey was found floating on some drifting timber in Sunda Strait. She had been terribly burned, but was rescued and survived the experience.

25. No less than the water, the winds and the air currents play their part in bringing inhabitants to the islands. The upper atmosphere, even during the ages before man entered it in his machines, was a place of congested traffic. Thousands of feet above the earth, the air is crowded with living creatures, drifting, flying, gliding, ballooning, or involuntarily swirling along on the high winds. Discovery of this rich aerial plankton had to

wait until man himself had found means to make physical invasion of these regions. With special nets and traps, scientists have now collected from the upper atmosphere many of the forms which inhabit oceanic islands. Spiders, whose almost invariable presence on these islands is an intriguing problem, have been captured nearly three miles above the earth's surface. Airmen have passed through great numbers of the white, silken filaments of spiders' "parachutes" at heights of two to three miles. Many living insects have been taken at altitudes of 6,000 to 16,000 feet, and with wind velocities reaching 45 miles an hour. At such heights and on such strong winds, they might well have been carried hundreds of miles. Seeds have been collected at altitudes up to 5,000 feet. Among those commonly taken are members of the Composite family, typical of ocean islands.

26. An interesting point about transport of living plants and animals by wind is the fact that in the upper layers of the earth's atmosphere the winds do not necessarily blow in the same direction as they do on the earth's surface. The trade winds are notably shallow, so that a man standing on the cliffs of St. Helena, a thousand feet above the sea, is above these winds, though they blow with great force below him. Once drawn into the upper air, insects, seeds, and the like can easily be carried in a direction contrary to that of the winds prevailing at island level.

27. The wide-ranging birds that visit islands of the ocean in migration may also have a good deal to do with the distribution of plants, and perhaps even of some insects and minute land shells. From a ball of mud taken from a bird's plumage, Charles Darwin raised eighty-two separate plants, belonging to five distinct species. Many plant seeds have hooks or prickles, ideal for attachment to feathers. Birds also distribute plants by ingestion of seeds. Such birds as the Pacific golden plover, which annually flies from the mainland of Alaska to the Hawaiian Islands and even beyond, probably figure in many riddles of plant distribution on islands.

28. The catastrophe of Krakatoa gave naturalists a perfect opportunity to observe the colonization of an island. With most of the island itself destroyed, and the remnant cov-

ered with a deep layer of lava and ash that remained hot for weeks, Krakatoa, after the explosive eruptions of 1883, was, from a biological standpoint, a new volcanic island. As soon as it was possible to visit it, scientists searched for signs of life, although it was hard to imagine how any living thing could have survived. Not a single plant or animal could be found. It was not until nine months after the eruption that the naturalist Cotteau was able to report: "I only discovered one microscopic spider—only one. This strange pioneer of the renovation was busy spinning its web." Since there were no insects on the island, the web-spinning of the bold little spider presumably was in vain, and except for a few blades of grass, practically nothing lived on Krakatoa for a quarter of a century. Then the colonists began to arrive—a few mammals in 1908; a number of birds, lizards, and snakes; various mollusks, insects, and earth worms. Ninety percent of Krakatoa's new inhabitants, Dutch scientists found, were forms that could have arrived by air.

29. Isolated from the great mass of life on the continents, with no opportunity for the crossbreeding which tends to preserve the average, to eliminate the new and unusual, island life has developed in a remarkable manner, and nature has excelled in the creation of strange and wonderful forms. As though to prove her incredible versatility, almost every island has developed species which are endemic, that is, they are peculiar to it alone and are duplicated nowhere else on earth.

30. It was in the pages of earth's history written on the lava fields of the Galapagos that young Charles Darwin read the message of the origin of species. Observing their strange plants and animals—giant tortoises, amazing black lizards that hunted their food in the surf, sea lions, birds in extraordinary variety—he was struck by their vague similarity to mainland species of South and Central America, yet haunted by the differences, differences that distinguished them not only from the mainland species but from those on other islands of the archipelago. Years later he was to write in reminiscence: "Both in space and time, we seem to be brought somewhat nearer to that great fact—that mystery

of mysteries—the first appearance of new beings on earth."

31. Of the "new beings" evolved on islands, some of the most striking examples have been birds. In some remote age before there were men, a small, pigeon-like bird found its way to the island of Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean. By processes of change at which we can only guess, this bird lost the power of flight, developed short, stout legs, and grew larger until it reached the size of a modern turkey. Such was the origin of the fabulous dodo, which did not long survive the advent of man on Mauritius. New Zealand was the sole home of the moas, ostrich-like birds of which one species stood twelve feet high. Moas had roamed New Zealand from the early part of the Tertiary; those that remained when the Maoris arrived soon died out.

32. Besides the dodo and the moas, other island forms have tended to become large. Perhaps the Galapagos tortoise became a giant after its arrival on the islands, although fossil remains on the continents cast doubt on this. The loss of wing use and even of the wings themselves (the moas had none) are common results of insular life. Insects on small, wind-swept islands tend to lose the power of flight. The Galapagos Islands have a flightless cormorant. There have been at least fourteen species of flightless rails in the islands of the Pacific alone.

33. One of the most interesting and engaging characteristics of island species is their extraordinary tameness, a lack of sophistication in dealing with the human race which even the bitter teachings of experience do not quickly alter. When Robert Cushman Murphy visited the Island of South Trinidad in 1913 with a party from the brig *Daisy*, terns alighted on the heads of the men in the whaleboat and peered inquiringly into their faces. On Laysan, the albatrosses (whose habits include wonderful ceremonial dances) allowed naturalists to walk among their colonies, and responded with grave bows to similar polite greetings from the visitors. When the British ornithologist David Lack visited the Galapagos Islands, a century after Darwin, he found that the hawks allowed themselves to be touched, and the flycatchers tried to remove hair from the heads of the men for nesting material. "It is

a curious pleasure," he wrote, "to have the birds of the wilderness settling upon one's shoulders, and the pleasure could be much less rare were man less destructive."

34. But man, unhappily, has written one of his blackest records as a destroyer on the oceanic islands. He has seldom set foot on an island without bringing about disastrous changes. He has destroyed environments by cutting, clearing, and burning; he has brought with him as a chance associate the nefarious rat; and almost invariably he has turned loose upon the islands a whole Noah's Ark of goats, hogs, cattle, dogs, cats, and other non-native animals, as well as plants. Upon species after species of island life, the black night of extinction has fallen.

35. In all the world of living things, it is doubtful whether there is a more delicately balanced relationship than that of island life to its environment. This environment is a remarkably uniform one. In the midst of a great ocean, ruled by currents and winds that rarely shift their courses, climate changes little. There are few natural enemies, perhaps none at all. The harsh struggle for existence that is the normal lot of continental life is softened on the islands. When this gentle pattern of life is abruptly changed, the island creatures have little ability to make the adjustments necessary to survival.

36. Ernst Mayr tells of a steamer wrecked off Lord Howe Island east of Australia in 1918. Its rats swam ashore. In two years they had so nearly exterminated the native birds that an islander wrote: "This paradise of birds has become a wilderness, and the quietness of death reigns where all was melody."

37. On Tristan de Cunha, nearly all of the unique land birds that had evolved there in the course of the ages were exterminated by the hogs and the rats. The native fauna of the island of Tahiti is losing ground against the horde of alien species that man has introduced. The Hawaiian Islands, which have lost their native plants and animals faster than almost any other area in the world, are a classic example of the results of interfering with natural balances. Certain relationships of animal to plant, and of plant to soil, had grown up through the centuries. When man

came in and rudely disturbed this balance, he set off a whole series of chain reactions.

38. Vancouver brought cattle and goats to the Hawaiian Islands, and the resulting damage to forests and other vegetation was enormous. Many plant introductions were as bad. A plant known as the pamakani was brought in many years ago, according to report, by a Captain Makee for his beautiful gardens on the island of Maui. The pamakani, which has light, windborne seeds, quickly escaped from the Captain's gardens, ruined the pasture lands on Maui, and proceeded to hop from island to island. The CCC boys once were put to work to clear it out of the Honouliuli Forest Reserve, but as fast as they destroyed it, the seeds of new plants arrived on the wind. Lantana was another plant brought in as an ornamental species. Now it covers thousands of acres with a thorny, scrambling growth—despite large sums of money spent to import parasitic insects to control it.

39. There was once a society in Hawaii for the special purpose of introducing exotic birds. Today when you go to the islands, instead of the exquisite native birds that greeted Captain Cook, you see mynahs from India, cardinals from the United States or Brazil, skylarks from Europe, and titmice from Japan. Most of the original bird life has been wiped out, and to find its fugitive remnants you would have to search assiduously in the most remote hills.

40. Some of the island species have, at best, the most tenuous hold on life. The Laysan teal is found nowhere in the world but on the small island of Laysan. Even on this island it occurs only on one end, where there is a seepage of fresh water. Probably the total population of this species does not exceed fifty individuals. Destruction of the small swampy bit of land that is its home, or the introduction of a hostile or competing species, could easily snap the slender thread of life.

41. Most of man's habitual tampering with nature's balance by introducing exotic species has been done in ignorance of the fatal chain of events that would follow. But in modern times, at least, we might profit by history. About the year 1513, the Portuguese introduced goats on the recently discovered island of St. Helena, which had developed a magnifi-

cent forest of gumwood, ebony, and brazilwood. By 1560 or thereabouts, the goats had so multiplied that they wandered over the islands by the thousand, in flocks a mile long. They trampled the young trees and ate the seedlings. By this time the colonists had begun to cut and burn the forests, so that it is hard to say whether men or goats were the more responsible for their destruction. But of the result there is no doubt. By the early 1800's the forests were gone, and the naturalist Alfred Wallace later described this once beautiful, forest-clad volcanic island as a "rocky desert" in which the fugitive remnants of the original flora persisted only in the most inaccessible peaks and crater ridges.

42. When the astronomer Halley visited the islands of the Atlantic about 1700, he put a few goats ashore on South Trinidad. This time, without the further aid of man, the work of deforestation proceeded so rapidly as to be nearly completed within the century. Today Trinidad's slopes are the place of a ghost forest, strewn with the fallen and decaying trunks of long-dead trees; its soft volcanic soils, no longer held by the interlacing roots, are sliding away into the sea.

43. One of the most interesting of the Pacific islands was Laysan, one of the far out-riders of the Hawaiian chain, a tiny scrap of soil. It once supported a forest of sandalwood and fanleaf palms, and had five species of land birds, all peculiar to the island. One of them was the Laysan rail, a charming, gnome-like creature no more than six inches high, with wings that seemed too small (and were never

used as wings), and feet that seemed too large, and a voice like distant, tinkling bells. About 1887, the captain of a visiting ship moved some of the rails to Midway, about three hundred miles to the west, establishing a second colony. It seemed a fortunate move, for soon thereafter rabbits were introduced on Laysan. Within a quarter of a century, the rabbits had killed off the vegetation of the tiny island, reduced it to a sandy desert, and all but exterminated themselves. As for the rails, the devastation of their island was fatal, and the last native rail died about 1924.

44. Perhaps the Laysan colony could later have been restored from the Midway group had not tragedy struck there also. During the war in the Pacific, rats went ashore from ships and landing craft on island after island. They invaded Midway in 1943. The adult rails were slaughtered. The eggs were eaten, and the young birds killed. The world's last Laysan rail was seen in 1944.

45. The tragedy of the oceanic islands lies in the uniqueness, the irreplaceability of the species they have developed, by the slow processes of the ages. In a reasonable world men would have treated these islands as precious possessions, as natural museums filled with beautiful and curious works of creation, valuable beyond price because nowhere in the world are they duplicated. W. H. Hudson's lament for the birds of the Argentine pampas might even more truly have been spoken of the islands: "The beautiful has vanished and returns not."

Louis Bromfield

WE DON'T HAVE TO STARVE

Louis Bromfield (1896-), novelist, is a descendant of a line of farmers who pioneered into Ohio in the eighteenth century. Revolting against the circumscribed life on the farm with its attendant poverty and hard labor, he left Ohio to cast his fortunes in the East, where he became a newspaper man at fifteen, wrote news stories for the Associated Press, served as dramatic and music critic, became one of the original editors of Time Magazine, and conducted a critical column for The New Yorker. In 1924 he published his first novel, The Green Bay Tree. In 1926 he won the Pulitzer Prize with Early Autumn. Following in rapid succession came A Good Woman, 1927, The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg, 1928, and a series of other novels, including what has probably been his most popular, The Rains Came, 1937. In 1933 Mr. Bromfield, impelled by the firm conviction that neglected and eroded land could be transformed into productive areas capable of supporting a vast segment of the world population, purchased a thousand-acre farm near Mansfield, Ohio. Pleasant Valley, 1945, and Malabar Farm, 1948, recount his farming experiences, and, like this essay, utter a vigorous plea for action against wasteful exploitation of our agricultural soil.

After more than a hundred years the ghost of Thomas Robert Malthus is walking again. At the end of the eighteenth century, Malthus set forth the theory that while food supplies of the world increased by arithmetical progression, population increased by geometric progression, and that the day was certain to arrive when the population of the world would exceed its capacity to feed itself.

In Malthus's time, vast areas of the colonial world were opening up and the prospect of a world shortage of food seemed preposterous to many of his contemporaries. But now we know that in most cases these areas filled up almost at once to the limits of their capacity to feed their populations under existing agricultural practices.

Some of the newly opened areas, instead of becoming treasure houses of food, turned out to be unsuited to productive agriculture because of the soils or climates; and some, because of excessive rainfall and its leaching

effect, produced only food of an unbalanced and deficient nutritional value. Moreover, advances in medicine, sanitation, and nutrition have increased the average life span and kept alive millions of people who in Malthus's time would have died at middle age, or earlier.

All in all, time and man's progress—as well as his ignorance and greed—have served to vindicate Malthus and have produced a world in which food shortages have become an increasing menace. A school of Neo-Malthusians has sprung up crying “woe” and “havoc,” and on the surface evidence they appear to be right. They see a world with steadily increasing populations in which productive agricultural land is constantly being destroyed by wind and water erosion and a wretched agriculture, and in which yields per acre have been constantly going downhill.

Opposed to the Neo-Malthusians is a less pessimistic group of experts which believes that the world can feed itself if it will change its ways and if peoples and governments will recognize the vital role that food plays in the question of world war or peace. Beyond these

WE DON'T HAVE TO STARVE: Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *The Atlantic Monthly*, July 1949.

two groups there exists a school of so-called experts which, often through the medium of newspapers and national magazines, has been conducting a "Pippa Passes" campaign—"God's in his heaven: All's right with the world" and there is nothing for us to worry about. This silliness is inspired in some cases by ignorance and in others by bureaucratic and academic feuds and jealousies.

As a practical working farmer I am inclined to believe that the answer lies somewhere in between. The world is not feeding itself and actually is on the downgrade, but it could feed itself if it chose.

No nation has a worse record than ours in exploiting and destroying its natural resources. Yet, at the moment, we are beginning to provide what might be called an historically astonishing spectacle: that of a nation and a people doing something about a grave situation before it actually becomes a disaster.

Today it could be said, I think, that the world is turning more and more to this country for the answers to the problems of soil erosion, depletion, and waning food supplies. Perhaps 50 per cent of these answers have come out of the billions spent annually upon Federal and state agencies, and the remainder from the better farmers—those possessed of intelligence, imagination, curiosity, and the capacity to learn, and blessed with the powers of observation.

The truth is that during the past generation a great revolution has been going on in American agriculture, which until recently has passed almost unnoticed. It is a revolution which involves many factors—mechanization, technology, economics, plant breeding, and wholly new approaches to soil, nutrition, and disease—and which presents an amazingly complex pattern with its threads extending into the fields of chemistry, physics, medicine, nutrition, health, and almost every manifestation of science and human endeavor. It could have an immense effect upon the establishment of world peace, since food and raw materials and markets and purchasing power all lie at the very root of war in our shrunken modern world.

I suppose it could be said that modern agriculture began with Justus von Liebig and the

invention of commercial or chemical fertilizers. Liebig's creation of chemical fertilizers gave rise to a school of agriculturists who, with the oversimplification which sometimes handicaps specialists, looked upon these new fertilizers as *the* solution to the problem of producing great quantities of food and fiber continuously and at a comparatively low cost. The assumption proved to be disastrous. As a result of the use of chemical fertilizers alone, millions of acres of good farm lands declined rapidly in production and some millions were virtually destroyed—a costly example of the scientific error of concentration upon one factor to the exclusion of many others.

By the persistent and *sole* use of chemical fertilizers the textures of soils were destroyed, erosion and the attacks of diseases and insects were promoted, and adequate moisture was eliminated, together with the bacteria, fungi, molds, earthworms, and countless other organisms—some of them as yet undiscovered—which we know now are indispensable to a real and maintained agriculture and a sound soil capable of optimum production.

At one time the advertisements of chemical fertilizer producers read as if one needed only to sprinkle a little chemical fertilizer on an asphalt pavement, sow the seeds, and eventually harvest bumper crops. But all this has changed. Today the manufacturers of chemical fertilizers are among the greatest advocates of organic material in soils, for they have come to recognize that their product is beneficial or destructive in exact ratio to the amount of organic materials in the soil. They realize that a good and permanent customer is a satisfied customer, and that a farmer who understands soil and good agricultural practices must be satisfied with the results of chemical fertilizers if he is to purchase them persistently and in quantities profitable to the manufacturer.

The chemical fertilizer error which began the agricultural revolution has been almost entirely corrected in good agricultural practice and teaching, and much of the correction has come from the chain of new discoveries which have brought the agricultural picture back into balance.

Productive soil is not simply an accumulation of inert minerals: it contains within its

limits the whole process of birth, growth, death, decay, and rebirth which is the inexorable law of all continuing organic life. To produce the optimum in quantity and quality a cubic foot of soil must contain an intricate series of balances: a balance between minerals and organic material, a balance among the major elements—nitrogen, potash, phosphorus, and calcium—and finally a balance between all these things and the whole range of the trace elements such as manganese, boron, magnesium, cobalt, sulphur, and many others which need exist only in minute quantities, but the absence of which can create sicknesses and low yields in plants, and sicknesses and even deformities, both physical and mental, in animals and people feeding from the deficient or unbalanced soils.

It is very likely that the laws governing perfect soils of high production both in quantity and quality are as exact as those governing chemistry, physics, or astronomy. Beyond these purely mineral and organic balances there exist also other elements and perhaps balances, still unexplored, having to do with the molds, fungi, hormones, enzymes, antibiotics, vitamins, and other factors. Both this field and that of the trace elements (of which we know almost as little) open up fabulous possibilities, in relation not only to quantity but to quality nutritional factors in agriculture, in animal husbandry, and in human life, vigor, and character.

The point is that if every cubic foot of the world's soil now under cultivation could be made into a perfect, balanced soil, not only could we raise many times the amount of food the world is now producing but we could improve its nutritional quality to such a degree that, save for inherited organic deficiencies or weaknesses, we could alter the physique, character, and intelligence of millions of the world's population for the better. In other words, instead of coolies or poor whites, living perpetually on the borders of malnutrition and even starvation, we should be developing well-fed, intelligent physical specimens capable of producing and enjoying economic wealth and of making continuous contributions to civilization.

The task of converting the agricultural soils of the earth to this degree of organic and

mineral perfection would be a colossal task but not an impossible one. The means are known and available to every government and every people if they choose to use them.

One is accustomed to hearing the expression "worn-out farm" applied to farms which have reached a low stage of production or been abandoned altogether. I am inclined to believe that there is no such thing as a "worn-out farm" except in the case where erosion by wind or water may have carried off all topsoil down to the level of unproductive hardpan or actual rock. All soils were originally nothing but accumulations of minerals and rocks in broken-down form. As life progressed and developed on this planet, and the process of organic birth, growth, death, decay, and rebirth advanced with increasing rapidity, these inorganic mineral accumulations became overlaid with deposits of minerals in the organic form of dead and decaying or decayed animals and vegetation. In this organic form the minerals were highly available for the nutrition of succeeding animals and vegetation.

When man began the first agriculture, he began destroying this thin organic residue in two ways: (1) by encouraging it to wash away down the streams and back into the ocean; (2) by burning it up rapidly through cultivation. Not only did he gradually destroy all the living qualities of the soil (the moisture, bacteria, fungi, molds, and other factors dependent upon decaying organic materials for their existence) but he also destroyed the process by which these organisms operated to break down chemical combinations of inorganic minerals, unlocking them and making them available to plants and consequently to animals and people. In other words, he interrupted a natural chain reaction together with the balance by which soils are created and re-created and by which they can constantly restore themselves.

On the whole this destructive process has been called agriculture for thousands of years. Only here and there in very limited regions and among a few farmers throughout history have there existed exceptions to the general pattern.

It is one of the common assumptions of the layman that crops consume great quantities

of minerals out of the soil, thus depleting it rapidly. Actually no such thing occurs. No plant, even greedy corn or cotton, takes as much as 5 per cent of its weight or growth from the soil. Many plants take much less than that. The rest comes out of sunlight, air, and water through the miraculous process of photosynthesis, which ends by providing us with the proteins and oils necessary to our existence. A small amount of minerals, however, is necessary in order for the process of photosynthesis to take place, and the capacity for production of fiber and seed is in turn largely determined by the quality of balance or imbalance existing among the minerals in the soils.

In many cases, it is not actual mineral depletion which reduces crop yields to the point where a farm becomes "worn out," so much as poor agricultural practices which make the minerals unavailable. The same minerals are still in existence but they have been reduced virtually to the same condition in which they existed at the time that organic life began on this planet.

In the hands of a truly modern, intelligent farmer these "worn-out" farms can be restored rapidly, and at an economically possible cost, to the level of their original production; and sometimes—through the addition of fertilizers to correct poor mineral balances and by new hybrid and more productive plants—they may be raised above the level of the original virgin soil production in terms of quality as well as quantity.

This is an operation which I have observed as taking place or having already been achieved on a great number of so-called "worn-out" farms through the South, the Atlantic seaboard, and the Middle West. It is exactly the process we have employed on our own worn-out land at Malabar Farm, where today we are growing more of most crops per acre than has ever been grown before on this land. In the process we have spent less money on fertilizer than is spent annually on many farms providing much lower yields. The process is neither expensive in terms of money nor is it in any sense a short cut. We work with Nature rather than against her, following the very method by which Nature built up some of our richest soils, and speeding up the

process immeasurably through technology and mechanization. In an area of once eroded land, no more erosion occurs today with the land under intensive cultivation than occurred when the same land was covered by hardwood forest. Possibly there is even less erosion.

It is to these low-production or "worn-out" farms that we must turn in this country for further increases in agricultural production since we have no more rich virgin land. To a great extent this is also true of the rest of the world.

Nature, to be sure, laid down her accumulations of minerals in a haphazard way and in combinations of great variety so that, contrary to the belief of the average person, not all virgin soils are good or productive soils. Indeed some virgin soils are miserably unbalanced and deficient in many elements. The point is that today, for the first time in the history of agriculture, we know pretty well what *does* make a productive soil and we have the means, within economic reason, of eventually making all soils of *any potentiality whatever* into balanced and very nearly perfect soils.

If our agriculture in this country were operating 100 per cent on this kind of soil, we could without question feed three to four times our present population at the nutritional levels to which we are accustomed. Moreover, our food would cost much less and the farmer would be making a greater profit since the rule which has made American industry supreme in the world applies equally to agriculture—the rule that the more you produce per unit, per man-hour, per dollar invested, the cheaper is the cost and the greater the profit.

In laying down minerals and in the process of translating these from inorganic to organic form, Nature has created a few soils which were originally very nearly perfect. Among these, perhaps at the very top, are the Black Belt soils of Alabama, Texas, and the Ukraine. In Alabama these soils, first depleted of organic materials and converted into "dead" soils, have been allowed to erode away until in the greater part of the area the soils are no longer black, but gray. In Texas the same soils, put under the plow from seventy-five to one hundred years later, have also suf-

fered from erosion, though to a lesser degree. But while they remain black, the yields per acre have fallen off as much as 50 per cent or more during the past few years. This is not because of mineral depletion, but because the destruction of organic materials and the failure to replenish them has made the Black Belt soil a dead soil in which the natural mineral fertility has become largely unavailable.

Soil specialists in the area do not recommend the use of chemical fertilizers, because the natural mineral fertility of these soils and the quality of their mineral balance are still so superior that chemical fertilizers would add nothing to the potential fertility. But organic material of any kind mixed into these soils produces miraculous results. A crop of hubam or annual sweet clover plowed into a field can raise production in one year 30 per cent or more, merely by reintroducing into the soil the natural process of birth, growth, death, decay, and rebirth which maintains moisture and makes the native minerals available to plants and consequently to animals and people. This is only one of the many instances in which, simply by proper agricultural methods, the yields of soils can be increased enormously—in some areas, similar to our own in Ohio, even increased many hundred per cent.

The great wheat area of the Southwest offers another striking example of the effect upon production of applying knowledge and common sense to agriculture. In the past the rule for three years was on an average one total crop failure, one fair year, and one good year. There has been no failure in the wheat crop since 1939, and in nearly every year the crops have been of bumper proportions. It could be said that the dust storms (and this was the great Dust Bowl area) have virtually ceased, or at least become almost wholly localized.

This change was not brought about through altered climatic conditions, but by a simple change in methods of agriculture. The old-fashioned mold-board plow has been abandoned and a "ripping" plow, which tears up the soil without turning it over and burying all rubbish and organic material, has been substituted. No longer do the farmers who know on which side their bread is buttered burn over the residue of straw, leaving the

ground bare. Instead they chop it or work it into the surface, sometimes to a depth of four to five inches. Some farmers are using subsoilers or great chisels which rip up the soil to a depth as great as twenty inches or more, breaking up the hardpan and admitting to the mineral reserve, deep down, both the air and the moisture which help to make it available to the crops growing on the surface.

The rubbish left on the surface or chopped into it has the power of reducing the velocity of a sixty-miles-an-hour gale to about eight miles an hour on the surface of the fields. Thoroughly worked ground, full of surface rubbish, entraps virtually *all* the rainfall which on the clean worked fields of the past largely ran off the hard and sometimes caked surface, creating soil erosion and downstream floods.

Today, under the new agriculture, all of this rainfall, eccentric and undependable and generally in the form of heavy downfalls in this area, is trapped and carried deep into the ground as a reserve for crops during the dry season that follows. Moreover, it is protected from subsequent evaporation by wind and water by the insulating layer of rubbish and straw mixed into the surface of the earth above. The result is an immense conservation of the moisture so vital to all crops, and a noticeable check upon erosion by wind and water.

In the past the success or failure of a wheat crop was virtually determined by the amount and timing of rainfall. Today this element of chance has been nearly eliminated through a purely technological change in agriculture. Although rainfall has been below normal in the area during the past three years and not too well distributed, there has been no crop failure. The answer is, of course, that through intelligent methods backed by modern machinery a twelve-inch total rainfall is as valuable as a sixteen-inch rainfall under the old pattern of agriculture, since nearly all rainfall is trapped and insulated. At least one great source of the world's most valuable food, wheat, has been largely insured against the caprices of weather.

On the horizon, there exist countless other factors contributing to the world's potential ability to feed itself well. Germany has led

the way in producing high-protein foods and feed for cattle out of sawdust and the wastes of the forestry industry.

The manipulations of yeast and the use of algae to produce high proteins and even fats is already in an advanced stage and is completely practical as a means of increasing supplies both of high proteins, by which we live, and fats and oils which are indispensable to our health and eventually to our existence. The government station at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, is experimenting with the planting of clams to be harvested as a crop. An acre of the waters of Chesapeake Bay produces more high-protein food than any acre of land under cultivation anywhere in the world, and this production can be increased still further by the program of management being worked out by the Federal government and the states adjoining the Bay area. The control of soil erosion and of industrial and city pollution alone in this region would doubtless add an increase of 25 per cent or more to the yields.

The wholesale advance of grass farming by which hilly or marginal land unadapted to other agricultural uses can be developed for growing high-quality grass forage for cattle, sheep, poultry, and to some extent hogs, thus releasing grain supplies for direct consumption by people, offers further possibilities of augmenting the supply of such high-protein foods as meat and the whole range of poultry and dairy products. All of this is involved in a program of proper land use, of understanding soils and their fundamental inexhaustibility, and of getting optimum production off each kind.

In all these advances technology, and in particular mechanization, cannot be overlooked. Today if a farmer has a few bright days he can—through the proper use of mechanization—plant, cultivate, or harvest a crop and save it all, where in the past he might have lost part or all of it. Mechanization has introduced as well a great number of tools such as the subsoiler, the field tiller, the Graham-Hoehme "ripping" plow now in use throughout the Great Plains area, and many other implements adapted to the new agriculture and designed to achieve optimum production. Moreover, mechanization, together with all

the other factors dealt with above, can bring down the cost of food, increase profits to the farmer, and expand the purchasing power of the dollars of all of us.

Agricultural scientists are now making valuable new discoveries through the use of the spectograph, which had hitherto been used to determine the mineral contents of distant planets. Today this instrument can be used not only to determine the mineral composition of soils, down to the smallest trace elements, but also to determine the mineral content of vegetables and so fix their nutritional value. These values are not all the same in the same vegetable, as many housewives assume. Two heads of lettuce can vary as much as 75 per cent in their nutrition content, according to mineral content and balance of the soils on which they were grown.

In a half-dozen places agricultural research workers are using radioactive isotopes of various minerals to trace the part each mineral plays in the growth and productivity of any plant. It is highly probable that in the near future these workers will be able to understand and explain one of the miracles of the universe—how a plant is able, by the process of photosynthesis, to turn sunlight, air, and water into proteins and oils, and to provide us and the whole animal kingdom with the basic means of existence upon earth. The prospects opened by such a discovery are almost endless.

At Freeport, Texas, the Dow Chemical Company, pushing further and further the processes by which magnesium was extracted during the war from sea water, is succeeding in the recovery of many other valuable elements. The sea, to be sure, is the source from which all of us came when the first fish went ashore to live, and all the elements of the sea are still necessary in the production of human beings who are intelligent and healthy. The sea is the repository of all the minerals and elements which have been washed down into it since the beginning of time, and if they can be recovered at a reasonable economic cost in great quantities, they can make agricultural land highly productive. The supply, of course, is inexhaustible. In the past the process of recovering elements directly from the sea for use in agriculture has been economically pro-

hibitive, but today the prospect of recovering an incredible amount of potential fertility at a reasonable cost is within sight.

If what we already know were simply applied to all the agricultural land of the world and the problem of proper distribution were given consideration, the world could feed itself well. The means are at hand and available. The solution is up to man and his governments—whether he chooses to go on raising less and less and increasing his numbers meanwhile, or whether he and his governments choose to settle down and produce those great quantities of food which it is potentially possible to produce.

It is an apparently valid law of biology that, as diet and living standards move upward, the increases in population coming from the lower economic levels tend to stabilize themselves somewhere within the limits of reasonable potential food supplies. The poorer the diet and living conditions, the faster the population tends to breed, apparently in agreement with the Darwinian theory that

plants and animals under adverse conditions reproduce frantically in order that some of the species may survive. It is not impossible that once we begin to feed the world properly, particularly the more starved areas, the population problem in relation to the food supply will tend to correct itself.

The truth is that man, since agriculture began with the first cave man who burned over a little plot of grass or forest and worked it until it would no longer produce, has been living off the countryside like an invading army destroying everything as it moved. Largely speaking, he has fought Nature instead of working with her, and now finds himself face to face with perhaps the most formidable problem of his existence.

We know today how to produce food and to produce it in great and increasing quantities. We know how to create soils that are better and more productive than all but a very few of those created by Nature in her haphazard way. We don't have to starve.

Cecil Brown

STAND BY FOR TORPEDO

Cecil Brown (1907-) began his world travels shortly after he finished college when he and his brother stowed away on a ship bound for South America. A year later, he shipped out as an able seaman on a freighter headed for the Black Sea. After this experience, he settled down in the United States for a few years, working on newspapers in various parts of the country, until, in 1937, he decided to try his luck free-lance in Europe. During the war years he was employed by CBS and journeyed halfway round the world—from Rome (he was expelled from Italy in 1940 for his criticism of the Fascists) to Yugoslavia, Ankara, Cairo, and finally, via Rangoon and the Malayan jungle, to Singapore, where he experienced the exciting adventure reported below. On his return to the United States in 1942 Cecil Brown published a book called Suez to Singapore, and continued his radio commenting for CBS and more recently for the Mutual Broadcasting System.

Because it is a vivid account of a kill-or-be-killed experience, and because the event reported is extremely significant in the history of warfare, "Stand By for Torpedo" may well be considered a classic piece of report writing.

1. We were looking for trouble and we were ready for it. "Looking for trouble," was the way Admiral Phillips put it when we sailed out of Singapore on that unforgettable Monday, December 8th, at dusk, for a sweep northward to intercept the convoys reinforcing the Japanese bridgeheads on the north coast of Malaya. We were looking for trouble. We found it.

2. It's Wednesday now, and my watch says it's 11 A.M. The *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales* are still hunting, but they're also being hunted. Yesterday, at 5:20 P.M., during a one-hour break in the gray, rain-filled clouds, the Jap Nakajima Naka 93 spotted us. The Nakajima Naka 93 is a twin-float reconnaissance plane. The plane shadowed us constantly and

we expected an attack all last night, convinced it would come, inevitably, at any moment.

3. I wasn't worried, particularly, for the very good reason that under me there were 32,000 tons of armor-clad ship—*H.M.S. Repulse*. And around me were 1,260 stanch sailormen. Half a mile ahead *H.M.S. Prince of Wales* steamed at 26 knots through the South China Sea, 55 miles from the Malay Coast, 150 miles north of Singapore. The beautiful ship moved with what seemed a prideful invulnerability and accentuated our sense of security.

4. The clouds have gone now, and the sky is a robin's-egg blue and the sun is bright yellow. Our ships move through pea-green water, white where the hulls cleave it. Ahead, the *Wales'* fifteen-inch guns jut from port and starboard from turrets that bulge like muscles. They seem to quiver, eagerly. A few destroy-

STAND BY FOR TORPEDO: Reprinted by permission of the author and the publisher, from *Collier's*, January 17, 1942.

ers flank us. They are pygmy ships and seem ridiculous and impertinent in such powerful company.

5. The crews, their battle bowlers on, are sitting beside their guns, waiting for attack alarm. Standing on the flag deck, I look down over the decks of the *Repulse*. The pom-poms, multiple high-altitude ack-acks, are pointed skyward. The guns seem no less eager for combat than the crews themselves.

6. The flag deck is a good spot from which to watch most phases of any action. Of course it has its disadvantages too. Yesterday one of the deck officers said to me, quietly, "You know, old boy, in every action there are usually casualties on the flag deck." I said, "Thanks."

7. I wear a white antirash hood, something like the snow helmets the boys wear skiing. It covers the head over an ordinary steel helmet and comes down over the shoulders. It's to protect against burns from exploding shells or bombs. Jumpers cover my shorts and bush jacket. I've got a camera hanging around my neck. Wonder if I'll get a chance to use it?

8. At 11 A.M., to the second, the ship's communications system bellows: "Enemy aircraft approaching—Action Stations!" I see them coming, 10,000 feet high, like a lengthened star-sapphire necklace, grayish against the blue sky.

9. Flame tongues flash from the guns of the *Wales* up ahead and just as the blasts reach us the guns of the *Repulse* let go. I've never been so close to so many big guns before. The roar is deafening. The flash of flame from their barrel mouths is blinding.

10. I'm standing on the flag deck, in the lee of a funnel, eight feet from a battery of pom-poms. I'm getting my tonsils sunburned by gaping open-mouthed at the planes overhead, at the bombs coming down, materializing suddenly out of nothingness and streaming toward us like ever-enlarging teardrops. There's a magnetic, hypnotic, limb-freezing fascination in that sight.

11. Nine Jap planes are now directly overhead. Their formation is undisturbed. The sky is filled with black puffs and they seem a discordant profanation of that beautiful sky. Suddenly, fifteen feet off the side of the ship, directly opposite where I'm standing, a geyser

of water rises and drenches us and simultaneously we feel the crash of a bomb on the catapult deck.

12. All around us the water rises in white pyramids. I hear the cry, "Fire in marines' mess and hangar!" I run back to see the damage but the bomb penetrated and exploded, and only smoke is coming up. Our aircraft is knocked off its track and a red-bearded New Zealand fleet air-arm pilot is atop the crane attempting to lift the plane to drop it overside, since its gasoline constitutes a menace. As I pass the gun crews they seem extraordinarily calm, replenishing ammunition, laughing. "Let's get them all next time." I hear somebody say, "Bloody good bombing for those blokes." When I return to the flag deck I note a three-inch hole in the funnel from a bomb-splinter eighteen inches above the spot where I'd been standing. It's obvious my number isn't up yet. Just as I reach the flag deck again I see a splash three miles distant off the port beam and a roar goes up: "We got him!"

13. Smoke is still coming up from the catapult deck and strenuous efforts are under way to control the fire. Four stokers come up to the flag deck to get first aid. They're blackened and scorched, and their clothes are water-soaked.

14. They are very calm but wild-eyed and stunned, and their hands are shaking. It isn't a pleasant sight, and someone says, "Make way for these men. They need first aid."

15. A stoker says, "Water. I want some water." A glass is placed to his lips.

16. It's 11:40. The *Prince of Wales* seems to be hit. She's reduced her speed and signals, "We've a man overboard." A destroyer pushes up to her side. Standing less than 100 feet away, it's as incongruous as a baby running to protect its mamma. The flag-deck lieutenant says: "Those Japs were good, weren't they?"

17. I say, "Too good to suit me. How badly is the *Wales* hit?" The lieutenant says, "I don't know. They haven't told us yet."

18. We are all lighting cigarettes, sucking deeply, and our exhalations are more like sighs. The pause is too brief. At 11:45 distant specks appear. Now they are identifiable. They are nine torpedo-carrying bombers,

circling a mile away at one thousand feet. They are now like moths around our flaming guns.

19. They swoop lower. A bugle blows to stand by. The communications pipes roar to stand by for a barrage, and instantly every gun aboard the *Repulse* is stuttering and roaring and the whole ship vibrates and the pom-poms are tossing empties furiously. But their clatter is unheard in the bigger roar of the guns. A voice beside me says, "Look at those yellow — come!" The *Repulse* is twisting and snaking violently to avoid torpedoes. My only weapon is a fountain pen and a notebook, so I sidle beside a multiple Vickers gun spewing 2,000 half-inch bullets every minute.

20. A few feet to my right an eight-barreled pom-pom is spitting, and half a dozen feet away a four-inch high-altitude ack-ack is crashing, its barrel nearly horizontal instead of skyward, to meet the onrushing torpedo bombers, which are coming down gracefully 100 yards above the water.

21. A cooling liquid is gushing over the guns and the paint blisters on them are as big as tennis balls. Gunners are moving like a movie running too fast. Some are very young and eager and breathless with excitement, their faces streaked with sweat. The white cloth antifiash helmets covering their heads, cheeks and shoulders are now soaked and discolored. Some are wearing life belts and Mae Wests.

22. A whole pom-pom swings this way and that, with its seated trigger man, feet braced, riding with it. That is a dizzy job.

23. I've already seen three torpedoes drop. One plane just dropped a torpedo 300 yards distant. The whole side of the plane is exposed. Shells and tracers are ripping into it. It's fascinating to watch.

24. The tracers are cross-stitching the sky, at eye level, with long, thin white lines, slightly curved. For me this whole picture—orange flame belching from the four-inchers, white tracers from pom-poms and Vickers guns, and gray airplanes so close I can see the pilots' profiles; astonishingly close, like butterflies pinned on blue cardboard—is a confusing, macabre kind of fun.

25. But this, I realize, is deadly business too. Three gunners ten feet from me slump over with Japanese machine-gun bullets in them.

It's difficult to comprehend sudden death. But they aren't the only casualties in this terrible moment. A torpedo bomber has just dropped a tin fish and banked without gaining altitude. It glides beautifully, parallel with the *Repulse* at a ten-degree angle and still tracers are plowing into it. It doesn't seem to me the plane is going to crash until an instant later I see that it isn't going to pull out and is still gliding toward the sea. It strikes the water and immediately bursts into flame.

26. I run to the starboard side of the flag deck, where another torpedo bomber is coming in. It is difficult to judge distance but I guess it's no more than 200 yards away when it swerves. I don't see the torpedo. And with good reason. There's a huge hole in the side of the plane. It's aflame, and instantly it seems to buckle. As though it's got a cramp it dives, shapeless, flaming, seaward. It's just a pillar of fire until it hits the water and spreads out into nothingness.

27. There are nine bombers in that attack which ends at 11:51.

28. A flag-deck sailor runs past to transmit a message to the bridge deck directly above: "*Prince of Wales*, steering gear is gone." The decks of the *Repulse* are littered with empty shell cases. Upon the faces of the sailors there's a mixture of incredulity and a sort of sensuous pleasure, but I don't detect fear. There's an ecstatic happiness, but strangely, I don't see anything approaching hate for the attackers. For the British this is a contest. This facial expression is interpreted by an officer who turns to me and says: "Plucky blokes, those Japs. That was as beautiful an attack as ever I expect to see." He'll never see another action. He's at the bottom of the South China Sea.

29. Our great concern is that the Japs are going to crash-dive the ship. I know enough about naval warfare to know that the flag deck is a good spot on which to crash-dive. Suddenly it occurs to me how wonderful it would be to be back in Ohio. A voice says: "Here they come again."

30. At 12:01 ten torpedo bombers launch an attack at all angles. One even launches a torpedo directly astern, which seems silly since we are twisting rapidly. Planes coming from port and starboard are headed directly at the

bow. I see the *Prince of Wales* being subjected to an attack also and a bomber is coming toward us from a thousand yards, directly ahead.

31. I think, "Here comes a crash-dive." No, this certainly isn't fun. The smell of cordite is suffocating. My eyes ache with the blows of shell blasts.

32. It's the same as before—amazingly daring torpedo bombers are targets for mere moments and are seemingly unaffected by the almost solid wall of shells and bullets. The water is streaked with the tracks of torpedoes. A sudden roar goes up on one side of the ship. It's another bomber down, but I didn't see it.

33. If it wasn't so awe-inspiring it would be routine; the way planes rush in, drop a tin fish, machine-gun the decks of the *Repulse* and roar away. Now they're all gone. Those who are able to light cigarettes do so, and I take off my steel helmet and notice the sailors blowing up their life belts.

34. At 12:20 I see ten bombers approaching. It's impossible to tell whether this will be a high-level or a torpedo attack. They come closer, lower, and it's definitely a torpedo attack. The communications pipes again, "Stand by for barrage," and hell breaks loose. A plane is diving straight for the middle of the ship off the port side, 500 yards away, and tracers are rushing to meet it, but it comes on and now seems suspended in the air 100 yards above the water and the torpedo drops.

35. It is streaking for us. There is a deadly fascination in watching it. The watcher shouts, "Stand by for a torpedo." The torpedo strikes the ship about twenty yards astern of my position. It feels as though the ship has crashed a dock. I am thrown four feet across the deck but I keep my feet. Almost immediately, it seems, the ship lists and the communications pipes bellow: "Blow up your life belts." I take down mine from the shelf and start putting it on, having blown two or three puffs into the tube when communications says: "All possible men to starboard."

36. But a Japanese plane invalidated that command. Instantly there's another crash to starboard. Incredibly quickly, the *Repulse* is listing to port, and I haven't finished blowing up my life belt. Captain William Tennant's cool voice is piped over the commu-

nications system: "All hands on deck. Abandon ship. God be with you!"

37. Those last words came out of the ship's loud-speakers. We all start streaming down the ladders to reach the quarter-deck. The coolness of everyone is incredible. There is no pushing, but no pausing either. One youngster seems in a great hurry and an officer quietly says to him: "Now, now, we are all going along that way, too."

38. Beside a pom-pom two men are dead. I see four sailors, two of them midshipmen, just eighteen, carry a comrade with a machine-gunned leg to the edge of the ship and throw him seaward to give him a chance to be rescued. I see a lifeboat jammed with ratings (British for seamen) and a half a dozen officers.

39. I climb a cable hand over hand and finally I swing myself into a tiny, precarious corner. Someone shouts, "This boat will never get off."

40. As a matter of fact, no boats of the *Repulse* take away. We all pile out. I drop ten feet to the slippery, slanting deck and crash into a bulkhead. I'm dizzy when I pick myself up and scramble away on my hands and knees, grabbing cables and deck protuberances to reach the edge of the ship. The ship is almost on her side and in a swell position to capsize and there are at least 500 heads bobbing in the water.

41. The tide is sweeping them swiftly astern. From masts fore and aft men jump 70, 80, 90 feet into the sea. One doesn't jump far enough and hits the slanting hull and crumples and flops into the water like a sack of wet cement. Another misses his direction and dives straight down a funnel, but most appear to leap clear. Standing on the edge of the ship, which is now like the ridge of an Army tent, I hate to leave the *Repulse*.

42. The whole thing has become suddenly unbelievable, and now I see the *Prince of Wales* sinking, shrouded in smoke. Men beside me are sliding down the side of the ship, bouncing their rumps over rivets, hitting bulges and shooting off into space. An officer who last evening said to me, "I find *Alice in Wonderland* the best book to read during wartime," stands up and dives. He dives back inside the ship, into the torpedo hole under the water line.

43. Sailors are throwing into the sea any-

thing floatable. I turn back. On deck there's a padre, who is administering to a dying gunner. Men are running along the hull of the ship to dive from a point nearer the water. As though a hammer had crashed down on my head it suddenly came to me: "Cecil, old boy, you aren't going to get out of this."

44. You do queer things at such moments. I take off my shoes and carefully lay them down together as I would at the foot of a bed. I see the admiralty photographer engaged in similar idiocy. He opens a lifeboat locker and places his expensive camera inside and carefully closes the lid.

45. I am most unwilling to leave behind my new portable typewriter, which is in my cabin and now under water. I slide down four feet along the side of the ship and brace my feet in a porthole and remove my steel helmet and lay it inside the port. Ten feet away the whole hull is torn as wide and jagged as a slashed tin can.

46. I still hate to leave the crazy-angled ship and my false security for that oily mess below. A sailor at my side stands up and dives with outstretched arms. Beautiful. That decides me.

47. I jump twenty feet. My ignorance of shipwreck technique is profound. It doesn't occur to me to swim away from the ship to avoid the suction until I see others striking out vigorously. It doesn't occur to me that the ship might explode or the oil catch fire.

48. But now I'm swimming away and I grab a small piece of wood, and when I'm 50 feet from the *Repulse* I slide under water. The stern is vertical and almost immediately I feel the powerful suction, and oil sweeps over my head and I swallow much of that unpleasant stuff. The wood I'd grabbed was a small bench and I hang onto it and manage to lie atop it and take off my socks.

49. But the effort required is excessive and I drink oil again, and someone calls across the water, "You all right, old boy?" I say, "Yes," and gulp more oil.

50. I'm not giving up, but I have suddenly a pessimistic view of my chances of floating a half mile to the destroyers. The tide and oil make swimming difficult. Every face in the water around me is black with oil.

51. One ten yards distant yells, "I've a

cramp," and disappears. I see four or five others just give up and slide under water without a sound. One officer is blowing up the life belts of half a dozen seamen in the water. The stronger are constantly swimming to the side of men who are getting glassy-eyed, some supporting others and hanging onto planks.

52. Many faces are blood-streaked and oil-soaked. After 55 minutes in the water I manage to reach a Carley float which is jam-packed. A Royal marine pulls me up and supports me to keep me from falling off. Jap planes are still overhead. Someone says, "Watch out for those yellow —, they're going to machine-gun us," and another says, "Best thing to do is dive under water." A marine rasps out, "Shut up with that guff!" I thought, "After all this we gotta get machine-gunned."

53. I knew that if I dived under water I'd never come up. But the Japs don't molest us, although if one bomb drops anywhere near, it will kill us all with its concussion. After an hour and a half the raft gains a destroyer, and a line is tossed to us. The marine loops it around me and yells, "Heave up," and I'm dragged through foot-thick oil and hauled on deck. Admiral Phillips and Captain Leach have gone down with the *Prince of Wales*, and Captain Tennant of the *Repulse* is saved. I am suddenly very tired, but I am not too tired to inquire about the officer I'd seen pumping life belts for the glassy-eyed sailors.

54. It seems that while in the water he took off his belt and gave it to a sailor who was unable to swim. The officer isn't among the survivors.

55. Some of those men running alongside ship to dive jumped off the stern and, since the screws were still turning, they were caught in the blades. At least twelve marines died thus. Highest dive made was by a midshipman. He leaped from atop the mainmast, the highest point on the ship. He dived 170 feet and was saved.

56. On the Carley float I managed to reach, one sailor lay back and died from exhaustion and from swallowing oil. We were forced to push him off to make room for others still in the water and hanging precariously onto the float. I'm glad I knew how to swim.

Philip Wylie

—AND WHAT ABOUT HURRICANES?

Philip Wylie (1902-), novelist and short story writer, was born in Montclair, New Jersey, where his father was a Congregational minister and his mother a writer of popular fiction. He received his college training at Princeton University. In his varied writing career he has been press agent, staff writer of The New Yorker, script writer for Paramount Pictures and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, newspaper columnist, magazine contributor, and editor for the publishing house of Rinehart. He has written a large number of books, among which Finnley Wrenn, 1934, Night unto Night, 1944, and Generation of Vipers, 1942, are perhaps best known because of the relentless castigation they give American manners and morals.

Though as an author Mr. Wylie is often in a state of high anger, the following report of his experience with a hurricane in Miami, Florida, his present home, is told objectively—with a fine gift of choosing detail that recreates for the reader the emotion and the subjective reaction of an on-the-spot experience.

1. The sky was blue innocence, the air as washed and warm as on any tropic day, and the sun made the landscape glow. It was the morning after another hurricane. I came downstairs and began the usual inventory.

2. Our rooms would have been very dark—because of the cypress shutters over the windows and glass doors—but we had left one deeply recessed opening unbarred. Light came grayly from there; the outdoors, seen through it, was as brilliant as the color picture on the screen of a dim theater.

3. I flipped a switch. No light. I'd expected none. The telephone, lifted from its cradle, emitted no hum. It had gone out at eleven the evening before. In the kitchen I turned a tap unhopefully, but this time our city water flowed. I let the hot tap run, since the tanks would still be warm, filled a kettle and set it on the miniature stove beside the inert coils

of the electric range. I struck a match, but its damp head smeared, so I snapped a cigarette lighter and set afire the can of solidified alcohol.

4. The louvers on the kitchen door opened with effort. The door itself resisted until I pushed hard enough to crack branches, of which there was a drifted heap in the carport where our two automobiles were jammed deliberately against each other and a concrete wall. The cars were polka-dotted with thousands of poinciana leaflets and stood hub-deep in debris. But no glass was broken and they seemed all right.

5. No morning paper on the steps. A glance down the curving driveway gave one possible explanation: it was blocked by limbs from our live-oak trees, limbs thigh-thick, heaped as high as the top of a big truck. The lawn lay invisible beneath vegetation, with pans, tins, pots, flower containers and other objects here and there—objects less careful neighbors or people somewhere had failed to take indoors. I walked toward the green barricade in the drive. Lo and behold, the newspaper lay there, after all! The boy had come as close

—AND WHAT ABOUT HURRICANES?: Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *The Saturday Evening Post*, December 30, 1950, where it appeared under the title "How to Live Through a Hurricane." Copyright 1950 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

to our house as he could and tossed it over the heap. Its headline read:

DAMAGE MAY REACH 30 MILLIONS

6. To the left was the poinsettia bed, a hundred feet long, hewn in hard rock by the gardener and myself, filled by wheelbarrow with special dirt and planted with choice cuttings which this year were expected to produce a wall of scarlet. Two great oak branches and a tree now lay upon the bed, poinsettias crushed beneath. The foot-thick trunk of the tree was splintered; it had been tossed by last night's wind from a nearby woods onto our floral border.

7. I walked around the high brick wall that masks the clothes-drying yard. A huge solanum vine, still in flower when the red-and-black hurricane-warning flags were hoisted, lay prostrate in the yard, and not a blossom left. Where the parasol-wide leaves of the taro had tented a corner of the house, was a green wreck. The pads of the tropical water lilies in the pool I'd spent months digging and cementing were turned up and tattered like flounces on the dress of a drowned girl. Rain that fell inches in minutes had brimmed the little pond; leaves, twigs and branches filled it.

8. The oak at its base was probably done for. Two branches of seven remained; the rest stood stiffly in the sunshine, like the shot-off fingers of a cupped hand. Beyond, in the acres of our land that are pine and palmetto, the blasted stumps of a few trees showed; but most still stood. And the house itself was unscathed.

9. I went back into the murky kitchen, slapping at mosquitoes, perspiring a little from the October sun and the dampness of the green-smelling morning. The kettle was hot now. I put a heaping spoonful of powdered coffee in a cup, added sugar and then cream from the still-cold but slowly defrosting refrigerator, poured the hot water, drank coffee and opened up the morning paper.

Mrs. Wylie came downstairs. Ricky, we call her. She looked at me for a moment and smiled. "How did we do?"

"Dandy," I said. "Just dandy!"

10. On the morning of the day before, a friend, knowing that we rarely listened to the radio, had phoned early. She had been a little

bit jeering: "You should have stayed north longer! That hurricane fumbling around Jamaica is headed this way now! It's the ninth or tenth spotted this year, and I hope it misses, like the others!"

11. We were busy. We had other plans. But the same thing was true of all the half million people that morning in South Florida: the business went undone and the plans were canceled. Ricky, like tens of thousands of other housewives, has a routine for such occasions, and I, like as many husbands, have my set chores.

12. We tested our radio, but it didn't work. So that got priority on the list. We were warned at nine o'clock. By noon we'd had new batteries put in the radio, so it would work without its regular power supply.

13. Our gardener, luckily on hand, by noon had spread the solid board hurricane shutters on the lawn and commenced to carry them to the proper windows. Galvanized wing nuts and washers, brass screws and heavy bolts in glass jars marked "Hurricane" had been brought down from shelves. Both cars had been filled with gasoline, for there is no way to tell, when a hurricane is hours distant, how bad it will be, and therefore how many days may pass with the power off and gasoline pumps not functioning. The extension ladder was leaning against the house. The stepladders had been carried outdoors.

14. Ricky had shopped. The two-gallon kerosene can was full, for lamps. The can for "white" gasoline also was full, for the lantern. Extra batteries to fit sundry electric lamps and flashlights were on hand. She had stocked a fresh supply of candles, a dozen cans of solidified alcohol, powdered coffee, enough tinned staples to keep us fed without heat or ice for two weeks, if need be. People with freezer units can sometimes get dry ice to carry their produce over a period without electric power, but we have no unit. So she cooked the meat on hand. It would keep longer that way.

15. We have a spaniel named Popcorn; there was a three-week supply of canned food for him. Ricky had also bought a half-dozen bug bombs, against the good possibility that our screens might be damaged beyond easy and early repair, so that to sleep in any com-

fort we would have to seal up and spray a bedroom.

16. She'd set out raincoats and heavy boots and old towels in case of leaks just as I'd set out an ax in case of blockaded doors and fire extinguishers because of the lamps and the approaching wind.

17. Every two hours on the half hour, our radio stopped playing dance music or reporting world affairs or discussing the merits of advertised goods, and we—the half million of us—were transferred to the Weather Bureau. There, a calm but urgent voice made its reports, which are called advisories and were repeated at half-hour intervals by the regular announcers on all stations—stations which, in a few more hours, largely would fall silent as their tall steel towers crashed in a roaring night.

18. The storm, the voice would say, is at such-and-such latitude and longitude. Then it would translate: so many miles south and east of Miami and coming north and west at ten or eleven miles an hour. Or standing still for a while over some empty, tempestuous stretch of the sea. "Planes scouting the storm report wind velocities near the center at upward of a hundred miles an hour. This is a small but dangerous hurricane, and all safety measures and other preparations should be rushed!"

19. After the Weather Bureau, would come the voice of an announcer for the Red Cross. He would tell the listeners—sure of an excellent audience—what schools and other public buildings had been designated as shelters. Anybody who felt unsafe would be welcome—men, women and children, bearing their own food and water and flashlights, if they had them, but not pets. Pets were to be left behind with supplies of food and water. And expectant mothers were to be taken to Jackson Memorial Hospital; the storm might be so furious that the stork could get through, but not the doctor.

20. People in trailers, people in rickety houses, people living near the sea and frightened by the expectation of rising tides, packed up their families in family cars or took busses to the shelters—which were opened at two in the afternoon. Some other people, listening, but oversanguine, decided to ride it out where

they were. Of those, some were subsequently regretful, and at least three lost their lives.

21. Toward one o'clock we decided to eat lunch downtown. The commercial buildings were already boarded up. But it seemed to us that Miami's pre-hurricane overture of hammers pounding wasn't loud enough in the residential sections. Perhaps the storms had called "wolf" and missed Miami too often that year. Or perhaps that word "small" sounded more cogent to many householders than the familiar word "dangerous." Most people with homes, at any rate, weren't doing much. But the boat owners were taking precautions. The city's many drawbridges went up and down as yachts, fishing cruisers, houseboats, sailboats and even outboards paraded up the rivers and canals to anchorages between high banks.

22. The restaurant was battened down, electric-lighted and full of people. Some seemed excited, but others looked tired and grim. Perhaps they'd been in hurricanes before and doubtless they'd boarded up for nothing several times that year. Near our table sat a group of badge-wearing delegates, members of one of the three conventions in town at the time.

23. A man among them proclaimed in a facetious shout, "If this hurricane misses, I'm going to ask the Chamber of Commerce for my money back! Always did want to see what happened in one!"

"If it hits," Ricky said to me quietly, "he may get his money's worth."

After all, we'd been through five.

24. Eating lunch in a restaurant saved our food supplies and saved energy and time. If the storm speeded up, time might become valuable. We drove home, part of the way in a hard shower that threw thunder across the green landscape and gave way to blue sky again in a few blocks. The storm, said the Weather Bureau, was stalling as of noon. Building up in force, they said.

25. Now the gardener and I began to fasten on the shutters. Each was lifted, fixed over threaded bolts in the window frame, pressed tight and secured by washers and wing nuts. One by one, upstairs and down, most of the windows of our house were thus darkened. Then the doors. Inside it became hot and

gloomy. Outside the shower was repeated, the sky turned blue again and the wind picked up. The big garbage cans went into the shed where the shutters had been stored. The wheelbarrow and sawhorses were put in the concrete-block compost bin, on top of the heap, but below the walls. We brought in the gardenia and the potted plants. Porch furniture was stowed in bedrooms. With a garden hose I set a siphon going to lower our lily pond, knowing the rains might otherwise wash out its population of tropical fish.

26. Our grapefruit and papayas were too green to bother picking. We had no avocados. With a pole-handled tree trimmer, I cut off various fronds and branches which, in a tempest, might be expected to bat against eaves or the power lines leading to our house. I forgot to cut back the nine-foot tulip tree, and in the morning what was left was less than two feet high. And I thought of wrapping up the big, double yellow hibiscus at the corner of my workroom. But I didn't, and that was gone next day. I checked the hand pump on our well, and it was working; we'd have water—potable water—unless the concrete pump house blew away, and the pump with it.

27. Indoors, Ricky and our maid, Hester, had taken up rugs and hung away clothes, filled all the flint lighters, finished the cooking, locked or left open interior doors according to a plan, and set the hurricane gear at strategic points. Hester was dismissed early, and she joined the home-going throngs. School had been let out everywhere at noon and the yellow busses had already taken the children home. We were set now, and this was the time for the phone calls and the visits.

28. Other people, also finished with their precautions, came to see if they could help us. We got into a car and drove over to find out if our friends needed helpers. Some did.

29. Soon after our return, the contractor who had built our house the year before stopped by to see if we were snug, and decided my preparations needed reinforcements. He and I went back up on the ladders and the broad, flat roofs. Afterward he had a cup of coffee. More people phoned. We phoned to a few more, and the wind began to hiss in the treetops. It grew dark. Ricky cooked supper and we ate and then washed the dishes.

30. At eight-thirty the radio said South Florida was surely in for it. The Red Cross gave staccato lists of aid stations and shelters. People had been told everything they could be told. The wind downtown in Miami, in the next couple of hours, rose to hurricane force, which is seventy-five miles and above.

31. At five minutes of eleven our lights went out, after dying and coming on again a few times. We know the moment because the electric clocks stopped then, and the hands stayed there afterward. We had been phoning periodically to relay the advisories to a family whose radio had stopped working in the afternoon. The husband lay abed with a high fever, and one of the children, in trying to light a candle with a damp match, got a blazing coal in her eye. A doctor made it to their house through the rising tumult and found the child painfully, but not seriously injured. We phoned the ten-thirty bulletin to them, and none after that, as our line went dumb at about the time our lights went out.

32. Outdoors it poured. As long as the power lasted, we kept our floodlights on, so we could watch the trees surge and glitter in the horizontal rain, catch sight of vague objects hurtling across the wet night and bounding anonymously on the lawn, and see our shrubs bend low, wave, twist and dig funnels in the earth at their bases. A steady wind steadily rose, giving the landscape just such an appearance and producing just such sound effects as the movies of hurricanes do. Over that wind, however, came the gusts, audible in the distance, screaming as they plowed troughs in the woods around us. The cinema is too feeble to reproduce such sounds as those. It was possible to go out on lee porches, but it was difficult to hear even shouts at any distance.

33. When our lights went, everybody's did near us; the comforting glow of other houses disappeared. It was replaced by flashes far and near—pink and blue and white lights—as transformers burned out and hot wires shorted on the ground or amidst the hurtling tree stems. Then utter darkness, filled with unspeakable din. The radio, now on batteries, stopped and we tuned to another station. A tower had gone down, the new announcer said. His station had switched to a non-direc-

tional beam to cover for stations temporarily out of commission.

34. "Look at the barometer!" Ricky cried. The eye could see it move. Down and down. Twenty-five hundredths in as many seconds. Our ears popped and hurt. Wind rushed from the house through the doors and windows we had left open for the purpose of keeping pressure equalized.

35. The radio talked fast now. Downtown in the main streets, it said, metal shutters were being ripped off many of the big stores. Their great plate-glass windows were bursting into the street as the outdoor pressure dropped. All firemen and police near a certain address were urged to hurry to it: a woman and two children were trapped there in an unroofed home. People were desperately ordered to stay off the streets. Casualties from the exploding windows were mounting where the foolhardy lingered in some supposedly protected spot to watch. More radio towers were falling. More roofs were lifting everywhere. Walls were collapsing. Huge electric signs were falling or dangling and grinding in the wind. The sea was up around thousands of houses. The sand it carried had made streets impassable where fallen trees had not already done so. *Cabañas* along the ocean front, torn up by the seas and the wind, were blowing around the beach.

36. Our house was now a dot in a pitch-dark world. The lamps guttered. A tongue of water slid under a door and spread out on the white terrazzo floor. Ricky threw some of the old towels over the little inundation and wrung them into a pan and left them at the wet crack. The noise was a tremendous roar overridden by the squealing gusts and punctuated by rare cracking sounds as trees broke. Most such noises, however, though loud in themselves, were lost in the general bellow.

37. Now the direction of the hurricane changed and our front porch became a protected place. We went out there. The screens still held, but we could see in the lightning and the beam of a big flashlight that our pines, slim and sixty or seventy feet tall, were bent low. The palms blew all one way, like the loose hair of a woman in a fast-driven roadster. The gusts had become appalling. Though the Weather Bureau had recorded

nothing over a hundred and six miles an hour, I told Ricky I'd eat everything hurled into our yard if the gusts weren't hitting a hundred and a quarter by that time. They were—and in some places maybe a hundred and fifty, the bureau said later. We went back indoors, soon—a little afraid a branch or board might ride the pandemonium onto the porch.

38. The hurricane had reached its peak, but we had no way to tell. Our house, like all properly built houses in that area, was set on foundations of steel and of concrete poured in trenches in the underlying limestone. Ferro-concrete beams at the corners were tied by steel rods into similar heavy beams under the eaves; steel bands attached each separate member of the roof to the beams. Our rafters were double.

39. Ricky and I were far from terrified, but it would be untrue to say we were without apprehension. I've been worse scared by a California quake and in a burning building in Dakota, in a Canadian forest fire, in the 1913 Ohio flood and during a tornado in that same state. I've been more alarmed in a storm at sea. But hurricanes are tricky. Sometimes they contain tornadoes of their own which no construction can withstand. Occasionally a freak, twisting gust wreaks some particular havoc. And this was a strong storm. News of the falling steel towers—that had stood through other blows—and of the unroofing of many houses made that plain. As we felt the majestic mallet blows of the wind, we couldn't help glancing up where the rafters met the beams, to see if a crack showed there or if water was dribbling in.

40. Our exile, like that of all the rest in private homes, was absolute. For an hour, or possibly six or eight hours, we would be alone. The streets and roads were impassable. Communications were nil, except for radio and radio hams. A person might be able to flounder through the frantic night for aid; a person might fail in such an attempt. Any injury, acute sickness or disaster to our house would be our problem to deal with, probably without aid for hours. We sat on the divan and smoked limp cigarettes. Popcorn, our white cocker spaniel, stayed close in spite of the heat, shook, and eyed us with worry. We

thought and spoke about the sleazy houses built for veterans in some of the outlying real-estate developments, and we spoke about the ramshackle sprawl of "colored town" where our Hester had lived until recently.

41. Morning was to see 20,000 houses, mostly the shabby or badly built ones, hit, unroofed or wrecked. Three dead and nearly a hundred hurt, and a miracle the total was so low. But that night the myriad disasters—bits and pieces of which the radio continued to report—were used by us and by hundreds of thousands like us as indices of personal hazard. Would we be next? And how long would we have to endure passively the effort of the elements to tear our house apart?

42. The October hurricane proved the old adage about the want of the nail for which the shoe was lost. The littlest violation of the building codes, the most minor skimping of material—nails too far apart or too small, mortar too poor or too sparingly used, a roofing felt lighter than the prescribed kind, flashing of too thin a gauge let in a finger of the tempest, and the hand and brawny arm thrust in behind. A tile rattled and flipped into the night; the tiles above it were plowed loose. Metal began to vibrate and then tore; the material beneath ballooned, ripped, raced into oblivion, and the roof after it, and then, sometimes, the walls buckled. In days to come, Miami would learn new lore concerning building against hurricanes and learn, shame-facedly, that among its capable builders there were a few cheats. Some people lost everything because a contractor had saved himself as little as ten dollars on a home.

43. "The barometer!" Ricky exclaimed again, after an hour or so. It was rising!

44. The terribleness of the gusts diminished; the general tumult lost energy. In another hour we had such a wind as might blow on any night of a gale, and soon only a stiff breeze. A neighbor—a man who said he liked to cook, but had no opportunity except before hurricanes—had brought us half of a cake. We ate most of that and drank a bottle of milk, which would sour if we did not use it. We were able to realize how tired we were. It was three A.M.

45. I let Popcorn out by a porch door and followed him a few feet through the rain. Not

far. Overhead, branches still hung dangerously amongst the treetops; now and then we heard one let go and crash to earth. Somewhere nearby the wires were down, and of these some carried 13,000 volts; they might be alive still. There was another possible hazard in walking in the dark through fallen brush. It rains so hard in hurricanes that the effect is like that of a flash flood. When the adjacent lowlands are flooded, rattlesnakes sometimes scurry to such high ground as ours. The breed is *adamanteus*, the biggest of the diamond-backs, and we've found him on our lawn, bird hunting, even on pleasant days. I whistled Popcorn back presently, and let the damage census go till we'd had some sleep and until the light came.

46. The next morning, when we'd finished our coffee and made another tour of the premises, we toilsomely began the third part of every hurricane's routine.

47. While Ricky mopped up the mud tracks through the house, I chopped apart the limbs on the drive and manhandled them to one side. Then I tried starting both cars; neither was damped out. We drove over to see how the family with the sick father and the hurt child had fared. At the corner we saw the daughter of another neighbor playing in an uprooted and overturned mountain of trees which till then had stood for perhaps a century.

48. Our friends were safe and we went back, driving past houses with tile roofs like half-scaled fish, under leaning power poles, around roped-off areas where live wires lay, zigzagging through hastily cleared paths in the streets and noticing that not just the brittle trees, but even the mahoganies were riven. Heavy-husked coconuts lay everywhere like a giant's green marbles. Snapped palm and pine trunks stood conspicuously. Stone walls were notched where trees had fallen on them, and sidewalks were sundered where roots had lifted them. People in hundreds were outdoors, doing things or merely looking.

49. Already city trucks were collecting and carting off the mess. Portable cranes were straightening trees. On power poles among the snagged spider webs of wire, umbrellas were lashed to shield from the hot autumn sun linemen who had begun to work as soon

as the wind commenced to drop. Men were setting up concrete lampposts and moving up replacements for metal posts broken by the flung trees. A boy was staring morosely at the ruin of his convertible, and we saw a householder examining a car that had been rolled onto his crotons. Bulldozers shoved boughs and fronds about. Here a roof was gone, yonder a small building had become a pile of cement blocks, and in the distance the stump of a chimney showed.

50. Our shutters had to be set out to dry in such a way as not to warp. I began unbolting them. I next cleared the poinsettia bed, chopping up the large fallen tree to movable sizes. Since our house was dry inside, Ricky went to help people who had wet rugs, sodden draperies, soaked beds, bedraggled linen, drenched and often ruined clothes; people whose windows had broken because they hadn't bothered to put up shutters or whose windows and shutters had failed to keep out horizontal, pressurized streams of water that spurted even through keyholes and drowned whatever was in the rooms.

51. At lunchtime we knocked off and, since the restaurants were open, we met in one. From a human-relations standpoint, it is too bad hurricanes aren't universal and frequent. The restaurant was crowded, strangers doubled up at tables, everybody talked amiably to everybody else—talked a little excitedly and trustingly. Shared peril and subsequent release make all men brothers, briefly.

52. We worked all that day. Hester didn't show up and we worried about her. That night we bathed in the last of the warm water and read by kerosene lamps till we were sleepy.

53. In the morning Hester returned. Her house had suffered only a broken window, but her daughter and six grandchildren had escaped from theirs after the roof came off, but before the walls fell in. These seven, with all possessions lost, had moved in with Hester. "A bad storm," Hester said sorrowfully. "This one was just too bad."

54. By late afternoon of the second day, all the shutters were down again and the house was airy. The limbs and debris I'd piled up ran for fifty feet along the drive in a heap higher than my head, but you couldn't see

the grass for the leaves, still, and there were acres I hadn't even investigated carefully. Our floors were spick-and-span, the lamps were full for another evening, spoiled food had been buried, because it breeds maggots swiftly in this climate, and I was raking oak leaves out of the lily pond—so their acidity wouldn't kill the fish—when Ricky came bursting from the house. "The light's on!" she shouted.

55. It seemed a great victory. We felt, for once, not the classic American impatience with utilities, but great pride in a company and in the men who could make swift sense out of the copper shambles the power lines had been. We wanted to thank somebody, but there wasn't a phone. Light also meant that our stove would work again and our bath water would heat, our fans would turn and we'd have ice and could store fresh food again. Two days! It might have been two weeks.

56. The following morning I trimmed back the beat-up shrubbery and straightened up those bushes, especially hibiscuses, which might reroot and live. I cut down the taro. Ricky put out food for her birds—cardinals and jays, quail and two kinds of doves, woodpeckers, towhees and flickers—which were extra hungry because their natural food had largely blown away. A plague of mosquitoes descended. But the big event that day was the ringing of our phone and the announcement by a technician that it would from then on be pretty constantly usable.

57. We—and 40,000-odd other people—went to the Orange Bowl that evening and watched the University of Miami defeat Boston University. During the first half, it is true, we were all a shade uneasy, owing to another phenomenon common in the hurricane latitudes: a new storm had been discovered in the gulf. It was headed toward us. Perhaps we'd have it all to do, go through and undo again. That had happened to Ricky and me twice before. But during the game the public-address system announced the blow was going to miss Miami—word that got quite a hand. Eventually that storm petered out, doing no damage.

58. A week after the hurricane, most of the streets were clear. Most of the tipped-over trees had been set upright and most of the ruined ones had been chopped up and carted

off. Nearly everybody had lights and phones again. The open roofs were nearly all at least temporarily repaired enough to ward off the rains of the rainy season. The glass shortage was over and the stores were getting back their windows. Here and there, scraps of evidence remained: a boat aground, a plane demolished, a leaning tree, a cat's cradle of overhead wires, a missing cupola, a hotel with a wrecked sign. But our poinsettias were already coming up from the roots, the yellow hibiscus was growing anew, and the rapid vegetation of the tropics would soon obscure the wounds.

59. Long before the winter tourists arrived the landscape was normal—normal for a land where orchids bloom on trees. The tourists now look in vain for proof of what hit us in October. Only a few thousand people out of half a million remember the mid-October storm of 1950 as anything particular. The rest blur it with other, lesser or more violent recollections. But always, inland people and people who live up north, curious about our different way of life on the tropical big toe of Florida, will cap their inquiries with the question: “—and what about hurricanes?”

60. Well—

William L. Laurence

DAWN OVER ZERO

William Leonard Laurence (1888-), scientist, lecturer, and journalist, was born in Lithuania, came to the United States at seventeen, and was educated at Harvard and Boston University; he also attended at one time the University of Besançon in France. For more than two decades he has been science writer for the New York Times. Among his many awards are two Pulitzer Prizes (1937 and 1946), the Distinguished Science Writers Award, and the Medal for Distinguished Service to Journalism. He is the only journalist to observe four of the first five atomic bomb explosions. Although his recent writing has generally been about the atomic and hydrogen bomb experiments and their social significance (Dawn over Zero, 1946, and The Hell Bomb, 1951), he has written and lectured about such other subjects as radar, cosmic rays, cancer research, and synthetic food. He is the author of the science section of the Information Please Almanac.

Mr. Laurence, using noticeably short paragraphs, writes with a dramatic feeling for history in the making, and usually succeeds in communicating a sense of momentous things happening or about to happen. He has also the dramatist's liking for dialogue and stage directions, even in newspaper articles.

1. The Atomic Age began at exactly 5.30 mountain war time on the morning of July 16, 1945, on a stretch of semi-desert land about fifty air-line miles from Alamogordo, New Mexico, just a few minutes before the dawn of a new day on that part of the earth. At that great moment in history, ranking with

the moment when man first put fire to work for him, the vast energy locked within the heart of the atoms of matter was released for the first time in a burst of flame such as had never before been seen on this planet, illuminating earth and sky, for a brief span that seemed eternal, with the light of many supersuns.

2. The elemental flame, first fire ever made on earth that did not have its origin in the

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sun, came from the explosion of the first atomic bomb. It was a full-dress rehearsal preparatory to dropping the bomb over Hiroshima and Nagasaki—and other Japanese military targets, had Japan refused to accept the Potsdam Declaration for her surrender.

3. The rehearsal marked the climax in the penultimate act of one of the greatest dramas in our history and the history of civilized man—a drama in which our scientists, under the direction of the Army Corps of Engineers, were working against time to create an atomic bomb ahead of our German enemy. The collapse of Germany marked the end of the first act of this drama. The successful completion of our task, in the greatest challenge by man to nature so far, brought down the curtain on the second act. The grand finale came three weeks afterward in the skies over Japan, with a swift descent of the curtain on the greatest war in history.

4. The atomic flash in New Mexico came as a great affirmation to the prodigious labors of our scientists during the past four years. It came as the affirmative answer to the until then unanswered question: "Will it work?"

5. With the flash came a delayed roll of mighty thunder, heard, just as the flash was seen, for hundreds of miles. The roar echoed and reverberated from the distant hills and the Sierra Oscura range near by, sounding as though it came from some supramundane source as well as from the bowels of the earth. The hills said yes and the mountains chimed in yes. It was as if the earth had spoken and the suddenly iridescent clouds and sky had joined in one affirmative answer. Atomic energy—yes. It was like the grand finale of a mighty symphony of the elements, fascinating and terrifying, uplifting and crushing, ominous, devastating, full of great promise and great forebodings.

6. I watched the birth of the era of atomic power from the slope of a hill in the desert land of New Mexico, on the northwestern corner of the Alamogordo Air Base, about 125 miles southeast of Albuquerque. The hill, named Compania Hill for the occasion, was twenty miles to the northwest of Zero, the code name given to the spot chosen for the atomic bomb test. The area embracing Zero and Compania Hill, twenty-four miles long

and eighteen miles wide, had the code name Trinity.

7. I joined a caravan of three busses, three automobiles, and a truck carrying radio equipment at 11 P.M. on Sunday, July 15, at Albuquerque. There were about ninety of us in that strange caravan, traveling silently and in the utmost secrecy through the night on probably as unusual an adventure as any in our day. With the exception of myself the caravan consisted of scientists from the highly secret atomic bomb research and development center in the mesas and canyons of New Mexico, twenty-five miles northwest of Santa Fe, where we solved the secret of translating the fabulous energy of the atom into the mightiest weapon ever made by man. It was from there that the caravan set out at 5.30 that Sunday afternoon for its destination, 212 miles to the south.

8. The caravan wound its way slowly over the tortuous roads overlooking the precipitous canyons of northern New Mexico, passing through Espagnola, Santa Fe, and Bernalillo, arriving at Albuquerque at about 10 P.M. Here it was joined by Sir James Chadwick, who won the Nobel Prize and knighthood for his discovery of the neutron, the key that unlocks the atom; Professor Ernest O. Lawrence of the University of California, master atom-smasher, who won the Nobel Prize for his discovery of the cyclotron; Professor Edwin M. McMillan, also of the University of California, one of the discoverers of plutonium, the new atomic energy element; and several others from the atomic bomb center, who, like me, had arrived during the afternoon.

9. The night was dark with black clouds, and not a star could be seen. Occasionally a bolt of lightning would rend the sky and reveal for an instant the flat semi-desert landscape, rich with historic lore of past adventure. We rolled along on U. S. Highway 85, running between Albuquerque and El Paso, through sleeping ancient Spanish-American towns, their windows dark, their streets deserted—towns with music in their names, Los Lunas, Belen, Bernardo, Alamillo, Socorro, San Antonio. At San Antonio we turned east and crossed "the bridge on the Rio Grande with the detour in the middle of it." From there we traveled ten and one half miles east-

ward on U. S. Highway 380, and then turned south on a specially built dirt road, running for twenty-five miles to the base camp at Trinity.

10. The end of our trail was reached after we had covered about five and one fifth miles on the dirt road. Here we saw the first signs of life since leaving Albuquerque about three hours earlier, a line of silent men dressed in helmets. A little farther on, a detachment of military police examined our special credentials. We got out of the busses and looked around us. The night was still pitch-black save for an occasional flash of lightning in the eastern sky, outlining for a brief instant the Sierra Oscura Range directly ahead of us. We were in the middle of the New Mexico desert, miles away from nowhere, with hardly a sign of life, not even a blinking light on the distant horizon. This was to be our caravansary until the zero hour.

11. From a distance to the southeast the beam of a searchlight probed the clouds. This gave us our first sense of orientation. The bomb-test site, Zero, was a little to the left of the searchlight beam, twenty miles away. With the darkness and the waiting in the chill of the desert the tension became almost unendurable.

12. We gathered in a circle to listen to directions on what we were to do at the time of the test, directions read aloud by the light of a flashlight.

13. At a short signal of the siren at minus five minutes to zero, "all personnel whose duties did not specifically require otherwise" were to prepare "a suitable place to lie down on." At a long signal of the siren at minus two minutes to zero, "all personnel whose duties did not specifically require otherwise" were to "lie prone on the ground immediately, the face and eyes directed toward the ground and with the head away from Zero. Do not watch for the flash directly," the directions read, "but turn over after it has occurred and watch the cloud. Stay on the ground until the blast wave has passed (two minutes). At two short blasts of the siren, indicating the passing of all hazard from light and blast, all personnel will prepare to leave as soon as possible.

14. "The hazard from blast is reduced by

lying down on the ground in such a manner that flying rocks, glass and other objects do not intervene between the source of blast and the individual. Open all car windows.

15. "The hazard from light injury to eyes is reduced by shielding the closed eyes with the bended arms and lying face down on the ground. If the first flash is viewed a 'blind spot' may prevent your seeing the rest of the show.

16. "The hazard from ultraviolet light injuries to the skin is best overcome by wearing long trousers and shirts with long sleeves."

17. David Dow, assistant to the scientific director of the Atomic Bomb Development Center, handed each of us a flat piece of colored glass such as is used by arc welders to shield their eyes. Dr. Edward Teller of George Washington University cautioned us against sunburn. Someone produced sunburn lotion and passed it around. It was an eerie sight to see a number of our highest-ranking scientists seriously rubbing sunburn lotion on their faces and hands in the pitch-blackness of the night, twenty miles away from the expected flash. These were the men who, more than anybody else, knew the potentialities of atomic energy on the loose. It gave one an inkling of their confidence in their handiwork.

18. The bomb was set on a structural steel tower one hundred feet high. Ten miles away to the southwest was the base camp. This was G.H.Q. for the scientific high command, of which Professor Kenneth T. Bainbridge of Harvard University was field commander. Here were erected barracks to serve as living-quarters for the scientists, a mess hall, a commissary, a post exchange, and other buildings. Here the vanguard of the atomists, headed by Professor J. R. Oppenheimer of the University of California, scientific director of the Atomic Bomb Project, lived like soldiers at the front, supervising the enormously complicated details involved in the epoch-making tests.

19. Here early that Sunday afternoon gathered Major General Leslie R. Groves, commander in chief of the Atomic Bomb Project; Brigadier General T. F. Farrell, hero of World War I, General Groves's deputy; Professor Enrico Fermi, Nobel Prize winner and one of the leaders in the project; President James Bryant Conant of Harvard; Dr. Vannevar

Bush, director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development; Dean Richard C. Tolman of the California Institute of Technology; Professor R. F. Bacher of Cornell; Colonel Stafford L. Warren, University of Rochester radiologist; and about a hundred and fifty other leaders in the atomic bomb program.

20. At the Base Camp was a dry, abandoned reservoir, about five hundred feet square, surrounded by a mound of earth about eight feet high. Within this mound bulldozers dug a series of slit trenches, each about three feet deep, seven feet wide, and twenty-five feet long. At a command over the radio at zero minus one minute all observers at Base Camp, lay down in their assigned trenches, "face and eyes directed toward the ground and with the head away from Zero." But most of us on Compania Hill remained on our feet.

21. Three other posts had been established, south, north, and west of Zero, each at a distance of 10,000 yards (5.7 miles). These were known, respectively, as South-10,000, North-10,000, and West-10,000, or S-10, N-10, and W-10. Here the shelters were much more elaborate—wooden structures, their walls reinforced by cement, buried under a massive layer of earth.

22. S-10 was the control center. Here Professor Oppenheimer, as scientific commander in chief, and his field commander, Professor Bainbridge, issued orders and synchronized the activities of the other sites. Here the signal was given and a complex of mechanisms was set in motion that resulted in the greatest burst of energy ever released by man on earth up to that time. No switch was pulled, no button pressed, to light this first cosmic fire on this planet.

23. At forty-five seconds to zero, set for 5:30 o'clock, young Dr. Joseph L. McKibben of the University of California, at a signal from Professor Bainbridge, activated a master robot that set off a series of other robots, until, at last, strategically spaced electrons moved to the proper place at the proper split second.

24. Forty-five seconds passed and the moment was zero.

25. Meanwhile at our observation post on Compania Hill the atmosphere had grown tenser as the zero hour approached. We had

spent the first part of our stay eating an early morning picnic breakfast that we had taken along with us. It had grown cold in the desert, and many of us, lightly clad, shivered. Occasionally a drizzle came down, and the intermittent flashes of lightning made us turn apprehensive glances toward Zero. We had had some disturbing reports that the test might be called off because of the weather. The radio we had brought with us for communication with Base Camp kept going out of order, and when we had finally repaired it some blatant band would drown out the news we wanted to hear. We knew there were two specially equipped B-29 Superfortresses high overhead to make observations and recordings in the upper atmosphere, but we could neither see nor hear them. We kept gazing through the blackness.

26. Suddenly, at 5:29:50, as we stood huddled around our radio, we heard a voice ringing through the darkness, sounding as though it had come from above the clouds: "Zero minus ten seconds!" A green flare flashed out through the clouds, descended slowly, opened, grew dim, and vanished into the darkness.

27. The voice from the clouds boomed out again: "Zero minus three seconds!" Another green flare came down. Silence reigned over the desert. We kept moving in small groups in the direction of Zero. From the east came the first faint signs of dawn.

28. And just at that instant there rose from the bowels of the earth a light not of this world, the light of many suns in one. It was a sunrise such as the world had never seen, a great green super-sun climbing in a fraction of a second to a height of more than eight thousand feet, rising ever higher until it touched the clouds, lighting up earth and sky all around with a dazzling luminosity.

29. Up it went, a great ball of fire about a mile in diameter, changing colors as it kept shooting upward, from deep purple to orange, expanding, growing bigger, rising as it expanded, an elemental force freed from its bonds after being chained for billions of years. For a fleeting instant the color was unearthly green, such as one sees only in the corona of the sun during a total eclipse. It was as though the earth had opened and the skies had split. One felt as though one were

present at the moment of creation when God said: "Let there be light."

30. To another observer, Professor George B. Kistiakowsky of Harvard, the spectacle was "the nearest thing to doomsday that one could possibly imagine. I am sure," he said, "that at the end of the world—in the last millisecond of the earth's existence—the last man will see what we have just seen!"

31. A great cloud rose from the ground and followed the trail of the great sun. At first it was a giant column, which soon took the shape of a supramundane mushroom. For a fleeting instant it took the form of the Statue of Liberty magnified many times. Up it went, higher, higher, a giant mountain born in a few seconds instead of millions of years, quivering convulsively. It touched the multicolored clouds, pushed its summit through them, kept rising until it reached a height of 41,000 feet, 12,000 feet higher than the earth's highest mountain.

32. All through this very short but extremely long time-interval not a sound was heard. I could see the silhouettes of human forms motionless in little groups, like desert plants in the dark. The newborn mountain in the distance, a giant among the pygmies of the Sierra Oscuro Range, stood leaning at an angle against the clouds, a vibrant volcano spouting fire to the sky.

33. Then out of the great silence came a mighty thunder. For a brief interval the phenomena we had seen as light repeated themselves in terms of sound. It was the blast from thousands of blockbusters going off simul-

taneously at one spot. The thunder reverberated all through the desert, bounced back and forth from the Sierra Oscuro, echo upon echo. The ground trembled under our feet as in an earthquake. A wave of hot wind was felt by many of us just before the blast and warned us of its coming.

34. The big boom came about one hundred seconds after the great flash—the first cry of a newborn world. It brought the silent, motionless silhouettes to life, gave them a voice. A loud cry filled the air. The little groups that had hitherto stood rooted to the earth like desert plants broke into a dance—the rhythm of primitive man dancing at one of his fire festivals at the coming of spring. They clapped their hands as they leaped from the ground—earthbound man symbolizing the birth of a new force that for the first time gives man means to free himself from the gravitational pull of the earth that holds him down.

35. The dance of the primitive man lasted but a few seconds, during which an evolutionary period of about 10,000 years had been telescoped. Primitive man was metamorphosed into modern man—shaking hands, slapping his fellow on the back, all laughing like happy children.

36. The sun was just rising above the horizon as our caravan started on its way back to Albuquerque and Los Alamos. We looked at it through our dark lenses to compare it with what we had seen.

37. "The sun can't hold a candle to it!" one of us remarked.

George Orwell

SHOOTING AN ELEPHANT

George Orwell (1903-1950), whose real name was Eric Blair, was a British novelist, essayist, and satirist. He was born in Bengal, India, and after four years at Eton (1917-1921) served for five years with the Indian Imperial Police in Burma (1922-1927). His life in Burma is the background for the following chapter from his last book. He spent several years in Paris writing fiction, and one year fighting in the Spanish Civil War, during which he was badly wounded. To the end of

his life his favorite reading was Shakespeare, Swift, Fielding, Dickens, Reade, Samuel Butler, Zola, Flaubert, Joyce, Eliot, Lawrence, and especially Maugham. Like some of these writers, Orwell was primarily satirical in his reactions to human experience and behavior—both individual and group. He was author of fourteen books, the best known of which are *Animal Farm*, 1945, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, 1949, and *Shooting an Elephant*, 1950.

In Moulmein, in Lower Burma, I was hated by large numbers of people—the only time in my life that I have been important enough for this to happen to me. I was sub-divisional police officer of the town, and in an aimless, petty kind of way anti-European feeling was very bitter. No one had the guts to raise a riot, but if a European woman went through the bazaars alone somebody would probably spit betel juice over her dress. As a police officer I was an obvious target and was baited whenever it seemed safe to do so. When a nimble Burman tripped me up on the football field and the referee (another Burman) looked the other way, the crowd yelled with hideous laughter. This happened more than once. In the end the sneering yellow faces of young men that met me everywhere, the insults hooted after me when I was at a safe distance, got badly on my nerves. The young Buddhist priests were the worst of all. There were several thousands of them in the town and none of them seemed to have anything to do except stand on street corners and jeer at Europeans.

All this was perplexing and upsetting. For at that time I had already made up my mind that imperialism was an evil thing and the sooner I chucked up my job and got out of it the better. Theoretically—and secretly, of course—I was all for the Burmese and all against their oppressors, the British. As for the job I was doing, I hated it more bitterly than I can perhaps make clear. In a job like that you see the dirty work of Empire at close quarters. The wretched prisoners huddling in the stinking cages of the lock-ups, the grey, cowed faces of the long-term convicts, the scarred buttocks of the men who had been flogged with bamboos—all these oppressed me

with an intolerable sense of guilt. But I could get nothing into perspective. I was young and ill-educated and I had had to think out my problems in the utter silence that is imposed on every Englishman in the East. I did not even know that the British Empire is dying, still less did I know that it is a great deal better than the younger empires that are going to supplant it. All I knew was that I was stuck between my hatred of the empire I served and my rage against the evil-spirited little beasts who tried to make my job impossible. With one part of my mind I thought of the British Raj as an unbreakable tyranny, as something clamped down, in *saecula saeculorum*, upon the will of prostrate peoples; with another part I thought that the greatest joy in the world would be to drive a bayonet into a Buddhist priest's guts. Feelings like these are the normal by-products of imperialism; ask any Anglo-Indian official, if you can catch him off duty.

One day something happened which in a roundabout way was enlightening. It was a tiny incident in itself, but it gave me a better glimpse than I had had before of the real nature of imperialism—the real motives for which despotic governments act. Early one morning the sub-inspector at a police station the other end of the town rang me up on the 'phone and said that an elephant was ravaging the bazaar. Would I please come and do something about it? I did not know what I could do, but I wanted to see what was happening and I got on to a pony and started out. I took my rifle, an old .44 Winchester and much too small to kill an elephant, but I thought the noise might be useful *in terrorem*. Various Burmans stopped me on the way and told me about the elephant's doings. It was not, of course, a wild elephant, but a tame one which had gone "must." It had been chained up, as tame elephants always are when their attack of "must" is due, but on

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the previous night it had broken its chain and escaped. Its mahout, the only person who could manage it when it was in that state, had set out in pursuit, but had taken the wrong direction and was now twelve hours' journey away, and in the morning the elephant had suddenly reappeared in the town. The Burmese population had no weapons and were quite helpless against it. It had already destroyed somebody's bamboo hut, killed a cow and raided some fruit-stalls and devoured the stock; also it had met the municipal rubbish van and, when the driver jumped out and took to his heels, had turned the van over and inflicted violences upon it.

The Burmese sub-inspector and some Indian constables were waiting for me in the quarter where the elephant had been seen. It was a very poor quarter, a labyrinth of squalid bamboo huts, thatched with palm-leaf, winding all over a steep hillside. I remember that it was a cloudy, stuffy morning at the beginning of the rains. We began questioning the people as to where the elephant had gone and, as usual, failed to get any definite information. That is invariably the case in the East; a story always sounds clear enough at a distance, but the nearer you get to the scene of events the vaguer it becomes. Some of the people said that the elephant had gone in one direction, some said that he had gone in another, some professed not even to have heard of any elephant. I had almost made up my mind that the whole story was a pack of lies, when we heard yells a little distance away. There was a loud, scandalized cry of "Go away, child! Go away this instant!" and an old woman with a switch in her hand came round the corner of a hut, violently shooing away a crowd of naked children. Some more women followed, clicking their tongues and exclaiming; evidently there was something that the children ought not to have seen. I rounded the hut and saw a man's dead body sprawling in the mud. He was an Indian, a black Dravidian coolie, almost naked, and he could not have been dead many minutes. The people said that the elephant had come suddenly upon him round the corner of the hut, caught him with its trunk, put its foot on his back and ground him into the earth. This was the rainy season and the ground was soft, and

his face had scored a trench a foot deep and a couple of yards long. He was lying on his belly with arms crucified and head sharply twisted to one side. His face was coated with mud, the eyes wide open, the teeth bared and grinning with an expression of unendurable agony. (Never tell me, by the way, that the dead look peaceful. Most of the corpses I have seen looked devilish.) The friction of the great beast's foot had stripped the skin from his back as neatly as one skins a rabbit. As soon as I saw the dead man I sent an orderly to a friend's house nearby to borrow an elephant rifle. I had already sent back the pony, not wanting it to go mad with fright and throw me if it smelt the elephant.

The orderly came back in a few minutes with a rifle and five cartridges, and meanwhile some Burmans had arrived and told us that the elephant was in the paddy fields below, only a few hundred yards away. As I started forward practically the whole population of the quarter flocked out of the houses and followed me. They had seen the rifle and were all shouting excitedly that I was going to shoot the elephant. They had not shown much interest in the elephant when he was merely ravaging their homes, but it was different now that he was going to be shot. It was a bit of fun to them, as it would be to an English crowd; besides they wanted the meat. It made me vaguely uneasy. I had no intention of shooting the elephant—I had merely sent for the rifle to defend myself if necessary—and it is always unnerving to have a crowd following you. I marched down the hill, looking and feeling a fool, with the rifle over my shoulder and an ever-growing army of people jostling at my heels. At the bottom, when you got away from the huts, there was a metalled road and beyond that a miry waste of paddy fields a thousand yards across, not yet ploughed but soggy from the first rains and dotted with coarse grass. The elephant was standing eight yards from the road, his left side towards us. He took not the slightest notice of the crowd's approach. He was tearing up bunches of grass, beating them against his knees to clean them and stuffing them into his mouth.

I had halted on the road. As soon as I saw the elephant I knew with perfect certainty that I ought not to shoot him. It is a serious

matter to shoot a working elephant—it is comparable to destroying a huge and costly piece of machinery—and obviously one ought not to do it if it can possibly be avoided. And at that distance, peacefully eating, the elephant looked no more dangerous than a cow. I thought then and I think now that his attack of “must” was already passing off; in which case he would merely wander harmlessly about until the mahout came back and caught him. Moreover, I did not in the least want to shoot him. I decided that I would watch him for a little while to make sure that he did not turn savage again, and then go home.

But at that moment I glanced round at the crowd that had followed me. It was an immense crowd, two thousand at the least and growing every minute. It blocked the road for a long distance on either side. I looked at the sea of yellow faces above the garish clothes—faces all happy and excited over this bit of fun, all certain that the elephant was going to be shot. They were watching me as they would watch a conjurer about to perform a trick. They did not like me, but with the magical rifle in my hands I was momentarily worth watching. And suddenly I realized that I should have to shoot the elephant after all. The people expected it of me and I had got to do it; I could feel their two thousand wills pressing me forward, irresistibly. And it was at this moment, as I stood there with the rifle in my hands, that I first grasped the hollowness, the futility of the white man's dominion in the East. Here was I, the white man with his gun, standing in front of the unarmed native crowd—seemingly the leading actor of the piece; but in reality I was only an absurd puppet pushed to and fro by the will of those yellow faces behind. I perceived in this moment that when the white man turns tyrant it is his own freedom that he destroys. He becomes a sort of hollow, posing dummy, the conventionalized figure of a sahib. For it is the condition of his rule that he shall spend his life in trying to impress the “natives,” and so in every crisis he has got to do what the “natives” expect of him. He wears a mask, and his face grows to fit it. I had got to shoot the elephant. I had committed myself to doing it when I sent for the rifle. A sahib has got to act like a sahib; he has got to appear reso-

lute, to know his own mind and do definite things. To come all that way, rifle in hand, with two thousand people marching at my heels, and then to trail feebly away, having done nothing—no, that was impossible. The crowd would laugh at me. And my whole life, every white man's life in the East, was one long struggle not to be laughed at.

But I did not want to shoot the elephant. I watched him beating his bunch of grass against his knees, with that preoccupied grandmotherly air that elephants have. It seemed to me that it would be murder to shoot him. At that age I was not squeamish about killing animals, but I had never shot an elephant and never wanted to. (Somehow it always seems worse to kill a *large* animal.) Besides, there was the beast's owner to be considered. Alive, the elephant was worth at least a hundred pounds; dead, he would only be worth the value of his tusks, five pounds, possibly. But I had got to act quickly. I turned to some experienced-looking Burmans who had been there when we arrived, and asked them how the elephant had been behaving. They all said the same thing: he took no notice of you if you left him alone, but he might charge if you went too close to him.

It was perfectly clear to me what I ought to do. I ought to walk up to within, say, twenty-five yards of the elephant and test his behavior. If he charged, I could shoot; if he took no notice of me, it would be safe to leave him until the mahout came back. But also I knew that I was going to do no such thing. I was a poor shot with a rifle and the ground was soft mud into which one would sink at every step. If the elephant charged and I missed him, I should have about as much chance as a toad under a steam-roller. But even then I was not thinking particularly of my own skin, only of the watchful yellow faces behind. For at that moment, with the crowd watching me, I was not afraid in the ordinary sense, as I would have been if I had been alone. A white man mustn't be frightened in front of “natives”; and so, in general, he isn't frightened. The sole thought in my mind was that if anything went wrong those two thousand Burmans would see me pursued, caught, trampled on and reduced to a grinning corpse like that Indian up the hill. And if that hap-

pened it was quite probable that some of them would laugh. That would never do. There was only one alternative. I shoved the cartridges into the magazine and lay down on the road to get a better aim.

The crowd grew very still, and a deep, low, happy sigh, as of people who see the theatre curtain go up at last, breathed from innumerable throats. They were going to have their bit of fun after all. The rifle was a beautiful German thing with cross-hair sights. I did not then know that in shooting an elephant one would shoot to cut an imaginary bar running from ear-hole to ear-hole. I ought, therefore, as the elephant was sideways on, to have aimed straight at his ear-hole; actually I aimed several inches in front of this, thinking the brain would be further forward.

When I pulled the trigger I did not hear the bang or feel the kick—one never does when a shot goes home—but I heard the devilish roar of glee that went up from the crowd. In that instant, in too short a time, one would have thought, even for the bullet to get there, a mysterious, terrible change had come over the elephant. He neither stirred nor fell, but every line of his body had altered. He looked suddenly stricken, shrunken, immensely old, as though the frightful impact of the bullet had paralysed him without knocking him down. At last, after what seemed a long time—it might have been five seconds, I dare say—he sagged flabbily to his knees. His mouth slobbered. An enormous senility seemed to have settled upon him. One could have imagined him thousands of years old. I fired again into the same spot. At the second shot he did not collapse but climbed with desperate slowness to his feet and stood weakly upright, with legs sagging and head drooping. I fired a third time. That was the shot that did for him. You could see the agony of it jolt his whole body and knock the last remnant of strength from his legs. But in falling he seemed for a moment to rise, for as his hind legs collapsed beneath him he seemed to tower upward like a huge rock toppling, his trunk reaching skyward like a tree. He trumpeted, for the first and only time. And then down he came, his belly towards me, with a crash that seemed to shake the ground even where I lay.

I got up. The Burmans were already racing past me across the mud. It was obvious that the elephant would never rise again, but he was not dead. He was breathing very rhythmically with long rattling gasps, his great mound of a side painfully rising and falling. His mouth was wide open—I could see far down into caverns of pale pink throat. I waited a long time for him to die, but his breathing did not weaken. Finally I fired my two remaining shots into the spot where I thought his heart must be. The thick blood welled out of him like red velvet, but still he did not die. His body did not even jerk when the shots hit him, the tortured breathing continued without a pause. He was dying, very slowly and in great agony, but in some world remote from me where not even a bullet could damage him further. I felt that I had got to put an end to that dreadful noise. It seemed dreadful to see the great beast lying there, powerless to move and yet powerless to die, and not even to be able to finish him. I sent back for my small rifle and poured shot after shot into his heart and down his throat. They seemed to make no impression. The tortured gasps continued as steadily as the ticking of a clock.

In the end I could not stand it any longer and went away. I heard later that it took him half an hour to die. Burmans were bringing dahs and baskets even before I left, and I was told they had stripped his body almost to the bones by the afternoon.

Afterwards, of course, there were endless discussions about the shooting of the elephant. The owner was furious, but he was only an Indian and could do nothing. Besides, legally I had done the right thing, for a mad elephant has to be killed, like a mad dog, if its owner fails to control it. Among the Europeans opinion was divided. The older men said I was right, the younger men said it was a damn shame to shoot an elephant for killing a coolie, because an elephant was worth more than any damn Coringhee coolie. And afterwards I was very glad that the coolie had been killed; it put me legally in the right and it gave me a sufficient pretext for shooting the elephant. I often wondered whether any of the others grasped that I had done it solely to avoid looking a fool.

The American Tradition

Lee Strout White

FAREWELL, MY LOVELY!



The reader will search in vain for a writer named Lee Strout White. This vivacious tribute was written by two distinct individuals, Richard Lee Strout and E. B. White. Richard Lee Strout (1898-) was educated at Harvard University. He began his newspaper work in England with the Sheffield Independent, and was later a reporter for the Boston Post. In 1921 he joined the Christian Science Monitor and since 1925 has been with the Washington Bureau. One of the leading journalists of our day, Mr. Strout also publishes in The Reader's Digest, The New Republic, and other magazines. (A biographical sketch of E. B. White appears in the headnote to "Here Is New York.")

E. B. White has probably contributed more to the preservation of the familiar essay than any other American writer. Underlying his light-hearted style and his good-natured satire are a seriousness of purpose, increasingly evident since World War II, and a quiet idealism, recommending courage, honesty, and sympathy. In this essay he and Mr. Strout have given perfect expression to a subject admirably suited to the essay form. No "institution" is historically more significant or more thoroughly indigenous to the United States than the Model T. As these writers say, "... the old Ford practically was the American scene."

1. I see by the new Sears Roebuck catalogue that it is still possible to buy an axle for a 1909 Model T Ford, but I am not deceived. The great days have faded, the end is in sight. Only one page in the current catalogue is devoted to parts and accessories for the Model T; yet everyone remembers springtimes when the Ford gadget section was larger than men's clothing, almost as large as household furnishings. The last Model T was built in 1927, and the car is fading from what scholars call the American scene—which is an understatement, because to a few million people who grew up with it, the old Ford practically was the American scene.

2. It was the miracle God had wrought.

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And it was patently the sort of thing that could only happen once. Mechanically uncanny, it was like nothing that had ever come to the world before. Flourishing industries rose and fell with it. As a vehicle, it was hard-working, commonplace, heroic; and it often seemed to transmit those qualities to the persons who rode in it. My own generation identifies it with Youth, with its gaudy, irretrievable excitements; before it fades into the mist, I would like to pay it the tribute of the sigh that is not a sob, and set down random entries in a shape somewhat less cumbersome than a Sears Roebuck catalogue.

3. The Model T was distinguished from all other makes of cars by the fact that its transmission was of a type known as planetary—which was half metaphysics, half sheer friction. Engineers accepted the word "planetary"

in its epicyclic sense, but I was always conscious that it also meant "wandering," "erratic." Because of the peculiar nature of this planetary element, there was always, in Model T, a certain dull rapport between engine and wheels, and even when the car was in a state known as neutral, it trembled with a deep imperative and tended to inch forward. There was never a moment when the bands were not faintly egging the machine on. In this respect it was like a horse, rolling the bit on its tongue, and country people brought to it the same technique they used with draft animals.

4. Its most remarkable quality was its rate of acceleration. In its palmy days the Model T could take off faster than anything on the road. The reason was simple. To get under way, you simply hooked the third finger of the right hand around a lever on the steering column, pulled down hard, and shoved your left foot forcibly against the low-speed pedal. These were simple, positive motions; the car responded by lunging forward with a roar. After a few seconds of this turmoil, you took your toe off the pedal, eased up a mite on the throttle, and the car, possessed of only two forward speeds, catapulted directly into high with a series of ugly jerks and was off on its glorious errand. The abruptness of this departure was never equalled in other cars of the period. The human leg was (and still is) incapable of letting in a clutch with anything like the forthright abandon that used to send Model T on its way. Letting in a clutch is a negative, hesitant motion, depending on delicate nervous control; pushing down the Ford pedal was a simple, country motion—an expansive act, which came as natural as kicking an old door to make it budge.

5. The driver of the old Model T was a man enthroned. The car, with top up, stood seven feet high. The driver sat on top of the gas tank, brooding it with his own body. When he wanted gasoline, he alighted, along with everything else in the front seat; the seat was pulled off, the metal cap unscrewed, and a wooden stick thrust down to sound the liquid in the well. There were always a couple of these sounding sticks kicking around in the ratty sub-cushion regions of a flivver. Refueling was more of a social function then, because the driver had to unbend, whether he

wanted to or not. Directly in front of the driver was the windshield—high, uncompromisingly erect. Nobody talked about air resistance, and the four cylinders pushed the car through the atmosphere with a simple disregard of physical law.

6. There was this about a Model T: the purchaser never regarded his purchase as a complete, finished product. When you bought a Ford, you figured you had a start—a vibrant, spirited framework to which could be screwed an almost limitless assortment of decorative and functional hardware. Driving away from the agency, hugging the new wheel between your knees, you were already full of creative worry. A Ford was born naked as a baby, and a flourishing industry grew up out of correcting its rare deficiencies and combating its fascinating diseases. Those were the great days of lily-painting. I have been looking at some old Sears Roebuck catalogues, and they bring everything back so clear.

7. First you bought a Ruby Safety Reflector for the rear, so that your posterior would glow in another car's brilliance. Then you invested thirty-nine cents in some radiator Moto Wings, a popular ornament which gave the Pegasus touch to the machine and did something godlike to the owner. For nine cents you bought a fan-belt guide to keep the belt from slipping off the pulley.

8. You bought a radiator compound to stop leaks. This was as much a part of everybody's equipment as aspirin tablets are of a medicine cabinet. You bought special oil to prevent chattering, a clamp-on dash light, a patching outfit, a tool box which you bolted to the running board, a sun visor, a steering-column brace to keep the column rigid, and a set of emergency containers for gas, oil, and water—three thin, disc-like cans which reposed in a case on the running board during long, important journeys—red for gas, gray for water, green for oil. It was only a beginning. After the car was about a year old, steps were taken to check the alarming disintegration (Model T was full of tumors, but they were benign.) A set of anti-rattlers (98¢) was a popular panacea. You hooked them on to the gas and spark rods, to the brake pull rod, and to the steering-rod connections. Hood silencers, of black rubber, were applied to the fluttering hood.

Shock-absorbers and snubbers gave "complete relaxation." Some people bought rubber pedal pads, to fit over the standard metal pedals. (I didn't like these, I remember.) Persons of a suspicious or pugnacious turn of mind bought a rear-view mirror; but most Model T owners weren't worried by what was coming from behind because they would soon enough see it out in front. They rode in a state of cheerful catalepsy. Quite a large mutinous clique among Ford owners went over to a foot accelerator (you could buy one and screw it to the floor board), but there was a certain madness in these people, because the Model T, just as she stood, had a choice of three foot pedals to push, and there were plenty of moments when both feet were occupied in the routine performance of duty and when the only way to speed up the engine was with the hand throttle.

9. Gadget bred gadget. Owners not only bought ready-made gadgets, they invented gadgets to meet special needs. I myself drove my car directly from the agency to the blacksmith's, and had the smith affix two enormous iron brackets to the port running board to support an army trunk.

10. People who owned closed models builded along different lines: they bought ball grip handles for opening doors, window anti-rattlers, and deluxe flower vases of the cut-glass antisplash type. People with delicate sensibilities garnished their car with a device called the Donna Lee Automobile Disseminator—a porous vase guaranteed, according to Sears, to fill the car with a "faint clean odor of lavender." The gap between open cars and closed cars was not as great then as it is now: for \$11.95, Sears Roebuck converted your touring car into a sedan and you went forth renewed. One agreeable quality of the old Fords was that they had no bumpers, and their fenders softened and wilted with the years and permitted the driver to squeeze in and out of tight places.

11. Tires were 30 x 3½, cost about twelve dollars, and punctured readily. Everybody carried a Jiffy patching set, with a nutmeg grater to roughen the tube before the goo was spread on. Everybody was capable of putting on a patch, expected to have to, and did have to.

12. During my association with Model T's, self-starters were not a prevalent accessory. They were expensive and under suspicion. Your car came equipped with a serviceable crank, and the first thing you learned was how to Get Results. It was a special trick, and until you learned it (usually from another Ford owner, but sometimes by a period of appalling experimentation) you might as well have been winding up an awning. The trick was to leave the ignition switch off, proceed to the animal's head, pull the choke (which was a little wire protruding through the radiator), and give the crank two or three nonchalant upward lifts. Then, whistling as though thinking about something else, you would saunter back to the driver's cabin, turn the ignition on, return to the crank, and this time, catching it on the down stroke, give it a quick spin with plenty of That. If this procedure was followed, the engine almost always responded—first with a few scattered explosions, then with a tumultuous gunfire, which you checked by racing around to the driver's seat and retarding the throttle. Often, if the emergency brake hadn't been pulled all the way back, the car advanced on you the instant the first explosion occurred and you would hold it back by leaning your weight against it. I can still feel my old Ford nuzzling me at the curb, as though looking for an apple in my pocket.

13. The lore and legend that governed the Ford were boundless. Owners had their own theories about everything; they discussed mutual problems in that wise, infinitely resourceful way old women discuss rheumatism. Exact knowledge was pretty scare, and often proved less effective than superstition. Dropping a camphor ball into the gas tank was a popular expedient; it seemed to have a tonic effect on both man and machine. There wasn't much to base exact knowledge on. The Ford driver flew blind. He didn't know the temperature of his engine, the speed of his car, the amount of his fuel, or the pressure of his oil (the old Ford lubricated itself by what was amiably described as the "splash system"). A speedometer cost money and was an extra, like a windshield-wiper. The dashboard of the early models was bare save for an ignition key; later models, grown effete, boasted an ammeter

which pulsed alarmingly with the throbbing of the car. Under the dash was a box of coils, with vibrators which you adjusted, or thought you adjusted. Whatever the driver learned of his motor, he learned not through instruments but through sudden developments. I remember that the timer was one of the vital organs about which there was ample doctrine. When everything else had been checked, you "had a look" at the timer. It was an extravagantly odd little device, simple in construction, mysterious in function. It contained a roller, held by a spring, and there were four contact points on the inside of the case against which, many people believed, the roller rolled. I have had a timer apart on a sick Ford many times, but I never really knew what I was up to—I was just showing off before God. There were almost as many schools of thought as there were timers. Some people, when things went wrong, just clenched their teeth and gave the timer a smart crack with a wrench. Other people opened it up and blew on it. There was a school that held that the timer needed large amounts of oil; they fixed it by frequent baptism. And there was a school that was positive it was meant to run dry as a bone; these people were continually taking it off and wiping it. I remember once spitting into a timer; not in anger, but in a spirit of research. You see, the Model T driver moved in the realm of metaphysics. He believed his car could be hexed.

14. One reason the Ford anatomy was never reduced to an exact science was that, having "fixed" it, the owner couldn't honestly claim that the treatment had brought about the cure. There were too many authenticated cases of Fords fixing themselves—restored naturally to health after a short rest. Farmers soon discovered this, and it fitted nicely with their draft-horse philosophy: "Let 'er cool off and she'll snap into it again."

15. A Ford owner had Number One Bearing constantly in mind. This bearing, being at the front end of the motor, was the one that always burned out, because the oil didn't reach it when the car was climbing hills. (That's what I was always told, anyway.) The oil used to recede and leave Number One dry as a clam flat; you had to watch that bearing like a hawk. It was like a weak heart—you

could hear it start knocking, and that was when you stopped and let her cool off. Try as you would to keep the oil supply right, in the end Number One always went out. "Number One Bearing burned out on me and I had to have her replaced," you would say, wisely; and your companions always had a lot to tell about how to pamper Number One to keep her alive.

16. Sprinkled not too liberally among the millions of amateur witch doctors who drove Fords and applied their own abominable cures were the heaven-sent mechanics who could really make the car talk. These professionals turned up in undreamed-of spots. One time, on the banks of the Columbia River in Washington, I heard the rear end go out of my Model T when I was trying to whip it up a steep incline onto the deck of a ferry. Something snapped; the car slid backward into the mud. It seemed to me like the end of the trail. But the captain of the ferry, observing the withered remnant, spoke up.

17. "What's got her?" he asked.

"I guess it's the rear end," I replied, listlessly. The captain leaned over the rail and stared. Then I saw that there was a hunger in his eyes that set him off from other men.

"Tell you what," he said, carelessly, trying to cover up his eagerness, "let's pull the son of a bitch up onto the boat, and I'll help you fix her while we're going back and forth on the river."

18. We did just this. All that day I plied between the towns of Pasco and Kennewick, while the skipper (who had once worked in a Ford garage) directed the amazing work of resetting the bones of my car.

19. Springtime in the heyday of the Model T was a delirious season. Owning a car was still a major excitement, roads were still wonderful and bad. The Fords were obviously conceived in madness: any car which was capable of going from forward into reverse without any perceptible mechanical hiatus was bound to be a mighty challenging thing to the human imagination. Boys used to veer them off the highway into a level pasture and run wild with them, as though they were cutting up with a girl. Most everybody used the reverse pedal quite as much as the regular foot brake—it distributed the wear over the bands

and wore them all down evenly. That was the big trick, to wear all the bands down evenly, so that the final chattering would be total and the whole unit scream for renewal.

20. The days were golden, the nights were dim and strange. I still recall with trembling

those loud, nocturnal crises when you drew up to a signpost and raced the engine so the lights would be bright enough to read destinations by. I have never been really planetary since. I suppose it's time to say good-bye. Farewell, my lovely!

Carl Sandburg

LINCOLN SPEAKS AT GETTYSBURG

Carl Sandburg (1878-) has gained wide recognition as an American poet and biographer. He has received many literary awards, chief among them the Pulitzer Prize in 1940 and again in 1951. His literary career has been devoted to poetry, to the singing and collecting of folksongs, and to writing his monumental biography of Abraham Lincoln, in six volumes. The first two volumes, dealing with The Prairie Years, were published in 1926; the latter four volumes, treating The War Years, appeared in 1936. In 1939 (with Paul M. Angle) he published Mary Lincoln, Wife and Widow. His Lincoln Collector appeared in 1950.

Whether Carl Sandburg is writing poetry, singing or collecting folksongs, or writing biography, he never strays from the American scene. Time and again his writing reflects his awareness and appreciation of the milieu out of which American heroes come. "Lincoln Speaks at Gettysburg" shows this keen perceptiveness.

1. A printed invitation came to Lincoln's hands notifying him that on Thursday, November 19, 1863, exercises would be held for the dedication of a National Soldiers' Cemetery at Gettysburg. The same circular invitation had been mailed to Senators, Congressmen, the governors of Northern States, members of the Cabinet, by the commission of Pennsylvanians who had organized a corporation through which Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Maryland, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota were to share the cost of a decent burying-ground for the dust and bones of the Union and Confederate dead.

2. In the helpless onrush of the war, it was

LINCOLN SPEAKS AT GETTYSBURG: From *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years* by Carl Sandburg, copyright, 1939, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

known, too many of the fallen had lain as neglected cadavers rotting in the open fields or thrust into so shallow a resting-place that a common farm plow caught in their bones. Now by order of Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania seventeen acres had been purchased on Cemetery Hill, where the Union center stood its colors on the second and third of July, and plots of soil had been allotted each State for its graves.

3. The sacred and delicate duties of orator of the day had fallen on Edward Everett. An eminent cultural figure, perhaps foremost of all distinguished American classical orators, he was born in 1794, had been United States Senator, Governor of Massachusetts, member of Congress, Secretary of State under Fillmore, Minister to Great Britain, Phi Beta Kappa poet at Harvard, professor of Greek at Harvard, president of Harvard. His reputation as a public speaker began in the Brattle Street

Unitarian Church of Boston. Two volumes of his orations published in 1850 held eighty-one addresses, two more volumes issued in 1859 collected one hundred and five speeches. His lecture on Washington, delivered a hundred and twenty-two times in three years, had in 1859 brought a fund of \$58,000, which he gave to the purchase and maintenance of Mount Vernon as a permanent shrine. Other Everett lectures had realized more than \$90,000 for charity causes. . . . No ordinary trafficker in politics, Everett had in 1860 run for Vice-President on the Bell-Everett ticket of the Constitutional Union party, receiving the electoral votes of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. . . .

4. Serene, suave, handsomely venerable in his sixty-ninth year, a prominent specimen of Northern upper-class distinction, Everett was a natural choice of the Pennsylvania commissioners, who sought an orator for a solemn national occasion. When in September they notified him that the date of the occasion would be October 23, he replied that he would need more time for preparation, and the dedication was postponed till November 19.

5. Lincoln meanwhile, in reply to the printed circular invitation, sent word to the commissioners that he would be present at the ceremonies. This made it necessary for the commissioners to consider whether the President should be asked to deliver an address when present. Clark E. Carr of Galesburg, Illinois, representing his State on the Board of Commissioners, noted that the decision of the Board to invite Lincoln to speak was an afterthought. "The question was raised as to his ability to speak upon such a grave and solemn occasion. . . . Besides, it was said that, with his important duties and responsibilities, he could not possibly have the leisure to prepare an address. . . . In answer . . . it was urged that he himself, better than any one else, could determine as to these questions, and that, if he were invited to speak, he was sure to do what, under the circumstances, would be right and proper."

6. And so on November 2 David Wills of Gettysburg, as the special agent of Governor Curtin and also acting for the several States, by letter informed Lincoln that the several States having soldiers in the Army of the

Potomac who were killed, or had since died at hospitals in the vicinity, had procured grounds for a cemetery and proper burial of their dead. "These grounds will be consecrated and set apart to this sacred purpose by appropriate ceremonies on Thursday, the 19th instant. I am authorized by the Governors of the various States to invite you to be present and participate in these ceremonies, which will doubtless be very imposing and solemnly impressive. It is the desire that after the oration, you, as Chief Executive of the nation, formally set apart these grounds to their sacred use by a few appropriate remarks."

7. Mr. Wills proceeded farther as to the solemnity of the occasion, and when Lincoln had finished reading the letter he understood definitely that the event called for no humor and that a long speech was not expected from him. "The invitation," wrote Clark E. Carr, "was not settled upon and sent to Mr. Lincoln until the second of November, more than six weeks after Mr. Everett had been invited to speak, and but little more than two weeks before the exercises were held." . . .

8. Benjamin B. French, officer in charge of buildings in Washington, introduced the Honorable Edward Everett, orator of the day, who rose, bowed low to Lincoln, saying, "Mr. President." Lincoln responded, "Mr. Everett."

9. The orator of the day then stood in silence before a crowd that stretched to limits that would test his voice. Beyond and around were the wheat fields, the meadows, the peach orchards, long slopes of land, and five and seven miles farther the contemplative blue ridge of a low mountain range. His eyes could sweep them as he faced the audience. He had taken note of it in his prepared and rehearsed address. "Overlooking these broad fields now reposing from the labors of the waning year, the mighty Alleghenies dimly towering before us, the graves of our brethren beneath our feet, it is with hesitation that I raise my poor voice to break the eloquent silence of God and Nature. But the duty to which you have called me must be performed;—grant me, I pray you, your indulgence and your sympathy." Everett proceeded, "It was appointed by law in Athens," and gave an extended sketch of the manner in which the Greeks cared for their dead who fell in battle. He

spoke of the citizens assembled to consecrate the day. "As my eye ranges over the fields whose sods were so lately moistened by the blood of gallant and loyal men, I feel, as never before, how truly it was said of old that it is sweet and becoming to die for one's country."

10. Northern cities would have been trampled in conquest but for "those who sleep beneath our feet," said the orator. He gave an outline of how the war began, traversed decisive features of the three days' battle at Gettysburg, discussed the doctrine of state sovereignty and denounced it, drew parallels from European history, and came to peroration quoting Pericles on dead patriots: "The whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men." The men of nineteen sister States had stood side by side on the perilous ridges. "Seminary Ridge, the Peach-Orchard, Cemetery, Culp, and Wolf Hill, Round Top, Little Round Top, humble names, henceforward dear and famous,—no lapse of time, no distance of space, shall cause you to be forgotten." He had spoken for an hour and fifty-seven minutes, some said a trifle over two hours, repeating almost word for word an address that occupied nearly two newspaper pages, as he had written it and as it had gone in advance sheets to many newspapers.

11. Everett came to his closing sentence without a faltering voice: "Down to the latest period of recorded time, in the glorious annals of our common country there will be no brighter page than that which relates THE BATTLES OF GETTYSBURG." It was the effort of his life and embodied the perfections of the school of oratory in which he had spent his career. His erect form and sturdy shoulders, his white hair and flung-back head at dramatic points, his voice, his poise, and chiefly some quality of inside good heartedness, held most of his audience to him, though the people in the front rows had taken their seats three hours before his oration closed.

12. The Baltimore Glee Club sang an ode written for the occasion by Benjamin B. French, who had introduced Everett to the audience. The poets Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, George Boker, had been requested but none found time to respond with a piece to be set to music. The two closing verses of the ode by French immedi-

ately preceded the introduction of the President to the audience:

Great God in Heaven!
Shall all this sacred blood be shed?
Shall we thus mourn our glorious dead?
Oh, shall the end be wrath and woe,
The knell of Freedom's overthrow,
A country riven?

It will not be!
We trust, O God! thy gracious power
To aid us in our darkest hour.
This be our prayer—"O Father! save
A people's freedom from its grave.
All praise to Thee!"

13. Having read Everett's address, Lincoln knew when the moment drew near for him to speak. He took out his own manuscript from a coat pocket, put on his steel-bowed glasses, stirred in his chair, looked over the manuscript, and put it back in his pocket. The Baltimore Glee Club finished. The specially chosen Ward Hill Lamon rose and spoke the words "The President of the United States," who rose, and holding in one hand the two sheets of paper at which he occasionally glanced, delivered the address in his high-pitched and clear-carrying voice. The *Cincinnati Commercial* reporter wrote, "The President rises slowly, draws from his pocket a paper, and, when commotion subsides, in a sharp, unmusical treble voice, reads the brief and pithy remarks." Hay wrote in his diary, "The President, in a firm, free way, with more grace than is his wont, said his half dozen words of consecration." Charles Hale of the *Boston Advertiser*, also officially representing Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, had notebook and pencil in hand, took down the slow-spoken words of the President, as follows:

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract.

The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated, here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

14. . . . The *New York Tribune* and many other newspapers indicated "[Applause.]" at five places in the address and "[Long continued applause.]" at the end. The applause, however, according to most of the responsible witnesses, was formal and perfunctory, a tribute to the occasion, to the high office, to the array of important men of the nation on the platform, by persons who had sat as an audience for three hours. Ten sentences had been spoken in five minutes, and some were surprised that it should end before the orator had really begun to get his outdoor voice.

15. A photographer had made ready to record a great historic moment, had hustled about with his dry plates, his black box on a tripod, and before he had his head under the hood for an exposure, the President had said "by the people, for the people" and the nick of time was past for a photograph.

16. The *New York Times* reporter gave his summary of the program by writing: "The opening prayer by Reverend Mr. Stockton was touching and beautiful, and produced quite as much effect upon the audience as the classic sentences of the orator of the day. President Lincoln's address was delivered in a clear loud tone of voice, which could be distinctly heard at the extreme limits of the large assemblage. It was delivered (or rather read from a sheet of paper which the speaker held in his hand) in a very deliberate manner, with

strong emphasis, and with a most business-like air."

17. The *Philadelphia Press* man, John Russell Young, privately felt that Everett's speech was the performance of a great actor whose art was too evident, that it was "beautiful but cold as ice." The *New York Times* man noted: "Even while Mr. Everett was delivering his splendid oration, there were as many people wandering about the fields, made memorable by the fierce struggles of July, as stood around the stand listening to his eloquent periods. They seem to have considered, with President Lincoln, that it was not what was *said* here, but what was *done* here, that deserved their attention. . . . In wandering about these battlefields, one is astonished and indignant to find at almost every step of his progress the carcasses of dead horses which breed pestilence in the atmosphere. I am told that more than a score of deaths have resulted from this neglect in the village of Gettysburg the past summer; in the house in which I was compelled to seek lodgings, there are now two boys sick with typhoid fever attributed to this cause. Within a stone's throw of the white-washed hut occupied as the headquarters of General Meade, I counted yesterday no less than ten carcasses of dead horses, lying on the ground where they were struck by the shells of the enemy."

18. The audience had expected, as the printed program stipulated, "Dedicatory Remarks, by the President of the United States." No eloquence was promised. Where eloquence is in flow the orator must have time to get tuned up, to expatiate and expand while building toward his climaxes, it was supposed. The *New York Tribune* man and other like observers merely reported the words of the address with the one preceding sentence: "The dedicatory remarks were then delivered by the President." These reporters felt no urge to inform their readers about how Lincoln stood, what he did with his hands, how he moved, vocalized, or whether he emphasized or subdued any parts of the address. Strictly, no address as such was on the program from him. He was down for just a few perfunctory "dedicatory remarks."

19. According to Lamon, Lincoln himself felt that about all he had given the audience

was ordinary garden-variety dedicatory remarks, for Lamon wrote that Lincoln told him just after delivering the speech that he had regret over not having prepared it with greater care. "Lamon, that speech won't scour. It is a flat failure and the people are disappointed." On the farms where Lincoln grew up as a boy when wet soil stuck to the mold board of a plow they said it didn't "scour."

20. The near-by *Patriot and Union* of Harrisburg took its fling: "The President succeeded on this occasion because he acted without sense and without constraint in a panorama that was gotten up more for the benefit of his party than for the glory of the nation and the honor of the dead. . . . We pass over the silly remarks of the President; for the credit of the nation we are willing that the veil of oblivion shall be dropped over them and that they shall no more be repeated or thought of."

21. The *Chicago Times* held that "Mr. Lincoln did most foully traduce the motives of the men who were slain at Gettysburg" in his reference to "a new birth of freedom," the *Times* saying, "They gave their lives to maintain the old government, and the only Constitution and Union." He had perverted history, misstated the cause for which they died, and with "ignorant rudeness" insulted the memory of the dead, the *Times* alleged: "Readers will not have failed to observe the exceeding bad taste which characterized the remarks of the President and Secretary of State at the dedication of the soldiers' cemetery at Gettysburg. The cheek of every American must tingle with shame as he reads the silly, flat, and dish-watery utterances of the man who has to be pointed out to intelligent foreigners as the President of the United States. And neither he nor Seward could refrain, even on that solemn occasion, from spouting their odious abolition doctrines. The readers of THE TIMES ought to know, too, that the valorous President did not dare to make this little journey to Gettysburg without being escorted by a bodyguard of soldiers. For the first time in the history of the country, the President of the United States, in traveling through a part of his dominions, on a peaceful, even a religious mission, had to be escorted by a bodyguard of soldiers . . . it

was fear for his own personal safety which led the President to go escorted as any other military despot might go." In the pronouncement of a funeral sermon Mr. Lincoln had intruded an "offensive exhibition of boorishness and vulgarity," had alluded to tribal differences that an Indian orator eulogizing dead warriors would have omitted, "which he knew would excite unnecessarily the bitter prejudices of his hearers." Therefore the *Chicago Times* would inquire, "Is Mr. Lincoln less refined than a savage?"

22. A Confederate outburst of war propaganda related to Lincoln and the Gettysburg exercises was set forth in a *Richmond Examiner* editorial, and probably written by its editor, Edward A. Pollard, taking a day off from his merciless and occasionally wild-eyed criticism of President Jefferson Davis of the Confederacy. And the *Chicago Times*, which seldom let a day pass without curses on Lincoln for his alleged suppression of free speech and a free press, reprinted in full the long editorial from the *Examiner*. "The dramatic exhibition at Gettysburg is in thorough keeping with Yankee character, suited to the usual dignity of their chosen chief," ran part of the editorial scorn. "Stage play, studied attitudes, and effective points were carefully elaborated and presented to the world as the honest outpourings of a nation's heart. In spite of shoddy contracts, of universal corruption, and cruel thirst for southern blood, these people have ideas . . . have read of them in books . . . and determined accordingly to have a grand imitation of them. . . . Mr. Everett was equal to the occasion. He 'took down his Thucydides,' and fancied himself a Pericles commemorating the illustrious dead. The music, the eloquence, the bottled tears and hermetically sealed grief, prepared for the occasion, were all properly brought out in honor of the heroes, whom they crimp in Ireland, inveigle in Germany, or hunt down in the streets of New York.

23. "So far the play was strictly classic. To suit the general public, however, a little admixture of the more irregular romantic drama was allowed. A vein of comedy was permitted to mingle with the deep pathos of the piece. This singular novelty, and deviation from classic propriety, was heightened by assigning

this part to the chief personage. Kings are usually made to speak in the magniloquent language supposed to be suited to their elevated position. On the present occasion Lincoln acted the clown."

24. This was in the customary tone of the *Chicago Times* and relished by its supporting readers. Its rival, the *Chicago Tribune*, however, had a reporter who telegraphed (unless some editor who read the address added his own independent opinion) a sentence: "The dedicatory remarks of President Lincoln will live among the annals of man."

25. The *Cincinnati Gazette* reporter added after the text of the address, "That this was the right thing in the right place, and a perfect thing in every respect, was the universal encomium."

26. The American correspondent of the *London Times* wrote that "the ceremony was rendered ludicrous by some of the sallies of that poor President Lincoln. . . . Anything more dull and commonplace it would not be easy to produce."

27. Count Gurowski, the only man ever mentioned by Lincoln to Lamon as his possible assassin, wrote in a diary, "Lincoln spoke, with one eye to a future platform and to reelection."

28. The *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* said thousands who would not read the elaborate oration of Mr. Everett would read the President's few words "and not many will do it without a moistening of the eye and a swelling of the heart." The *Detroit Advertiser and Tribune* said Mr. Everett had nobly told the story of the battle, "but he who wants to take in the very spirit of the day, catch the unstudied pathos that animates a sincere but simple-minded man, will turn from the stately periods of the professed orator to the brief speech of the President." The *Providence Journal* reminded readers of the saying that the hardest thing in the world is to make a good five-minute speech: "We know not where to look for a more admirable speech than the brief one which the President made at the close of Mr. Everett's oration. . . . Could the most elaborate and splendid oration be more beautiful, more touching, more inspiring, than those thrilling words of the President? They had in our humble judg-

ment the charm and power of the very highest eloquence."

29. Later men were to find that Robert Toombs of Georgia had in 1850 opened a speech: "Sixty years ago our fathers joined together to form a more perfect Union and to establish justice. . . . We have now met to put that government on trial. . . . In my judgment the verdict is such as to give hope to the friends of liberty throughout the world."

30. Lincoln had spoken of an idea, a proposition, a concept, worth dying for, which brought from a Richmond newspaper a countering question and answer, "For what are we fighting? An abstraction?"

31. The *Springfield Republican* had veered from its first opinion that Lincoln was honest but "a Simple Susan." Its comment ran: "Surpassingly fine as Mr. Everett's oration was in the Gettysburg consecration, the rhetorical honors of the occasion were won by President Lincoln. His little speech is a perfect gem; deep in feeling, compact in thought and expression, and tasteful and elegant in every word and comma. Then it has the merit of unexpectedness in its verbal perfection and beauty. We had grown so accustomed to homely and imperfect phrase in his productions that we had come to think it was the law of his utterance. But this shows he can talk handsomely as well as act sensibly. Turn back and read it over, it will repay study as a model speech. Strong feelings and a large brain were its parents—a little painstaking its *accoucheur*."

32. That scribbler of curious touch who signed himself "The Lounger" in *Harper's Weekly* inquired why the ceremony at Gettysburg was one of the most striking events of the war. "There are grave-yards enough in the land—what is Virginia but a cemetery?—and the brave who have died for us in this fierce war consecrate the soil from the ocean to the Mississippi. But there is peculiar significance in the field of Gettysburg, for there 'thus far' was thundered to the rebellion. . . . The President and the Cabinet were there, with famous soldiers and civilians. The oration by Mr. Everett was smooth and cold. . . . The few words of the President were from the heart to the heart. They can not be read,

even, without kindling emotion. 'The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.' It was as simple and felicitous and earnest a word as was ever spoken. . . . Among the Governors present was Horatio Seymour. He came to honor the dead of Gettysburg. But when they were dying he stood in New York sneeringly asking where was the victory promised for the Fourth of July? These men were winning that victory, and dying for us all; and now he mourns, *ex officio*, over their graves."

33. Everett's opinion of the speech he heard Lincoln deliver was written in a note to Lincoln the next day and was more than mere courtesy: "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes." Lincoln's immediate reply was: "In our respective parts yesterday, you could not have been excused to make a short address, nor I a long one. I am pleased to know that, in your judgment, the little I did say was not entirely a failure."

34. At Everett's request Lincoln wrote with pen and ink a copy of his Gettysburg Address, which manuscript was auctioned at a Sanitary Fair in New York for the benefit of soldiers. At the request of George Bancroft, the historian, he wrote another copy for a Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair at Baltimore. He wrote still another to be lithographed as a facsimile in a publication, *Autographed Leaves of Our Country's Authors*. For Mr. Wills, his host at Gettysburg, he wrote another. The first draft, written in Washington, and the second one, held while delivering it, went into John Hay's hands to be eventually presented to the Library of Congress.

35. After the ceremonies at Gettysburg Lincoln lunched with Governor Curtin, Mr. Everett, and others at the Wills home, held a reception that had not been planned, handshaking nearly an hour, looking gloomy and listless but brightening sometimes as a small boy or girl came in line, and stopping one tall man for remarks as to just how high up he reached. At five o'clock he attended a patriotic meeting in the Presbyterian church, walking arm-in-arm with old John Burns, and listening to an address by Lieutenant Governor-

elect Anderson of Ohio. At six-thirty he was on the departing Washington train. In the dining-car his secretary John Hay ate with Simon Cameron and Wayne MacVeagh. Hay had thought Cameron and MacVeagh hated each other, but he noted: "I was more than usually struck by the intimate, jovial relations that existed between men that hate and detest each other as cordially as do these Pennsylvania politicians."

36. The ride to Washington took until midnight. Lincoln was weary, talked little, stretched out on one of the side seats in the drawing-room and had a wet towel laid across his eyes and forehead.

37. He had stood that day, the world's foremost spokesman of popular government, saying that democracy was yet worth fighting for. He had spoken as one in mist who might head on deeper yet into mist. He incarnated the assurances and pretenses of popular government, implied that it could and might perish from the earth. What he meant by "a new birth of freedom" for the nation could have a thousand interpretations. The taller riddles of democracy stood up out of the address. It had the dream touch of vast and furious events epitomized for any foreteller to read what was to come. He did not assume that the drafted soldiers, substitutes, and bounty-paid privates had died willingly under Lee's shot and shell, in deliberate consecration of themselves to the Union cause. His cadences sang the ancient song that where there is freedom men have fought and sacrificed for it, and that freedom is worth men's dying for. For the first time since he became President he had on a dramatic occasion declaimed, howsoever it might be read, Jefferson's proposition which had been a slogan of the Revolutionary War—"All men are created equal"—leaving no other inference than that he regarded the Negro slave as a man. His outwardly smooth sentences were inside of them gnarled and tough with the enigmas of the American experiment.

38. Back at Gettysburg the blue haze of the Cumberland Mountains had dimmed till it was a blur in a nocturne. The moon was up and fell with a bland golden benevolence on the new-made graves of soldiers, on the sepulchers of old settlers, on the horse car-

casses of which the onrush of war had not yet permitted removal. The *New York Herald* man walked amid them and ended the story he sent his paper: "The air, the trees, the graves are silent. Even the relic hunters are gone now. And the soldiers here never wake to the sound of reveille."

39. In many a country cottage over the land, a tall old clock in a quiet corner told time in a tick-tock deliberation. Whether the orchard branches hung with pink-spray blossoms or icicles of sleet, whether the outside news was seedtime or harvest, rain or drouth, births or deaths, the swing of the pendulum was right and left and right and left in a tick-tock deliberation.

40. The face and dial of the clock had known the eyes of a boy who listened to its tick-tock and learned to read its minute and hour hands. And the boy had seen years measured off by the swinging pendulum, and grown to man size, had gone away. And the people in the cottage knew that the clock would stand there and the boy never again come into the room and look at the clock with the query, "What is the time?"

41. In a row of graves of the Unidentified

the boy would sleep long in the dedicated final resting-place at Gettysburg. Why he had gone away and why he would never come back had roots in some mystery of flags and drums, of national fate in which individuals sink as in a deep sea, of men swallowed and vanished in a man-made storm of smoke and steel.

42. The mystery deepened and moved with ancient music and inviolable consolation because a solemn Man of Authority had stood at the graves of the Unidentified and spoken the words "We cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. . . . From these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion."

43. To the backward and forward pendulum swing of a tall old clock in a quiet corner they might read those cadenced words while outside the windows the first flurry of snow blew across the orchard and down over the meadow, the beginnings of winter in a gun-metal gloaming to be later arched with a star-flung sky.

Henry Steele Commager

PORTRAIT OF THE AMERICAN

Henry Steele Commager (1902-) was born in Pittsburgh and educated at the University of Chicago. He is now professor of American history at Columbia University, and he often lectures at other universities in the United States and Europe. His prolific scholarship has been devoted to a study of the American people: their history, traditions, and character. He has edited Documents of American History, 1934, America in Perspective: the United States through Foreign Eyes, 1947, and The Blue and the Gray: the Story of the Civil War as Told by Participants, 1950. His more important historical writings are The Growth of the American Republic (with Samuel Eliot Morison), 1930, revised 1950, America: the Story of a Free People (with Allan Nevins), 1942, and The Story of the Second World War, 1945. His keen interest in American intellectual history is especially evident in The American Mind, 1950.

Professor Commager's intensive study of American history and culture and his wide acquaintance with American life eminently qualify him to essay a "Portrait

of the American." Though he admits that he can give only a broad outline of national character, he has been able to isolate the main factors which have formed the typical American and to describe the manifestations of those factors in American life.

1. The important questions about any nation, as about any individual, come back to character. "What kind of people do they think we are?" asked Winston Churchill at a momentous crisis in history, and Britain—and the democratic world—survived, not because the English Channel held the Nazis at bay, but because of English steadfastness and courage. Yet it is clear, too, that England's insular position is, itself, an ingredient of the English character just as the protection of the Atlantic and the open frontier have been ingredients of the American character. The broad question, what kind of people are we? inevitably takes precedence over any particular questions of government, economy or sociology, of domestic or foreign policy, but it cannot be separated from the elements that give rise to such questions. Character is intangible and unique but it is neither abstract nor isolated; it is both cause and consequence, creator and creation. It is the product of a thousand factors of geography, history, and economy, and it determines, in turn, the manifestations of those factors.

2. What kind of people, then, are we Americans? What have we inherited, and what have we created? What values do we cherish, what standards do we maintain, what fears do we confess, and what hopes do we avow? What are our motivating interests, sentiments, and passions? What are our instinctive habits of conduct and what our calculated principles? How do we view ourselves, and how do we view others? How have we responded, in the past, to the various crises of economy, politics, and war, and to the challenges of philosophy, culture, and science; how may we be expected to respond, in the future, to the implacable demands that will be made upon our understanding, our courage, and our virtue?

3. These are questions that cannot, in the

nature of things, be answered comprehensively or conclusively. No biographer, not even a Boswell, a Lockhart, or a Freeman, has exhausted the possibilities of an individual character, nor can the historian hope to do more than suggest the broad outlines of a national character. Certainly in a people so mixed as the American, scattered over so broad a territory, coming from such varied backgrounds, professing such different faiths, concerned with such diverse interests, there is no single pattern, however rich. Yet from Crèvecoeur to Brogan, the most judicious foreign visitors have concluded that America has fused its human ingredients into something approaching a type, and observation of the American soldier overseas confirmed the conclusion that somehow the homogeneous had triumphed over the heterogeneous and the general over the particular.

4. The American character is an amalgam of inheritance, environment, and experience. The inheritance is chiefly British, but it is, in a broad sense, that of western Christendom. Contributions from Germany, Scandinavia, Italy, Bohemia, Poland, Russia, and—above all—Africa made an impact on special groups and regions; but their total effect on American institutions was negligible, and only the African had a lasting influence on the American character. The environment, like the inheritance, is varied—varied both in time and in space, for Americans lived in different environments in different eras of their history. The diversity of the environment, however great, was less important than its general character—spaciousness, richness, beauty, and isolation. For over two centuries the environment was a challenge and a reward—a succession of wildernesses that demanded the utmost of those who braved them, and of soils and minerals that rewarded industry and ingenuity richly.

5. Fully to appreciate the American experience—the third factor in the formation of the national character—would require a rehearsal

of the whole of American history. Certain elements of that experience were to prove of special importance to white Americans: Puritanism and the principle of the dignity of the individual; the Enlightenment and the sovereignty of Reason; the Revolution and the doctrine of the subordination of government to man; education in self-government through a constantly expanding electorate and in democracy through voluntary association; the absence of feudal institutions of church, state, and society, and the necessary practice of social and religious tolerance; freedom from hard and fast class distinctions; the combination of abundant natural resources and of individual industry which made possible a high level of material prosperity and the indulgence of women and children; the traditions of immunity from European entanglements, of victory in war, of inexhaustible resources, of moral superiority, and of Providential favor—traditions none the less effective even when not consistent with reality.

6. The Old World inheritance persisted into the late nineteenth and twentieth centuries, when it was augmented and, in part, transformed by the new immigration and by the reception of new scientific and philosophical ideas such as evolution, determinism, and Freudianism. With the passing of the frontier of the nineties the peculiar impact of a wilderness environment disappeared, and as technology enabled men to master their environment, the role of geography and climate was diminished. Yet the varied forces of weather, soil and water, of mountain, prairie and forest continued to make themselves felt. A larger uniformity embraced striking sectional divergencies, and the American scene presented as richly differentiated an economic pattern as that of all Europe. And to almost three centuries of history—often overlaid with romance or transfigured by legend—Americans added half a century of experience which by contrast seems almost wholly contemporaneous. This recent past, merging imperceptibly with the present, has had a decisive influence on the shaping of the American character.

7. The watershed that divides the historic past from what we may call the modern era can be located, with some assurance, in the decade of the 'nineties. That decade witnessed

important changes in the material scene: the passing of the frontier, the completion of the transcontinental railways, the coming of the "new" immigration, the decisive shift of population from country to city, and of economy from agriculture to industry, the rise of trusts and of modern labor organizations, the emergence of the New South, and the advent of the United States to world power. And during these years, too, the intellectual and psychological world in which Americans lived underwent a comparable change. The doctrine of evolution challenged religious orthodoxy and profoundly affected science and the social sciences, philosophy, literature, and art. Catholicism emerged as a major force, threatening to compete with the Puritan and the evangelical tradition. A new physics gave scientific sanction to the principle of uncertainty, and currents of thought stemming from Marx, Nietzsche, and Freud introduced radically new elements into the pattern of thought. The rise of sensational journalism and of a more popular press accelerated that tendency towards the vulgarization of ideas already notorious in America, while pragmatism, regarded by unfriendly critics as a comparable vulgarization in philosophy, provided Americans with a philosophical method highly congenial to democracy.

8. The twentieth century introduced not only new material circumstances and philosophical concepts, but novel techniques, experiences, and challenges. Among the new techniques it is sufficient to mention the moving pictures, the radio, television, and modern advertising, with their vast and almost unexplored potentialities for molding opinion. Among the new experiences the most important are the most obvious: a depression which left permanent scars and should have taught permanent lessons in economy and government, and a world war which violently wrenched life from its normal course, confronted millions of Americans with perplexing problems in conduct and morals, and placed upon the American character unprecedented responsibilities. Among the new challenges are the growth of the welfare state, the attainment of world power, the advent of a permanent military organization, and atomic energy. All these, together with the deeply-

rooted and permanent factors of inheritance, environment, and historical experience, condition the American character as it reveals itself at mid-century.

II

9. Let us, then, try to delineate that character.

10. The American is optimistic, self-confident, and self-satisfied. He takes for granted that his is the best of all countries, the happiest and most virtuous of all societies, the richest and most bounteous of all economies. He knows that Providence has favored him in the past and he takes for granted that he will continue to be the object of special dispensation. Collectively he has never known defeat, or prolonged misery, and only colored Americans—who are usually left out of calculations—have known oppression. He is not indifferent to the past, as long as it is American, and is inclined to believe that history began in 1607 or—if he is a Yankee—in 1620. Mostly, however, he lives in the present or the future. Although less sure of progress than his fathers or grandfathers, he is confident that if there is progress, it will be under American leadership and bear the American imprint. Accustomed to seeing his boldest plans and most sanguine anticipations realized, he believes that they will continue to be fulfilled—but with that belief goes a suspicion that in these matters he is no longer the free agent he was during the period of relative immunity from European affairs.

11. The American has boundless faith in the new generation over the horizon, is willing to make almost any sacrifices for it except those required by self-restraint. Education is his religion. It is commonly said that the United States is a young country. That is true only in part, and in a special sense, but it is indubitably true that it is above most others a country whose society and economy are organized for children and young people—again, so long as they are white. That indulgence of children, which most foreign commentators have remarked, is rooted, in part, in good fortune and prosperity, and, in part, in the confident assumption by each successive generation that the period of true greatness lies ahead.

12. In one important respect, confidence in the future has led the American to a characteristic disregard of the interests of his children and of his children's children. Because he believed that his natural resources were inexhaustible, he used them recklessly, taking little care for soil or forest or stream, or even for the less tangible but no less important element of the beauty of carefully tended trees and roads and lawns. Because he trusted his own individual strength, he was hostile to planning, especially by any governmental agency. Because he was easy-going and heedless, he piled up staggering public debts for future generations to pay, and was unwilling to burden himself, even in times of prosperity, by a speedy retirement of that debt. The twentieth century saw improvement in the attitude toward conservation and a decline in hostility toward planning. Belatedly shocked by the rapid exhaustion of his resources, the American approved a conservation program that at least arrested, if it did not reverse, that process. Confused by the complexity of modern economy and wounded by the great depression, he undertook, somewhat gingerly, a series of experiments in economic planning, of which T.V.A. is easily the most ambitious. All this was a sign of maturity.

13. Enraptured with his life in the New World, the American is inclined to disparage or ignore any other. Confident of the superiority of what he calls, with naïve vagueness, "The American way of life," he is confident, too, of the superior intelligence, competence, and virtue of his own people. Whatever quality is admirable he promptly dubs "American," and he is inclined to think that nowhere but in America do doctors save children or newspapers print honest news or women wear nylons. This is an attitude by no means unique to the American, and more easily excused in a people who have been so favored by nature and history in their attempt to make something new, than it is in some others. Neither familiarity with the history and institutions of Old World nations or contact with them during two wars disabused the average American of his feeling of superiority or his tendency either to indulge other peoples for their quaintness and charm, or to disparage them for their backwardness or their

wickedness. Yet if the tendency to equate civilization with plumbing is childish, it is perhaps no more childish than the Old World habit of equating it with titles or monuments or traditions.

14. Because he has a long tradition of victory over the wilderness and over foreign enemies, the American is inclined to regard any set-back to his success or qualification of it as contrary to nature. He looked on the great depression of 1929 not as the logical consequence of his own political and economic follies, but rather as an aberration, and for over a decade his business and political leaders have been busy trying to forget it or to pretend that it never really happened. He has never willingly admitted defeat in war, nor quit while there was still some purpose in fighting: in this he is closer to the British and the Russian than to any other peoples. First and Second Bull Run, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, did not fatally dishearten the North; nor Gettysburg and Vicksburg the South. Pearl Harbor seemed not so much a defeat as an indignity; it did not depress the American, but astonished and outraged him.

15. Much of the American's optimism is rooted in innocence. Less virtuous—certainly less moral and law-abiding—than his British cousins, he is at the same time less sophisticated and consequently less disillusioned. Notwithstanding an inheritance of Puritanism, he has never really subscribed to the doctrine of the natural depravity of man, and despite the efforts of generations of revivalists, he has never taken the Devil seriously. Nor has he ever comprehended corruption, as have, for example, the French and the Germans. His philosophers early abandoned those problems of evil which had engaged the anxious consideration of philosophy since the days of Plato. Emerson remained his favorite philosopher, and after him, William James. Josiah Royce, who did wrestle with the problem of evil, was largely ignored. Of his major writers only three—Hawthorne, Melville, and E. A. Robinson—concerned themselves with sin. His imagination, which is lively enough in the realm of humor and fantasy, seems incapable of penetrating to the depths of human depravity. By comparison with French novelists like Jules Romains or with English

ones like Graham Greene, his hard-boiled novelists and tough mystery-story writers seem like adolescent boys scrawling naughty words on walls. Even World War II, even the German and Japanese torture camps, failed to bring home to him the full reality of evil, and he remains, therefore, psychologically disqualified for appreciating the fears and despairs that today afflict so large a part of the world.

16. This attitude affects even his foreign and his military policy. He is confident that in a third world war his side would win, and impatient with the misgivings of some western European states about the outcome of such a war. When he takes thought, he realizes that, win or lose, a third war would destroy western Europe, but he does not always take thought. So, too, with his control of the atomic weapon. He feels that his intentions are good, and assumes that his country will not misuse atomic bombs, and he expects other countries to trust him, too. He is perpetually astonished and outraged by Russian suspicion of his motives. He is sure that in the event of atomic warfare his country will have the most and the most effective bombs, and that it will inflict more damage on the enemy than the enemy can inflict on it. He does not commonly appreciate that the damage to Britain or Scandinavia, for example, might be incalculable and irreparable—to say nothing of the fact that equally sinister weapons may suddenly be turned on him.

III

17. American culture is predominantly material, its thought and its standards quantitative. The normal American tends to compute almost everything in numbers, even qualitative things such as religion or art. He takes pride in statistics of population growth, automobile production, magazine circulation, and college enrollment, and is inclined to put a financial value on objects of public interest—houses, or bridges, or works of art—not because he is primarily interested in money but because money furnishes the most convenient quantitative yardstick. He is proud when his company builds the highest office-building, or his city the most miles of boulevard, or his college the largest stadium.

18. This passion for quantity is looked upon as naïve, even as vulgar, by outsiders; it has given acute pain to such different critics as Matthew Arnold, Knut Hamsun, and de Madariaga. Yet it has certain advantages. Oftentimes quantity is meaningless, but oftentimes, too, it contributes directly to human welfare and happiness. The American wants the highest standard of living, and knows that telephones and libraries and boulevards contribute to that standard. Only rarely does he delude himself that twenty thousand students at the State University guarantee a higher standard of education than five thousand students at Oxford, but at the same time he is prepared to maintain that two million students in colleges and universities do make for a more enlightened citizenry than, say, one hundred thousand. He is not to be dissuaded from his pride in keeping twenty-seven million boys and girls in his public schools or in the handsome buildings he commonly provides for them.

19. His respect for numbers contributes to the maintenance of the two-party system, and to a more cheerful acquiescence in majority decisions than is to be found in many other countries. It may even be argued that there is a connection between majority—or quantitative—rule and economic and social progress. It is suggestive that the section of the country where minority control is indulged has made least material progress, and least progress in social and intellectual tolerance. Nor is the quantitative standard wholly without significance in international relations. The American can fight when outnumbered—witness the history of the Confederacy—but prefers to fight with the largest numbers and the best equipment, and the ability of America to muster large numbers and produce superior equipment is a basic consideration in world affairs.

20. The American is ingenious, inventive, and experimental, though less so in the twentieth than in the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries. This ingenuity is in part an inheritance from life on successive frontiers, where almost everyone was a jack-of-all-trades, in part a concomitant of an equalitarian society where rewards went to the most enterprising. It is, in addition, a consequence of the im-

portant fact that America came to maturity during the era of the industrial revolution. The American likes to tinker, and his passion for gadgets is notorious—the very word has come to be an Americanism. He has carried this aptitude for tinkering over into the whole field of science and technology, and to a lesser degree into the realms of education, libraries, journalism and sports. Except in law, he is unimpressed by precedent, and has little use for tradition. He prefers to do old things in new ways, and the fact that something has never been done before is more a challenge than a discouragement.

21. His proclivity for invention and experimentation does not carry over in any substantial form into the political or cultural fields. Here the American is conservative by instinct rather than by conviction. Those who are prosperous, successful, and powerful are generally conservative, and the American is no exception. Most of his political inventions date back to the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries—the federal system, the written constitution, the constitutional convention, the colonial system formulated in the Northwest Ordinance, and judicial review; since that day political inventions have been largely confined to the less spacious realms of party and administrative techniques. Although he permits changes in his unwritten constitution, he does not want to change his written one, and he is inclined to regard criticism of that document as heretical. It is remarkable that no basic change has been introduced into the written constitution since 1868. Of the three branches of his government the judicial, which is least democratic in character, is the most exalted, and the legislative, which is most democratic, is most condemned. Tocqueville's observation about the aristocracy of the robe in the eighteen-thirties was equally valid a century later. Although the federal system permits wide experimentation in forty-eight state laboratories, few states have in fact ventured beyond familiar political arrangements and techniques. On the other hand, much of the New Deal program showed audacity, the T.V.A. revealed both boldness and originality, and lend-lease was probably the most ingenious invention in the history of modern international relations.

22. The twentieth-century American does not display hospitality to new or radical ideas in non-political realms. In economics he still prefers the dogmas of Spencer to the experiments of Keynes: it should be added that the verbal expression of his preference here is sentimental and nostalgic. His attitude towards such institutions of property as the corporation, the stock market, land tenure, patents, and labor organizations, is predominantly conservative. In religion he is a conservative, if not a fundamentalist, and the only churches that show a positive decline in membership are the Unitarian, Universalist, and Quaker. Neither his movies nor his radio nor his advertising—the three most popular media of culture—show any weakness for innovation. Some artists and poets experiment, but it is not they who command the favor of the public or of patrons, but rather those who are content with traditional forms. Three decades of agitation for modern housing have produced chiefly colonial or Elizabethan or Spanish reproductions. Even in the automobile, where American productive skill is supreme, the boldest experiments come from abroad. In the realm of science, medicine and technology, Americans have retained considerable intellectual boldness, but not, on the whole, in the social sciences, and the growing popular complacency about American society and economy augurs ill for any bold ventures in that arena.

23. The American is pre-eminently practical. He is the enemy of all abstractions, theories and doctrines. Franklin is his favorite philosopher, and after him, William James—James who asserted that it was only minds debauched by learning that ever suspected common sense of not being true. The American requires that everything serve a practical purpose—religion, education, culture, science, philosophy, even art. He has produced great speculative scientists, but he admires Edison rather than Willard Gibbs; he has produced speculative philosophers, but exalts William James above Josiah Royce; he has produced no great political theorist since Jefferson, no major social theorist since Lester Ward; and both Jefferson and Ward were practical as well as speculative philosophers. His education, too, is practical, and only in America do

graduate schools of architecture and journalism and engineering flourish.

24. This strain of practicality is regarded by many Europeans as lamentable, but it is not without merit. It means that philosophy has been levied upon for practical and democratic purposes. Transcendentalism, in its German and English versions, was private and remote, but in its American, it became a powerful instrument for social reform; pragmatism, the most characteristic and most popular of all American philosophies, requires that all truths prove themselves by their consequences. It also means that religious leaders have largely abandoned theology for humanitarianism and reform; that education has broken away, in part at least, from its classical mold and been called on to serve the needs of a business society; that in the realm of politics the American will give his vote to a third party only rarely and reluctantly, and is not tempted by speculative theories. Many foreigners are distressed that there are no discernible differences between the Republican and the Democratic parties, but Americans know instinctively, as well as by experience, that parties are organizations to run the government, not to advance theoretical principles, and, on the basis of results, the American party system appears to be as efficient as any in the world.

25. What is true of philosophy and politics is certainly true of industry, but distinctly less true of agriculture and of business. The efficiency of American technology is unparalleled, but the efficiency of farming is spotty and that of business circumscribed. Agricultural inefficiency had its origins, and its justification, in the abundance of cheap land on successive frontiers, thus making extensive cultivation more profitable than intensive. But with mechanization, the application of science and the contributions of government bureaus, farming is becoming every year more productive and, outside the South, compares favorably with that of Britain and Scandinavia.

26. American business prides itself on its organization, management, publicity, profits, and other characteristics that advertise a high degree of efficiency, and American universities alone teach business administration as a

science. Yet what is perhaps most striking about American business, as distinct from industry, is not social or economic efficiency, but the disproportion between effort and result. Random comparisons with British business are relevant. Probably no banks are more elaborately equipped with devices to keep track of accounts and in particular to control overdrawals than the American, but the several million depositors who lost their savings in American banks during the twenties and thirties might well feel that British banks, for all their shabbiness and their apparent casualness, are substantially more efficient. The machinery of Hollywood is incomparably more elaborate, and more expensive than that of British studios, but Hollywood does not produce pictures as good as the best English films. The total production-costs of American radio run into astronomical figures, but many impartial auditors prefer the less expensive product of the BBC; and American radio has yet to produce anything as good as the "Ideas and Beliefs of the Victorians" series. Or, to look to other fields, the personnel, machinery, and appropriations of the Information and Education division of the American Army were ten-fold as elaborate as those of the British Education program, but it could be argued that the British did a better educational job. What all this suggests, so far as it is tenable, is that the American has faith in machinery, admires bigness, is inclined to mistake the effort for the product and to judge the product by the effort—and the cost. This is natural enough in a people whose genius is inventive, who enjoy abundance, who delight in quantity, and who have learned to rely on machinery to do work ordinarily done by people. What is interesting is that the American businessman should persist in regarding himself as a paragon of efficiency.

27. Another qualification on the efficiency of the American is his deep-rooted and pervasive carelessness. He is careless about his work, his trade, his profession, about speech, manners, and social relationships. In part this is a consequence of generations of rural and frontier life, in part of the absence of distinct social standards or a clear-cut social pattern; in part it is a manifestation of equalitarianism, individualism, and good nature. It re-

veals itself in countless ways, some deplorable, but mostly amiable. The American slurs over his words, leaves sentences unfinished, cheerfully ignores the rules of spelling and grammar. He is lawless in small matters, as in large; disregards rules and regulations, endures public litter, disorder and noise, and the invasion of privacy. His manners, like his dress, are informal, and informality characterizes the relations of superiors and subordinates in the various hierarchies of education, business, the professions, and even the Army. Compared with the Scotch or the Swedish workingman, he takes little pride in a finished job, and does not prize craftsmanship. His roads and his railway roadbeds need to be relaid every few years. Neither his houses, nor his furniture, nor his automobiles are made primarily to last.

28. The American pays dearly for the luxury of carelessness. He pays in wasted resources of land and of forest, in heavy costs of governmental administration, in excessive bills for continuous repair and replacement of his most elementary requirements. On any system of accounting, it costs more to run the machinery of a city whose inhabitants are contemptuous of law than that of one where the whole population is a cooperative law-enforcement agency; more to run a library whose patrons steal, mislay, or deface books than one in which books are respected; more to maintain public parks and monuments ravaged by visitors than those which are respected. Whatever else may be said of such disparate things as American state and local government, the armed services, the radio, the moving pictures, and advertising, it can be said that they are the most expensive in the world. Nor is the cost of carelessness economic only: the cost in time and energy is heavy.

29. Yet wastefulness and carelessness are not absolutes; they are characteristics rooted in and modified by other qualities. Good-nature accounts for generosity as well as for extravagance; individualism encourages independence as well as wastefulness; hostility to discipline contributes to political liberty as well as to lawlessness. It is sobering to remember that the Germans were good workmen and good craftsmen, careful of the proprieties,

respectful of rank and position, orderly, law-abiding, disciplined, and prudent.

IV

30. The American tradition was of necessity one of tolerance. The late-eighteenth-century American knew that his country had been founded in dissent and born of Revolution, and his nineteenth-century successors did not forget this, for non-conformity and dissent were encouraged by subsequent historical experience. State and federal constitutions guaranteed free speech, press, and worship; successive frontiers shattered traditions and encouraged experimentation; the transcendental and the pragmatic philosophies, for all their differences, exalted individualism; a decentralized political system invited a wide latitude in political experiments; a heterogeneous population required toleration of social differences; the habit of voluntary association in a thousand organizations provided the most varied outlets for individual energies and interests. Had the nineteenth-century American wished to be a traditionalist, he would have found it difficult to know what tradition to honor, unless it was indeed the tradition of toleration and of individualism.

31. The decline of the inventive and experimental spirit in the twentieth century was accompanied by a growing impatience with nonconformity and a growing circumscription of the arena of individual activity. By mid-century the average American was inclined to think of his country as a finished product, its character fixed and its standards formed, and to insist upon conformity and upon outward manifestations of unity. World War I encouraged this attitude; World War II crystallized it; with the inauguration of the cold war against Russia, it received sanction from state and federal governments. The drift towards conformity revealed itself in many ways: in the standardization created by moving pictures, radio, advertisements, schools, patriotic and fraternal organizations; in the popularity of guides to good conduct, business success, friendship, home making, love and marriage; in the censorship of books, plays, and motion pictures; in the emphasis upon gestures and ceremonies of loyalty; in the mounting hostility to criticism, even from such

agencies as political parties and universities, whose professional function was that of the critic.

32. Intolerance was no new phenomenon in American history, but not since the days of the Federalists in New England—not even in the ante-bellum South—had it been as indiscriminate as it became in the nineteen forties. It found expression, then, in the antics of state and federal committees on un-American activities and in the requirement of loyalty oaths from groups whose record of loyalty was unimpeachable. It manifested itself in legislative purges of schools and universities, and in the bold intrusion of churches into the realm of politics. It assumed blatant character in anti-Semitism, in the nullification of constitutional guarantees of civil rights to Negroes, and in the emergence of doctrines of racism that had been thought peculiar to the Nazis. In the economic arena, it took the form of hostility to "alien" doctrines by those who subscribed to laissez-faire, Manchester liberalism, and social Darwinism, under the curious misapprehension that these were native. With the Alien Registration Act of 1940, the doctrine of guilt by association entered American law, and various executive and Congressional loyalty tests extended that doctrine to extreme lengths: at mid-century the credentials of a United States Senator, long distinguished in academic life, were openly challenged in Congress on the ground that he had associated himself with an organization designed to advance human welfare in the South. Equally unprecedented, and equally pernicious, was the doctrine of guilt by intention, which likewise made its way into American law in these years. A people who had traditionally cherished liberty no less than order, and who had distinguished themselves as champions of freedom throughout the world, began to whittle away the constitutional guarantees of free speech, free press, and free assembly. Since the conquest of Greece by Rome, history had frequently recorded instances where the vanquished imposed their ideas upon the victors; would history record that American democracy, at the moment of its greatest triumph, had yielded to the racial ideas of the Nazis, the thought-control techniques of the Japa-

nese, the police-state psychology of the Russians?

33. Less ominous, but not without significance, and certainly not without interest, is the apparent growth of class-consciousness in twentieth-century America, especially during the second quarter of the century. By Old World standards, nineteenth-century America, except in the South, had been largely classless. Such class distinctions as obtained were based on mixed considerations, partly economic and partly social, associated with race, family, and education as well as with wealth. But in those years classes merged almost imperceptibly into each other, and, for whites, especially if native born, the transition from one class to another was natural—a matter of years rather than of generations. After the Civil War, large-scale immigration, internal migration, the rise of cities, the weakening of the planter class in the South, and the emergence of the new rich in the North, all contributed to a new blurring of class lines.

34. Although large-scale immigration ceased after the outbreak of World War I, and though a new planter-class arose on the ruins of the old, these influences persisted into the twentieth century, and several, like internal migration and urban growth, were even sharpened. By mid-century it was proper to say that except for Negroes, Mexicans, the foreign-born of southern and eastern Europe, and possibly the share-croppers of the South—a sizeable group to be sure—most Americans belonged to the middle class. Certainly few admitted that they were of a lower class, and just as few professed to belong to an upper; the distinction which Americans themselves made was between upper and lower middle.

35. Yet along with this general leveling of classes came an emergence of class consciousness at once ostentatious and pervasive, and artificial. It appears in the growing importance of the Social Register, and of society pages in newspapers, in a new and flourishing interest in genealogy and in filiopietistic organizations like the Colonial Dames and the Sons of the American Revolution, in the mounting influence and popularity of private schools, in the spread of Old World practices like tipping, in the hierarchy of country clubs, and in the preference for French on menus

and in school curricula. It appears most blatantly in advertising, with its deliberate appeal to snobbery. Yet it is worth noting that advertisers, who have the largest stake in class consciousness, find it worth while to publicize not only the preferences of the first families of Boston and Philadelphia, but of the stars of the movies and the radio, of the ball park and the gridiron, who constitute the most widely-acknowledged American aristocracy.

36. Clearly these outward manifestations of class consciousness are an effort to proclaim publicly what no longer proclaims itself. In Britain, for example, social position is relatively fixed, and acknowledged, by such unmistakable indications as titles, or a public-school accent, or professional status: no one can doubt the social credentials of a Lord, or a barrister, or a graduate of Eton College. But in the United States, the distinction between classes had always been narrow and uncertain. Church affiliation had been free from class connotations, accent had foregone its ancient prerogative, there was no special social merit in any profession—not even in the clerical—and almost the only method of distinguishing social position had been through manifestations of what Thorstein Veblen called conspicuous wealth and conspicuous waste. But while the gap between the rich and the poor widened in the twentieth century, the gap between what the rich and the poor could buy with their money has narrowed steadily, until by mid-century it has all but disappeared. Material display is no longer an indication of social status. With the difficulty of getting and keeping help, big houses have been abandoned, and—from the outside—almost all flats look alike. The differences between cheap and expensive cars, too, are imperceptible, as Fords and Cadillacs try to look alike. Every shop-girl can afford ready-made clothes that are good copies of Worth or Paquin, nylon stockings, and smart accessories, and bankers and clerks dress so nearly alike as to suggest business uniform. The poor as well as the rich can afford vacations in Florida; the poor as well as, or more often than, the rich drive to work in their own cars. All buy the same canned goods or frozen vegetables or bottled drinks, the same imitation Sheraton or Hepplewhite furniture, the same radio and tele-

vision sets. Almost all read the same newspapers and magazines, see the same movies and listen to the same radio programs. Rich and poor enjoy essentially the same social services, and amenities—colleges, hospitals, libraries, and entertainment.

37. It is against this background of social and economic leveling that we must reflect the calculated efforts to revive or to create social distinctions. As such distinctions no longer speak for themselves in accent, education, dress, food, or luxuries, they have to be asserted in more ostentatious ways. For clearly no calculated efforts to preserve social or class distinctions can succeed. None can resist, in the long run, the cumulative effect of inter-marriage among people of different backgrounds, internal migration, a fluid economy, high income-taxes, and the leveling influence of the public school, the athletic field, and military training. What is significant, then, is not that social and class distinctions are invoked and applied, but that so many people yearn for them and that so many businesses have a stake in them. Just as two generations earlier the rise of the "local color" school in literature was a confession of the passing of genuine provincialism, so in the mid-twentieth century the energetic celebration of class distinctions is an expression of wishful thinking and of nostalgia rather than a description of reality.

v

38. Notwithstanding political and social intolerance, the American remains, as in the past, democratic and equalitarian. Both democracy and equality had roots in his philosophy but both, like toleration, were largely the product of experience. Nothing in that experience suggested that democracy worked less effectively than other forms of government, or that an equalitarian society was less wholesome than one that maintained class distinctions and, if the American looked to his own history rather than abroad, the experience of the ante-bellum South suggested the opposite conclusion. After the last quarter of the nineteenth century, American economy and society experienced profound changes, but those changes were mostly quantitative rather than qualitative, and there was no general inclination to reconsider either the phi-

losophy or the practice of democracy. In so far as the mid-twentieth-century American subscribes to a social or political philosophy, that philosophy remains Jeffersonian.

39. Yet there are serious qualifications on his democracy, qualifications of which he is ignorant or to which he is indifferent. His political system is more democratic than its framers intended, but less than he imagines. The written constitution, the separation of powers, the federal system, and judicial review, are all designed to restrain the excesses of democracy, and all function according to design. The American achieves majority rule, but with greater mechanical difficulty than the peoples in other English-speaking countries. He believes in universal suffrage, but millions of his fellow-citizens are debarred from voting, and only half of those entitled to vote trouble to do so, even at Presidential elections.

40. Democracy is most effective in the non-political realm, and especially in the innumerable voluntary organizations which the American maintains. Nowhere else, except in Britain, do men and women associate so readily or so energetically for common purposes. Where, in most countries, the state establishes colleges or libraries, builds hospitals or playgrounds, reforms the law or the civil service, in America it is, more often than not, private organizations that take on these activities and responsibilities. A thousand organizations enlist the energies and loyalties of men: associations of manufacturers and bankers, of workers and farmers, of scholars and scientists, of parents and teachers, associations of vegetarians and stamp collectors, fishermen and horseshoe pitchers, associations for the perpetuation of circus street-parades and for the reform of the calendar—the list could almost be extended interminably. It is through these organizations that the average American makes his interest, and in some cases his will, known; it is through them that he learns to organize, participate, and lead; these, rather than the party headquarters or the much advertised town-meeting, are the instruments which train him in the business of self-government.

41. Voluntary associations are not only democratic, they are, with some notorious

exceptions, equalitarian. Most of them are open to all who are interested or qualified by experience, and leadership generally goes to the most active and most generous. In the eighteen-thirties, Alexis de Tocqueville concluded that equality was the most pervasive and effective single factor in American society, and the passing of more than a century has not modified this conclusion. The sense of equality permeates American society: language and literature, education and religion, entertainment and sports, all testify to its effectiveness. Equality is accepted, as a matter of course, even where it is not observed. Southerners who "keep the Negro in his place," northerners who tremble at the prospect of inundation by foreigners or Jews, subscribe sincerely enough to the philosophy of equality. What seems palpable insincerity to the outsider passes unobserved by the American, or, on occasion, is considered only an embarrassing exception to the rule. It will be admitted that the exceptions are numerous and flagrant, but it is important to remember that no respectable groups suggest changing the rule.

42. Both democracy and equality presuppose respect for the individual, and individualism flourishes best in a democratic order. Traditionally the American is an individualist, impatient of restrictions on his conduct or his personality. He is anti-authoritarian, dislikes rules, regulations, formalities, and precedents, prefers to do things his own way, and wants to be let alone. His own experience has given him little reason to distrust either government or the military, but distrust of both is deeply engrained. Children are not ordinarily exposed to discipline either in their homes or in their schools, and there is less emphasis on discipline in the American Army than in most others.

43. Yet individualism, so marked in the nineteenth century, is less pronounced in the twentieth. Illustrations come readily to mind. The reform movement of the eighteen-thirties and forties rested on a highly individualistic philosophy and sought private salvation; that of a century later was social and governmental. Pragmatism as formulated by William James was individualistic, almost eccentric; the prag-

matism of John Dewey is primarily social. The individual editors of an earlier day—Greeley and Dana for examples—have given way to large impersonal organizations, and for most newspapers, press-services have supplanted reporters. The emphasis in scholarship and science is on cooperative enterprises; so complex is modern science and technology that few individuals are able to master any one part of it. American books are directed less to individual or special tastes than to the mass market; with a population three times that of Britain, American publishers bring out fewer titles, except for reprints, and even here British publishers show more respect for individual tastes. Although the census lists over two hundred religious denominations, actually over three-fourths of all church members belong to the largest five, and the larger churches are growing steadily at the expense of the smaller.

44. The causes for the apparent decline of individualism are complex. It is in part the result of the passing of the frontier, and of a rural society, for urban life offers less scope to the individual character. It is in part the product of universal public education, of standardization, and of the growing emphasis on social and intellectual conformity. It is in part the consequence of the triumph of that very principle of equality which originally encouraged individualism, for individualism flourishes most luxuriantly in an aristocratic society like that in the Old South where the requirements of conformity were more limited and eccentricity more easily indulged.

45. It is in the realm of economics that individualism is most aggressively asserted—and most effectively limited. President Hoover used the term "rugged individualism" to describe private enterprise, and soon private enterprise became identical with "the American way of life." But in fact, as the inexorable statistics of corporation growth reveal, American economy has become less individualistic with every passing year, and private enterprise less private. What is interesting, however, is not so much the gap between reality and ideal, as the almost religious fervor with which many Americans celebrate the ideal. It is as if the American, who no longer indulges himself

freely in the individualistic expression of religion, or social reform, or culture, or even politics, as he did in the nineteenth century, finds in the economic realm the last refuge of an individualism which he still associates with the heroic period of his history.

46. Yet if in consequence of these political, economic, and psychological influences, the scope for the expression of individualism has been circumscribed, the fundamental philosophy, which regards each human being as an end in himself rather than merely as a means to an end, is unimpaired, and reappears at every great crisis of American history.

VI

47. It would be folly to suggest that what we have described is the American character. All we can say is that the qualities which we have delineated seem to be some of the more pronounced traits of the American of the mid-twentieth century as they appear to one observer. No other observer would draw quite the same portrait; many would draw one altogether different. Yet some features, it is safe to say, even some apparently incongruous ones, would probably be common to all portraits. No analysis of the American character could omit optimism, amiability, energy,

self-confidence, enterprise, materialism, idealism, practicality, sentimentality, progressivism, conservatism, inventiveness, carelessness, intolerance, equalitarianism, individualism. These characteristics are not, in themselves, profoundly different from the characteristics of some other peoples—the English or the Norwegian, for example. It is not so much the particular elements as the juxtaposition of all the elements that gives them peculiar interest. Nor is it realistic to lose sight of the obvious fact that it is the combination of these qualities with immense power that gives them significance.

48. For, in large measure, the destinies of mankind are, for the moment, committed to this people. Not ambitious for power, they have achieved power. Not eager for responsibility, they have been unable to escape responsibility. Inclined to parochialism, they have been thrust into world leadership. Fundamentally peaceable, they have been led by circumstances to become the arsenal of the western world. Only the future will reveal whether they will find, in their heritage, their history, and their character, the resources to quicken their minds, embolden their spirits, fire their imagination, lift up their hearts, and fit them for their duties and their destiny.

R. M. MacIver

THE GENIUS OF DEMOCRACY

Robert Morrison MacIver (1882-) was born in Scotland and educated at Edinburgh University and at Oxford University. After serving as lecturer in prominent universities in Scotland and Canada, he became a member of the faculty of Columbia University, where, since 1929, he has been Leiber Professor of Political Philosophy and Sociology. He has contributed frequently to leading periodicals and published several books, among which are The Modern State, 1926, Society—Its Structure and Change, 1931, and The More Perfect Union, 1949. Since coming to this country he has received honorary degrees from two of America's oldest universities—Harvard and Columbia.

Because this essay was written in the year World War II began, it contains references to regimes and personalities that are no longer current. Yet Professor MacIver's definition of democracy is as valid as ever and perhaps even more important. He has given the topic for each of the five main divisions of his essay.

He defines democracy by telling what it is not, describes the positive qualities of democracy, relates democracy to the economic order, presents the main arguments for democratic government, and then points out America's contribution to democracy in these troubled days.

I. SOME MISUNDERSTANDINGS

1. There must be some universal appeal in the name of democracy, for even its destroyers proudly claim possession of its soul. Fascist writers announce that theirs is the genuine democracy and that so-called democracy is only a sham. Soviet spokesmen assert that they have now the most democratic constitution on earth, and Stalin himself declared that the 1937 elections in Russia were "the most democratic the world has seen." Not to be outdone the Nazis, who can also point exultantly to their unanimous plebiscites, profess, as one of their leaders put it, that "the National Socialist form of state, as authoritarian dictatorship of the people, is, in truth, the most modern form of democracy in history." Hitler himself calls it "Teutonic democracy," and no doubt the adjective makes all the difference.

2. We may smile, sarcastically or sadly, at these professions coming from lands where men fear to whisper a word of criticism of their government, where it is perilous even to listen in to foreign radio stations. But we ourselves are often very careless in our definitions of democracy, and sometimes, as when we identify it with majority-rule, we define it in ways which would actually justify such preposterous claims. It is highly important that we clear up this notion of democracy, so as to see precisely wherein it differs from dictatorship. Although or because so much has been written about democracy, for or against democracy, in these times, the concept itself is still beset by serious confusions. Recently a gentleman introduced a new variety of the game of contract bridge, claiming that it was much more "democratic" than the usual form, and proposed to call it for that reason "American contract." The main idea was that all the suits should have equal value. No doubt it would become still more "democratic" if all the cards were given equal value! There are

those who think that democracy means giving everyone equal authority, so that no man has any more power than another. This scheme would assure not the presence of democracy but the absence of government—in short, chaos, the "state of nature." There are others who think it is democratic to take a vote in order to decide the merits of plays or pictures or cigarettes or movie actresses, as though there were some necessary relation between merit and popularity. The New York World's Fair, in planning its art exhibition, announced that it would have a nation-wide system of selection committees and that quotas would be established for the various regions throughout the United States, and they called this system "the most complete application of democratic methods ever attempted in an exhibition of this kind." There are also those who think that to be democratic is to show to everyone a "hail-fellow-well-met" spirit. There are certain organizations calling themselves democratic—not unknown, for example, in New York City—where the idea of democracy is to share the spoils among the members and to distribute bread and coal to the deserving democratic poor. There are other organizations which propose to establish democracy by handing things out all round. In the first democracy that history clearly reveals, the idea got abroad—it was in ancient Athens—that there was something peculiarly democratic in the rotation of office, and they created so many offices that practically every citizen had his turn in one of them. To make the principle complete and give every man an equal chance they decided to use the lot instead of the ballot.

3. A more important confusion is that which equates democracy with the government of the many, opposed to the government of the few. The many in this sense never actually govern. They never do and never can decide the specific issues of policy that governments are always facing. Mr. Walter Lippmann once wrote a book (*The Phantom Public*) in which

he told us that the ordinary man was quite disillusioned about democracy, because he couldn't possibly give attention to all the pressing questions of the day. Democracy was an "unattainable ideal" because the man in the street was unable to attend to banking problems one day and Brooklyn sewers the next and Manchurian railroads the day after—and so on. Of course if anyone entertains such an illusion about the nature of democracy he certainly ought to be disillusioned. No serious political thinker has ever put forward such a theory, with the possible exception of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Democracy can never be government by the people in that sense. They can broadly decide the general direction of governmental policy and little more.

4. Nor can we say that democracy is any system under which the majority of the people support the existing government. Apart from the mere technical point that it is sometimes difficult to say whether a democratically elected government still holds a majority or not—though no doubt Mr. Gallup is of great service to us here—there is the glaring fact that a dictatorship may have the support of a majority, and any definition that will not enable us to distinguish democracy from dictatorship is worse than useless. Assuredly that is not what any intelligent defender of democracy means. We must carefully avoid the definition of democracy as simply majority-rule. Democracy does involve one form of majority-rule, a form in which there is no fixed majority entrenched against the processes and tides of free opinion that could reduce it again to a minority. But a majority-system that silences all opposition and censors all contrary opinion is emphatically not to be named a democracy.

5. Still less can democracy be defined as mass-rule. Here I am using the term "mass" or "masses" in the sense given to it by the Spanish writer Ortega y Gasset in his famous alarmist book, *The Revolt of the Masses*. For him the mass is the average man as a multitude and he declares that the mass in this sense is in our days triumphing over all leadership, over all distinction, creating a "hyper-democracy." I call the book alarmist because it dogmatically presents as a universal modern

menace a phenomenon that is far from universal and that is not peculiarly modern. It is not true that the average man normally hates distinction. He generally applauds it where he understands it, as is very evident in the field of sport. And if leadership in the field of politics is often commonplace, a charge to which the party-system of the United States has been peculiarly liable, realistic investigation shows that this condition is due more to the manipulation and machination of wire-pulling interest-groups than to the instincts of the average man. There is indeed an element of truth in the position of Señor y Gasset. It is that in times of stress and crisis the mass tends to coalesce into one or more dynamic movements, responsive to the orator or the demagogue who understands their mentality, though he may understand nothing else. Such movements can easily triumph in such times, and it is true that democracy affords the free and open forum in which they are bred. But so long as democracy endures, such movements sink as easily as they rise. It is only when democracy falls that they gain the character which Señor y Gasset attributes to them. "The mass," he says, "crushes beneath it everything that is different, everything that is excellent, individual, qualified, and select." The description has more obvious application to the dictatorial than to the democratic spirit.

6. There is one further confusion about the nature of democracy which we must seek to dispel before we turn to its positive character. Democracy first expressed itself in a certain type of representative system, a parliamentary system, and on the whole it is still associated with that system. But it is quite possible to conceive of democracy as existing without parliamentary institutions in the traditional sense; that is, apart from a central assembly composed of the elected representatives of the people, an assembly which debates in public, by majority vote, and constitutes the decisive and central organ of government. Historically the growth of democracy was the growth of parliamentary institutions, and it remains true that parliamentary institutions are impossible without democracy, without the free expression of opinion as the basis of national policy. But we must not assume that the free

play of public opinion *must* register itself in parliamentary forms. Historical evolution may reveal an endless train of yet undreamed-of modes of government, adaptations to changing needs and changing demands. Democracy is on the whole a recent development. Parliamentary institutions arose when the problems of government were simpler than they are today, when public opinion was more homogeneous, less diversified by specialized corporate interests, when representation of localities or areas had a meaning that now it has for the most part lost, when agriculture was the predominant occupation of men and the relation to the land everywhere the paramount relation. All that is changed. Already, in every democracy, important activities of regulation are outside the direct control of parliaments. Everywhere the necessities of administration have created boards and commissions, controls and corporate functions, devoted to fundamental national tasks. If this process continues, parliaments and congresses may cease to be the main centers of national life. But if freedom continues, democracy will still prevail. Still the free tides of opinion will determine who shall govern, who shall be entrusted with power. The mechanism of democracy must always change if conditions change and the principle of liberty abides.

II. THE POSITIVE CHARACTER OF DEMOCRACY

7. If then the institutions of democracy are subject to change and must be forever re-adapted to changing conditions and changing needs, must we give up the attempt to discover the political form of democracy and seek instead to identify it by its spirit? I would rather not resort to that refuge. It is too inconclusive. It is also dangerous, since even its enemies may and indeed do claim for themselves whatever we assign as the spiritual quality of democracy. I must still define it by its form or structure, though realizing that only a congenial spirit, only an appropriate set of attitudes, can sustain that structure. I believe the problem is solved by the distinction between the form of *government* and the form of the *state* itself. No form of government is permanent but there are abiding forms of state. Democracy is such a form, and wherever it

has existed in the past or exists in the present, it can be identified by two simple criteria. By means of these we can tell whether democracy prevails or whether instead we are confronting a political system which should be called by some other name, such as that of dictatorship.

8. The two are as follows. (1) *Democracy puts into effect the distinction between the state and the community.* Among other things this implies the existence of constitutional guarantees and civil rights which the government is not empowered to abrogate. (2) *Democracy depends on the free operation of conflicting opinions.* Among other things this implies a system under which any major trend or change of public opinion can constitutionally register itself in the determination both of the composition and of the policies of government. Let us take in turn each of these criteria.

9. By a community I mean an inclusive area of social interaction within which men share the basic conditions of a common life, whether on the scale of a village or a city, a tribe or a nation. It is thus a relatively definite area of society, and the boundaries of a state, the political organization, may or may not coincide with some such area. But whether they do or do not the state and the community, or more broadly, the state and society, must be distinguished. In everything I have written about the state I have sought to lay stress on this distinction, and the more often I return to the subject the more vital does it appear to me to be, alike for the understanding of the social reality and for the general guidance of social policy. Because democracy in effect affirms this distinction, its foundations, however weak the superstructure, are sunk into the rock of reality. Because the totalitarian state in effect denies this distinction, its foundations rest on shifting sand. No might, no flourish of doctrine, no ruthlessness, can ever destroy the difference, can ever reduce society to the proportions of the state. For the state is men organized under government and no body of men, not even the most totalitarian, make the total surrender of themselves, of all their living and thinking and believing and loving and fearing, to the power-control of government. They could not if they tried. They are

the creatures of customs and traditions and of morals and creeds, of hidden loyalties, of daily habits, that are not controlled or controllable from any mere center of power. We live in a social matrix that is immensely more rich and subtle than the rigid delineaments of the state. That matrix sustains our daily life whereas the state is aloof and impersonal, a majestic name we reverence or an ominous thing we fear. Behind the majesty or the dread there is only a group of men clinging to power, limited in their visions, in their sympathies, in their understanding. The state can do only what government can regulate, what the ruler, a mere man or assembly of men, can effectively decree. And when in arrogant pretension or insufferable narrow-mindedness the ruler decrees that all men shall think as he thinks and shall value only what he values, he passes beyond the limits of his power. For a time the credulities or the passions or the necessities or the despairs of the masses may lead them to support his inordinate claims. He may be the instrument of destiny, even the temporary Messiah of his people. But his will is only the will of a man, placed in power by the conjuncture of events, a man subject to sickness and to age, to the delusions of pride and to the corruptions of power. His will may rule the state but no man and no assembly of men can comprehend or control the creative forces of society. That the total being of a community should be shaped and measured by this totalitarian will is as absurd a pretension as the old belief that the sun goes round the earth.

10. The state is a particular type of social organization and in so far as it has intelligible meaning or function it is an agency of the community it regulates. Under all conditions it is a logical confusion to identify the state with the community, with the people, the nation, the country. The people engage in myriad activities, enter into myriad relationships, that by no stretch of language can be called political. The people display myriad differences of opinion, thought, morals, creed, and culture. The government of the state may formally suppress them, but they are still there, no longer in the state, the political system, but in the community, the social system. Unfortunately language abets the confusion

of thought. The same word—"United States," "England," "Germany"—denotes both the state and the nation-community. We say indifferently, "the United States makes a treaty" and "the United States is recovering from a depression." The first sentence refers to the state, the second to the country. We speak of the "national" debt—it is the debt of the state, not the country; it is in fact owed to the country. When we say that "Germany overthrew the Weimar Republic," we mean that the people, or a part of the people, overthrew the state, we do not mean that the state overthrew itself. As soon as we begin to think about it we perceive that the state and the community are two different things, that the state is not the community but the political organization of the community. The customs of the people may conflict with the laws of the state. Men and women, as social beings, are not merely citizens of states. They act in other relationships. Their thoughts, their strivings, their fears and hopes, their beliefs, their affections and interests, their family life, lie largely outside the scheme of government altogether. In war or in grave crisis the state commandeers the community, demanding that the citizens forget their other relationships, their other interests, but the cost is always heavy. Only at an immense temporary sacrifice does the state even approach the universal partnership that orators such as Edmund Burke have called it.

11. Now what democracy does is to establish through constitutional forms the principle that the community is more inclusive than, greater than, the state. In many older forms of state, in ancient empires, the distinction was implicit. The scheme of daily life, the customs of the people, remained almost untouched by government except for incursions by the tax-gatherer and the occasional disruptions of war. But only in democracy is the distinction made the foundation of a political system. In effect democracy asserts that the state is one form of organization of the community, for certain ends of the community. Not for all ends, since that would destroy the right to be different and therefore the possibility of democracy. The ends of the state must be somewhere limited if opinion remains free, if government is to be an agency

of the people instead of the principal of which the people are an agent. Under democracy the cultural life of the community is in general withdrawn from the direct control of the state. For if culture is co-ordinated then divergent opinions and creeds are suppressed, free thought is suppressed, and democracy cannot exist. Democracy so understood is not a specific form of government attached to a specific historical set of institutions, it is a mode of government corresponding to a set of attitudes. The forms may change, must change with the conditions if the creative processes of democracy endure.

12. Our second criterion, the constitutional right of opinion to determine policy, is, as we have just suggested, a corollary of the first. It is the way in which the distinction between the state and the community is carried into effect. The state regulates the common interest or what is conceived to be the common interest. The community nourishes many interests that are not common to all the citizens but only at most to particular groups. The democratic state is a limited state in that it cannot, without destroying itself, suppress the freedom of opinion, with the possible exception of such opinion as advocates the abolition of free opinion. It is limited in that it cannot entertain policies abrogating the right of assembly or of association, policies preventing religious or other cultural groups from pursuing their particular principles or tenets after their own manner, provided they do not assault the peace and order of the community.

13. The constitutional right of opinion to determine policy necessitates the existence of a party system. In democracy opinion is both free and controlling. It cannot control unless it is organized. It cannot be organized unless there are political parties. It is true that the founders of the American Constitution had no place for parties. But they were contemplating a simpler and dominantly agricultural society. In the modern state, whatever sins parties may commit, they are still a *sine qua non* of democracy. A single party on the totalitarian model is in the proper sense no party at all. It is a monopoly preventing the free formation and expression of opinion. It is the precise antithesis of the party system. Nor can a substitute be found for political parties

through vocational or functional organizations. Such organizations, syndicates, occupational corporations, and so forth, are either voluntary or state-controlled. If they are voluntary or free, they will act on party lines. A workers' organization will take one stand, an employers' organization another. Or else they will divide on political issues and so parties will reëmerge. If they are state-controlled, they will be merely organs of governmental control, as in Italy, and will not function as free agencies of opinion. At most they will divert attention and energy from genuine political issues to minor questions of particularist material interests.

14. It may be remarked in passing that there are good historical reasons for supposing that democracy is on safer foundations when a country is habituated to a two-party system than when parties are divided up into numerous separate organizations. In the latter situation a single party, holding the balance of power in a crisis or taking advantage of popular excitement, or proclaiming a panacea for the nation's ills, may seize exclusive power without arousing the profound resentment that must be provoked where one of the two alternative parties attempted to suppress the other. A democracy is then most safe when the political struggle lies between two historical parties, adapting themselves to changing conditions, so that third parties are either very temporary or else represent only a small minority. That is one reason why it is good political sense to encourage those representative devices that strengthen the two-party system and discourage those that tend to break it up into multiple parties and blocs. Of the latter devices the most potent is the seemingly fair and innocent principle of proportional representation. In a number of instances, and notably in that of the Weimar Republic, it has been a factor in preventing the formation of a workable democracy.

15. The two criteria we have offered provide the sufficient and conclusive ground for distinguishing democracy from all other forms of state. In so far as these principles prevail a political system is democratic. No political system other than democracy is founded on these principles. A dictatorship may rest on a majority will, but if so it prevents all minority

wills from attaining expression. Hence it is not the number who support a government that determines whether that state is a democracy or a dictatorship. Quite possibly a greater proportion of the citizens support or have supported the Nazi or the Soviet government than in this country favors the present administration at Washington. Again, in the earlier forms of dynastic state the people on the whole, whether through conviction, indoctrination, superstition, fear, or inertia, acquiesced in, approved, or even venerated the governing power, but the opinion of the people was not creative, could not constitutionally translate itself into policy. Only on the grounds we have mentioned can we adequately define democracy and set it properly apart from other forms of the state.

III. DEMOCRACY AND THE ECONOMIC ORDER

16. Our definition of democracy may help us to clear our minds on certain issues that have a vital bearing on its future. We are told, for example, that political democracy is impossible or meaningless without economic equality. The communists tell us that we cannot have democracy so long as there are class distinctions. From the opposite school we hear that democracy is incompatible with economic planning. And we are asked to choose between Mr. Max Lerner, who believes that the only way to keep democracy is to espouse socialism and to do it quickly, and Mr. Walter Lippmann, who believes that the only way to avoid dictatorship is to eschew socialism and all its works.

17. Now democracy is where you find it and it is most where you find most of it. Actually every democratic system we know has been associated with some type of class system, whether it be the socially aristocratic tradition of England, the bourgeois-familial organization of France, or the wealth-stratification of the United States. This is a simple statement of fact, not an argument in favor of any of these class principles. It merely shows that people can accept and even believe in social distinctions or economic inequalities and still remain attached to democratic institutions. On the other hand the only systems that have professed social and economic equal-

ity or have claimed to engineer it have been dictatorial or despotic. This latter fact is not an anomaly or an accident, nor does it involve a contradiction between the form and the spirit of institutions. In human society, on every level and within every group, even among the outcast and the despised of men, differences making for individual inequality and social distinction are forever seeking outlet and expression, and they cannot be suppressed except by a dominant power, so dominant that it can take control of all the sources of difference and thus is inevitably authoritarian and antidemocratic. This fact also is so patent that I cannot trust the good faith of those ideologists of democracy who refuse to acknowledge it. Equality of voting power—yes, that is easy to achieve, and democracy achieves it. Equality before the law—yes, that is formally established under democracy, and it is a proper aim and ideal of democracy to make this formal equality ever more substantial. Equality of opportunity—yes, the democratic state can go a long way to remove the impediments, social and economic, that prevent men from rising in the scale, from finding the place and the function for which their native talents qualify them. All these things democracy has it in its own power to achieve, but absolute equality is a mirage, a most dangerous mirage. The inherent struggle of men for advantage and position, leading to distinctions of social class, cannot be prevented without the overwhelming tyranny that crushes initiative and democracy alike. And in the end we will have established absolute and fatal inequalities of power where once there were only relative inequalities of wealth and social class.

18. There are indeed certain forms of economic inequality which in this age particularly it is the imperative task of democracy to control and remove, because they provoke the greatest danger it faces and because their removal is essential to the social well-being. These inequalities arise out of the hazards of the industrial life, above all the hazard of unemployment. Let us not forget that the dictatorships have on the whole, in one way or another, abolished this hazard for their peoples. If they had not done so they could not have held their peoples. It was a necessity

imposed upon them and necessity found a way. The democracies have taken various measures to mitigate the effects of unemployment, but the main problem is unsolved. Not only is there a considerable permanent volume of unemployment but there is always the prospect of a new depression which will severely aggravate that volume and shake the foundations of democracy. Sooner or later, in the ordinary course of capitalistic industry, the prospect is certain to be fulfilled. Democracy must prepare against it. If the people lack bread they will not accept stones—they will throw them instead. Here is where intelligent economic planning is necessary. It is not a question of dictatorship or of democracy. It is a purely technical problem. Since in a depression there are idle hands and idle plants and idle materials and idle finished products and idle funds and idle enterprise, it is perfectly obvious that the trouble is a failure in the working of the great economic machine, that somehow the monetary and credit system is not adequately geared to the productive system. It is a momentous problem but one that economic intelligence can surely solve. And it is ridiculous to say that the solution is not consistent with democracy. For even a partial solution would enhance the prosperity of all classes and of all interests. No doubt public opinion would require to be prepared for the application of whatever controls are found to be most desirable. But these controls would not seriously interfere with fundamental democratic liberties. No individual, not even the most powerful, controls the price level at will or determines the rate of interest or the accessibility of credit or the insurance of the risks of the entrepreneur. The need for intelligent control is urgent. If it were widely enough realized that here is the greatest of challenges alike to our economic intelligence and to our constructive statesmanship, there are, I believe, already sufficient indications that a solution would be found and that this solution, instead of imperiling democracy, would be its most needed safeguard.

19. Democracy must meet its problems in its own way, and the most persistent of the problems of any government are economic problems. In this respect the goal of the democratic state has been growing clearer in the

course of modern history. It cannot abolish social classes but it can suppress the exploitation of one class or one group by another, assuring each, among other things, the equal right to organize and to pursue its collective interest. It cannot abolish differences of wealth, but it can mitigate them while allowing initiative still its opportunity, and it can assure to all its citizens a reasonable standard of security, a decent minimum scale of living, and a share in every increase in the national prosperity.

20. There are some who declare that this is not enough, that it will not work, that we must turn our political democracy into an economic democracy, unless the very word "democracy" is to be a snare and a delusion. I have puzzled considerably over this phrase, "economic democracy," and have come to the conclusion that I do not know what it means. When I try to give it meaning, on the assumption that it is to be taken literally, I find myself lost in the fog. I know what economic equality means, even if I do not see any practicable means of realizing it in any full sense, certainly not under democratic conditions. I know what is meant by the democratic control of national economic policy. The determination of economic policy is a major function of every government, whether it is democratic or not. I know what trade-union democracy means, for obviously the members may assert their right to elect their leaders and say whither they shall lead. But when I am told that political democracy is futile unless it is accompanied by economic democracy, or when I learn from Professor Laski that "a political democracy seeks, by its own inner impulses, to become a social *and economic* democracy" (*italics mine*), again I am lost in the fog. Does it mean that just as the citizens form parties to elect a government, by the same token the workers will form parties and stage campaigns and then decide by a majority vote who will run banks and factories and transportation systems and what policies they will follow in conducting these businesses? I do not think that can be what Mr. Laski means, for nowhere in the world does that happen and certainly not in a socialist state. Yet that is as near as I can come to the

strict meaning of the words "economic democracy."

21. I observe, however, that when Mr. Laski and others refer to economic democracy, they go on to speak about measures for safeguarding the workers against exploitation, for assuring them the right of collective bargaining, for giving them a larger share in the fruits of industry, and generally for raising their standard of living and their security of tenure. With these aims I am in hearty sympathy, and one of the most important agencies for their attainment is and has been political democracy. It is of course only one of several conditions necessary for the furtherance of such objectives, but I do not observe that any responsible person, whether in a capitalist or in a socialist state or in the mixed capitalist-socialist state that is really characteristic of our times, claims that one of the other conditions is the practice of deciding business policy, in the insurance company or the bank or the industrial corporation, by a majority vote of the workers.

22. In fact various indications lead me to suspect that "economic democracy" is a question-begging phrase and that often when it is used the writer or speaker is not thinking of democracy at all but of certain economic ends which on other grounds he finds desirable and which by other methods he deems attainable. The analogy between political democracy and economic democracy is a very loose one. Political democracy is a form of state, and all the citizens are members of a state. What is the corresponding locus of economic democracy? Is it the business in or for which we work? But there are myriads of these, of all sizes and patterns. Obviously therefore it is only in the state itself that what is spoken of as economic democracy can be realized. But if so, and if economic democracy is distinguished from or contrasted with political democracy, the former term must be simply a way of describing the kind of policy approved by the speaker, the one he thinks a political democracy *ought* to follow. Once again he is talking not of democracy but of something else altogether.

23. Against this misuse of language it is important at this time emphatically to protest. The enemies of democracy are ready

enough to distort and misrepresent the meaning of democracy; its friends should not lend them aid.

IV. THE FINAL ARGUMENT FOR DEMOCRACY

24. In this age of ours, when the form of government has become the most momentous of the issues that divide men and nations we have peculiar need for clear thinking about democracy. If we defend it we should do so without misunderstanding what it is; if we attack it we should know what we attack. To question and to seek the truth is still our democratic privilege. In defending democracy one need not and should not be blind to its limitations and to its defects. Public opinion is no wiser, no better than the people who hold it. The people are easily led by demagogues. They are beset by prejudices, moved by slogans, deceived by specious sentiments. They are often inert and often confused. They are often roused by things that matter little and often unresponsive to things that matter much. Let us freely admit all this, but let us equally admit the fact that we do not get away from the prejudices and the confusions of the people by resorting to dictatorships. In the modern world every system of government must rest on the general consent of the mass of the people. On this score everything that is said in the indictment of democracy applies with yet greater force against dictatorship, since the latter must use every technique to prevent the people, on whose mass emotions it depends, from becoming more enlightened.

25. There are true charges to be made against democracy, but there are also false charges. The people may deceive themselves but they do not deceive anyone else. In this sense they are sincere, often more sincere than their rulers. Of their own accord they march neither to heaven nor to hell but remain on the level earth. There are indeed some prophets of doom among us, who think that democracy works some fatal magic on society. But their prophetic utterances are based on such flimsy argument and are so contradictory one of another that we can afford to disregard them. So we will not pause over Mr. N. J. Lennes (*Whither Democracy*)

who, peering into his biological crystal, sees democracy, because in it men have an opportunity to rise from the class in which they were born, leading straight to a caste system, thoroughly stratified on hereditary principles; nor will we concern ourselves with those other seers, like Mr. Ralph Adams Cram (*The Nemesis of Democracy*) and the worthy Professor Irving Babbitt (*Democracy and Leadership*) who are equally convinced that the end result of democracy is a universal "dead level of incapacity" or "a huge mass of standardized mediocrity."

26. In the modern world there is no way to save government from the people or to save the people from itself. It is idle to ask for a government of the best men, as distinct from a democratic government, for who will elect the best and if by some strange chance they should elect themselves, how long would they remain the best? It is idle to seek a government of laws and not of men, for a government of laws will turn into a government of lawyers, who happen also to be men. Every alternative to democracy is subject to a charge more fatal than any that can be laid against it, the irremediable defect of irresponsible power. It is on that ground that many outstanding political thinkers, men who, like John Stuart Mill, were very conscious of its weaknesses, men who, like most of the Fathers of the Constitution, had no great confidence in the people, nevertheless have championed its cause.

27. Possibly no discovery of the physical sciences, however world-shaking it may be, has been of more profound importance to mankind than the discovery that power could be made effectively responsible. This was no easy achievement but the painful task of centuries. Before it could be realized the discovery had to break through age-old entrenchments of established interests, guarded by traditions, by ceremonies, by taboos, by magic, by religion, by dire penalties, by all the means, physical, economic, spiritual, that power itself can dispose. At best it has been a partial and a precarious achievement, but we should not minimize on that account its immense importance. Democracy is the generic name for that achievement, and its significance is understood only when we contemplate the

effects of irresponsible power, not merely on those who are subject to it but above all on those who possess it. Who that has lived many years on this earth can have failed to observe how even a modicum of irresponsible power perverts the intelligence and hardens the sensibilities, how the jack-in-office struts in pompous undiscerning pride, how the bureaucrat loses touch with humanity, how the petty boss, when no superior watches, becomes a wretched bully? In every sphere of human activity, in the factory, in the trade-union, in the home, in the church, in the barracks, in the prison, even in the seats of learning, let power be uncontrolled and it will work the same effects. With some of his bitterest words Shakespeare characterized this phenomenon:

Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

And if uncontrolled power works these effects on the lower level of everyday affairs, how much more evil it can be when it is set on high and calls for veneration! The intolerable experience of such exercise of power drove the politically-minded peoples to seek a safeguard against it—and they all had experience in plenty. The safeguard was democracy, and it is this hard-won safeguard that the dictatorships now ridicule and trample on. They laud and magnify the irresponsible power which corrupts the best and turns the worst into loathsome brutes.

V. AMERICA'S CONTRIBUTION TO DEMOCRACY

28. In the development of this epoch-making discovery, that power can be made responsible, various peoples have played a part. The Greeks made the first great contribution, the Romans added something, the medieval cities began to explore it anew, the English rediscovered it on a national scale and broadened its foundations through the centuries. Here in conclusion I would say a word about the contribution of America. For at this juncture in world affairs the United States has

taken on a new and more decisive rôle in the drama of democracy.

29. Although many of the pioneers in the making of America came in the quest of religious freedom, social emancipation, or economic opportunity, America contributed little to the practice or principle of democracy until quite modern times. In colonial days dogma had too strong a hold. Those who had found religious freedom for themselves were generally ready enough to deny it to others. Except in certain local arrangements there was relatively little democracy. Except for certain heretics, such as Roger Williams, there was relatively little democratic theory. Indeed there was very little political thinking at all that had any independence. Even in the crisis of the Revolution the eighteenth-century thinkers went back for their philosophical inspiration to the English thinkers of the seventeenth century. What was most congenial to them was the common-sense liberalism of John Locke, while the radicalism of Tom Paine had only an ephemeral flare of popularity and the democratic fervor of Rousseau had practically no appeal at all. The leaders of the Revolution accepted the principle that the people were the locus of sovereignty, but the people were conceived of in the Lockian sense. They were the substantial solid folk as distinct from the rabble. The appeal to the people was not the appeal to the whole people. Nor was it only the socially conservative, like Alexander Hamilton, John Adams, and Ames, who distrusted "the imprudence of democracy." There are evidences of the same distrust in Samuel Adams, even in Thomas Jefferson. The leaders of that age were in the dilemma that they must build the revolutionary state on the foundation of democracy and yet they were fearful of the foundation. So in the various states as well as in the Union they restrained the operation of majority voting by constitutional enactment—a process that particular states have since carried much further—and they further legislated property qualifications for voters and still more stringent ones for electoral candidates.

30. But before another fifty years had passed a new spirit was beginning to pervade the growing republic. It had cast off the intellectual dependence of colonial days. It had be-

gun to create a distinctive social order in which property qualifications disappeared along with primogeniture, in which European traditions of rank and class were set at naught, in which a different philosophy emerged, signalized by the robust individualism of Whitman and Emerson and by the optimistic faith of Lincoln in the common people. In this vast movement the influence of the ever-expanding West predominated, fed by the vision of free men and by the presence of free land. Thither went those who had discarded tradition or who had none to discard, the dispossessed and those who had no possessions. There was generated the spiritual individualism which nursed the characteristic democracy of America. Individualism is not always the friend of democracy. Starting from individualistic premises Thomas Hobbes had deduced the necessity of totalitarianism. But in this age of free land and rich exploitable resources, individualism was tolerant of the liberties of the common man, even though it sustained also the boss, the spoils-seeker, and the robber-baron. The common man emerged from social subservience to an extent nowhere else attained in the civilized world. American democracy thus became a new thing, no longer dependent on European principles but developing along its own lines and growing fully conscious of its new-world quality.

31. Such in briefest outline has been the character of American democracy, reflecting the spirit of the individual's trust in himself, unhierarchal, tolerant of differences, lacking in class consciousness, and distrustful of the repressive powers of government. The picture is complicated by other factors, by the tendency to reverence the Constitution as a final political revelation, by the more powerful operation of the principle of judicial review with its influence in the direction of socioeconomic conservatism, by the consolidation of economic power in vast corporate empires, by the presence of a large racially separate population not in effect accepted into the framework of the democratic system, and by the preponderant growth of an industrial urbanized population whose conditions of life and whose problems of security and employment are utterly remote from those that bred the American doctrine. It is not difficult

to imagine that from some alignment of these factors might come a serious menace to the American democratic tradition. The frontier has receded into the Western ocean. Free land belongs to the past. Economic individualism forlornly fights a rear-guard action against the billion-dollar corporation and centralized finance and organized labor and the ruthless economic cycle and large-scale unemployment. New times have brought new attitudes and new deeds. Democracy too must find a new voice, a new conviction. The old forms crumble but the old faith in humanity endures.

32. In its reassertion the United States has a particular contribution to offer and is beginning to offer it. For the United States has something more than its resources, its enterprise, its belief in the future. In it the great

middle ground on which democracy stands has not been deeply invaded by the extremists, as in so many countries of Europe. Its people do not reverence authority and rank. They are not prone to any worship of the state. Witnessing the tragic consequences of extremist positions in other lands they can take a new assurance in their own golden mean, in the greater tolerance and restraint that happier circumstances have made it easier for them to maintain. They can take a new devotion to the cause of democracy. The world needs this assurance and this devotion as perhaps never before. It needs this assurance until extremist passions defeat themselves, until extremist philosophies, the untimely birth of violent crisis, lose their hold upon the peoples, and the noise of their mighty conflict dies away.

Roger Butterfield

BEN FRANKLIN'S PHILADELPHIA

Roger Place Butterfield (1907-), free-lance writer, was born in Lyndonville, New York, and educated at Syracuse University and Columbia University School of Journalism. In 1928 he became a reporter and rewrite man for the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. In 1930 he began a seven years' association with the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger. Leaving the Ledger in 1937, he became editor of the "Press" section of Time Magazine and during the early forties achieved prominence in journalism with such articles as the weekly "Report to the Nation," "The Halls of Tennessee," "The Fighting South," and "The Puritan Spirit." His story of Al Schmid, Marine, 1944, was filmed under the title Pride of the Marines. His most ambitious work is The American Past, 1947, illustrated with more than a thousand reproductions of photographs, paintings, cartoons, lithographs, engravings, and drawings.

For those Americans who would look for strength and inspiration in the history of their country, all roads must lead eventually to Philadelphia. For there is the starting point of our national story, and the shrine of our national freedom. One hundred and seventy-

five years ago the delegates of the thirteen colonies were crowding into a ground-floor room in downtown Philadelphia to debate the question of becoming a free and independent people. The motion was carried in the affirmative, in July, 1776, and Americans have never asked for a recount.

It is easier, I think, to capture the spirit of our beginnings in Philadelphia than in any

BEN FRANKLIN'S PHILADELPHIA: Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *Holiday*, June 1951.

other city. So many of the beginnings are still there, and available for inspection. History is a living thing in Philadelphia, but it is neither monumental nor forbidding. It is a casual part of the everyday landscape. You see it in a modest red-brick building, a street lamp, a grave a few feet off the sidewalk, a house still being lived in.

At Independence Hall (which all real Philadelphians call the State House), on Chestnut Street between 5th and 6th, anyone can push open a door and walk into the room where our Declaration of Independence was adopted and signed. It is not a large room—it would probably be inadequate for even a subcommittee of a main committee of the present Congress in Washington. But it is a beautiful room, with high ceilings and white paneling and an agreeable absence of clutter. In its day it was big enough to give birth to the idea that all men are created equal, and endowed with the rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

In this room, during the hectic days that followed the fighting in Lexington and Concord, a tall Virginia planter, aged forty-three, took his seat in the Second Continental Congress. He said nothing, day after day, but his presence spoke loudly, for he was the only Congressman in a military uniform. His name was George Washington, and this was his way of saying that freedom must be fought for. When the time came to appoint the first American commander-in-chief, the Congress turned almost inevitably to the man who let his uniform talk.

Here in this room another Virginian, Thomas Jefferson, squirmed unhappily while his fellow-Congressmen picked apart the words and phrases he had put into the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson was only thirty-three then, a slender fellow with curly red hair and a sensitive disposition. Old Doctor Franklin of Philadelphia moved over beside him and soothed his feelings by telling jokes; every writer, said Franklin, has to learn that other people can always tell him what he ought to say after he has finished the job himself. But when the Declaration was finally approved, it was mostly Jefferson's work.

Eleven years after the Declaration, in the same Philadelphia room, the Constitution of

the United States was written. We have made some amendments to it since, and stretched it in various directions, but it has always snapped back to the same basic shape. Over the years it has offered evidence that men can pursue their individual happiness and yet govern themselves without the aid of kings or dictators, or the rule of any particular class.

The men who met in Philadelphia to write this Constitution were up against the problem which now plagues the whole world—how to combine majority rule, minority rights, and security for everybody. Aggressive young thinkers like James Madison and Alexander Hamilton took the lead in solving this problem, so far as the disunited thirteen States were concerned. Madison drew the original plan for a government with three equal and balancing branches: executive, judiciary, and a legislature of two houses, both elected on a basis of population. Hamilton proposed a lifetime President who would have almost as much power as a King. Both these ideas were opposed by delegates from the smaller states like New Jersey and Delaware. They insisted that each state must have an equal vote in the legislature, and that the President's term be limited.

The compromise which was reached, with one Chamber of Congress elected by population and the other on a basis of equality among the States, did not fully satisfy anybody at the time. But it has long since passed the main test—it has worked. For flexibility and endurance no compact has ever quite matched our Constitution.

In Independence Hall also is our favorite historical relic, the Liberty Bell. The Bell's great moment came on July 8, 1776, when it summoned the citizens of Philadelphia to an open-air mass meeting for the first public reading of the Declaration of Independence. Thereafter it rang on all patriotic occasions until it cracked for good in 1835. It will never ring again in the old, clear tones, but the words around its top—"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF"—are still the height of eloquence for us.

It costs nothing to see the Liberty Bell; the only price of admission is that men remove their hats, and very seldom do the

guards have to ask for that. Nor is it a sight for American eyes alone. If you are Chinese or Russian or Eskimo or Zulu you can push through the swinging doors without asking anybody's leave and look at the Bell, put your hand on its bruised surface or take a snapshot of it. The visiting hours are from nine to five daily, but I remember once when I arrived a little late, with some guests from out of town, and a friendly guard let us in and showed us around.

The Bell now hangs from its 200-year-old yoke of English oak, which has been skillfully reinforced by concealed steel beams, and an iron "spider," or set of hooks, which grips the bronze shell from the inside to prevent further cracking. Around the base of its platform are four mahogany panels which, when pulled away, reveal a kind of hand truck on wheels. In case of fire or other emergency two moderately muscular guards could strip off the panels and push the 2080-pound Bell out-doors in about two minutes flat.

Obviously this would not help much in an all-out bombing raid, and the men who have charge of the Bell are frankly worried over that possibility. In 1777, during its first war, the British captured Philadelphia, but the Bell escaped via ox team and wagon and was hidden under the floor of a church in Allentown, a good fifty miles away. In 1942, when it next seemed threatened, a Philadelphia insurance firm offered to donate a bombproof vault under Independence Hall into which the Bell could be lowered by elevator. But test drillings revealed that any such excavation might seriously weaken the Hall itself, so the project was dropped. As matters now stand, the Bell is about as well (or poorly) prepared for an atomic attack as most of the rest of us.

The tides of political power which made Philadelphia the first capital of the United States have long since shifted to Washington, and the leadership in business and finance which it once enjoyed was seized by New York more than a century ago. But in the art of living with history the sprawling middle city beside the Delaware remains pre-eminent. Freedom seems more at ease there, and more disposed to receive callers.

Independence Hall and the group of buildings which surround it are not just restored

show places: they are part of the workday scene in a city of more than two million people. Every morning, noon, and at five o'clock each night they are brushed by the streams of humanity flowing to and from nearby shops and office buildings. Within eyeshot of the Liberty Bell, so to speak, you can insure a ship or an automobile, eat a twenty-cent cheeseburger on toasted roll, get a haircut, buy a Bible or a brassière, meet the editors of *Holiday* or *The Saturday Evening Post*, deposit money in a Christmas fund, board a trolley for the suburbs, place a small bet on a horse, or collect a ticket for parking overtime.

Or, if you have the leisure and the peanuts, you can sit on a bench in Independence Square and feed the local squirrels, who come from a long line of liberty-loving ancestors, and are strongly infected with the itch of individual enterprise. They do not wait to be given peanuts—they reach in any bag they see and take what they want.

Move along any street that leads away from Independence Hall and you will find some fragment of American history attached to every block and corner. A few doors east on Chestnut Street is the gilded weathervane of Carpenters' Hall, which started life as a meeting place for master builders and became, for a while, the first capitol of the unbuilt nation. The First Continental Congress met there, in 1774, to consider what should be done about the British navy blockade of Boston. It decided to stop buying British pepper, molasses and tea, and to make America self-sufficient so far as wool was concerned. (That made mutton an un-American meal, since it takes a live sheep to grow wool.)

On Second Street are the graceful spire and white boxed pews of Old Christ Church (Protestant Episcopal), which still has prayer books from which King George's name was erased in 1776. Farther north, at 239 Arch Street, is the house where the first American flag was stitched together by Betsy Ross—at least, according to Betsy. In the absence of other proof historians have never accepted Betsy's story, but there is no doubt that she could ply a capable needle. And, if the present appearance of her spotless little house is any indication, she was also a great hand at keeping things tidy.

East and toward the river is Elfreth's Alley, a whole block of museum-piece houses, many of which are being preserved not by handouts from millionaires but by the Elfreth's Alley Association and individual property owners. Once this narrow little street was jammed with the noisy traffic and robust smells of an 18th Century port—today it is quiet, and only lightly touched with the aroma of roasting coffee and peanuts. The open gutter which runs through the center of the cobblestone pavement no longer serves its ancient purpose. But it is a reminder of the ghastly yellow-fever epidemics that once killed thousands of Philadelphians and drove even General Washington into retreat.

Walking back up Market Street from the river you follow the route that young Ben Franklin took on his first arrival from Boston, with a "great puffy roll" under each arm, and his mouth stuffed with warm Philadelphia bread. The presence of Franklin, the first American to become a world figure, still hovers usefully over the city which was so particularly his. It was in Philadelphia that Franklin started the first fire company and first public library in America, introduced paved streets and nonsmoking chimneys, invented bifocals and the lightning rod. The four-sided gas lamps which illuminate Independence Square at night were designed by him; so was the American Philosophical Society, the oldest and most distinguished of American learned bodies, which has its headquarters on the square.

Philadelphia was a fairly late starter among the colonial cities—it is fifty-seven years younger than New York, for instance, and fifty-two years younger than Boston. But from the time William Penn arrived and began selling building lots in 1682, the city boomed sensationally. At the time of the Revolution it was the second-largest English-speaking city in the world, and because of its central location on the seaboard, the logical choice for the first capital.

The source of its early prosperity was the unique Quaker policy of religious liberty for all, and considerable political liberty for many. In the 18th Century, Philadelphia became the main stop for the flow of European enlightenment to America, and for immigra-

tion and commerce as well. To it came teachers and soldiers, painters and doctors, silver-smiths and clockmakers, solid merchants and penniless exiles, pamphleteers like Tom Paine and freethinking scientists like Joseph Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen and founder of the first Unitarian church in America. It took on a gloss of sophistication and wealth that caused plain New Englanders like John Adams to turn up their noses, even when they were obviously enjoying a taste of its luxuries. During the first Continental Congress Adams had dinner at the Philadelphia home of the wealthy Benjamin Chew, and wrote in his diary:

We were shown into a grand entry and staircase, and into an elegant and magnificent chamber, until dinner. About four o'clock, we were called down to dinner. The furniture was all rich. Turtle, and every other thing, flummery, jellies, sweetmeats of twenty sorts, trifles, whipped sillabubs, floating islands, fools, etc., then a dessert of fruits, raisens, almonds, pears, peaches, wines most excellent and admirable. I drank Madeira at a great rate, and found no inconvenience in it.

Whipped sillabubs are rarely encountered in present-day Philadelphia, but the rich furniture and high-toned domestic arrangements that impressed John Adams have been preserved, and are now on public view. They can be seen in the period interiors at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, and even better in the city-owned mansions strung out along the Schuylkill River in Fairmount Park. These expensive morsels of architecture, with names like Sweetbrier, Lemon Hill, and Strawberry Mansion, were the country seats of rich Philadelphia families in the 18th and early 19th Centuries. Maj. Gen. Benedict Arnold bought one of them—Mount Pleasant—at the time he married a flighty Philadelphia belle in 1779. But Arnold was not rich, and the debts he incurred while trying to support her contributed heavily to his treason.

Another mansion, Cliveden, has a bloodier tie with American history. During the battle of Germantown, in October, 1777, its thick stone walls served as a fort for five British companies, which held out against point-blank artillery fire, and turned a brilliant American surprise attack into a sorry defeat.

From Cliveden (which is still occupied by descendants of the Chew family that built it) Washington's army began its march to Valley Forge and the times that tried men's souls. But the victorious British officers went back to the city and staged a grand costume ball with the collaboration of certain fair young Philadelphians.

The next June, however, it was the British and their Tory friends who retreated to New York by land and water, while the tough American cavalry scouts of Capt. Allen McLane harried them out of the city. Since then Philadelphia has not known the sounds of battle.

Today a great program of restoration and conservation is going forward in the historic areas of Philadelphia. Whole blocks of unsightly firetraps are being torn down, new approaches and vistas are being opened up around the more important buildings. Northward from Independence Hall, the State of Pennsylvania is cutting a wide mall all the

way to Race Street, where the Delaware River bridge begins its curve toward Camden. The Federal Government is providing another mall eastward and southward toward the river itself. On January second of this year the City of Philadelphia turned over the keys of Independence Hall to the United States Department of the Interior, after holding on to them for 135 years. The young men of the National Park Service are moving in, with their Phi Beta Kappa keys and drafting tools, to take permanent charge.

All this is to the good, for history moves with jet power these days, and it takes a staff of specialists to keep up with it. But those who visit Philadelphia will find something there that no Congressional appropriation can give them. They will find the original setting for our national dream, which is that freedom belongs to "all men," with an equal chance for happiness. The city that gave that thought to the world will always be worth knowing.

Working and Living Together

J. P. McEvoy

"... AND TIME TO ENJOY IT"

Joseph Patrick McEvoy (1895-), world traveler and author, started his writing career at fifteen as a newspaper sports editor. He has tried his hand at widely varied types of writing—plays, novels, radio programs, travel articles, feature stories, and the Dixie Dugan comic strip.

Mr. McEvoy's home is in Havana, Cuba, where he has had first-hand opportunity to view the Latin American philosophy of living as described by the five Spanish words—*mañana* (män-yä'nä), *tiempo* (tē-ēm'pō), *suavecito* (swä''vā-sē'tō), *dignidad* (dēg'nē-dād'), *simpático* (sēm-pä'tē-cō')—around which this essay is constructed.

1. The Latin host has a toast which he delights in teaching the visiting *Americanos* who have just arrived to bring the blessings of northern culture and the techniques of making bigger and better gadgets. "*Salud y pesetas—y tiempo para gozarlas,*" he says.

2. "What does that mean?" they ask him. And he replies, "It is a wish that we wish our friends: 'Here's health and money—and time to enjoy them.'"

3. The *Americano* repeats this several times, and the host who is very polite compliments him on his accent. And because the host is so pleasant and the drinks are so pleasing, the visitor winds up believing that now he is talking like a native and really understands the toast—and his host—and this strange, new, beautiful country.

4. A pleasant illusion. This Apostle of Good Will and technological progress who has just stumbled off the plane with a briefcase full of hemispheric blueprints and a suitcase full of bicarbonate of soda does not understand the toast. If he did he would

understand the Latin. And if he understood the Latin he would have stayed at home and invited the Latin to come up and teach him the profound lesson that is tucked away in this simple toast.

5. All of us want health, including Latins who call it *Salud*. All of us want money, including our Latin neighbors who call it *Pesetas*. Time to enjoy them? Ah—there's the rub! Even as you, the visiting *Americano*, are assuring your host that you understand this toast and love it, you are hastily gulping down your drink, consulting your watch and insisting loudly that you have to hurry or you'll be late for that business appointment. The Latin will be too diplomatic to let you know that he is not impressed by your devotion to business; on the contrary, that he is puzzled that you should take pride in exhibiting your inefficiency which has reached the lamentable low where you allow the boring details of making a living to interfere with the civilized pleasures of making a life.

6. We are sending technical commissions all over the continent to spread the gospel of American "can-do." How about a little re-

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verse Lend-Lease: a few delegations of experts from Latin America—experts in *Tiempo Para Gozarlas*—to teach us how to take the time to enjoy our friends, our families, our work, our play! For even richer in meaning than our English word “enjoy” is the Spanish verb *gozar*—to enjoy the fruits of his labor; he even takes time to enjoy time itself.

7. That reverse Lend-Lease commission of Latin experts could also give us, while they're about it, a liberal education in the Five Lively Arts of living happily with ourselves and with our Latin neighbors: *Mañana* or Tomorrow, *Tiempo* or Timing, *Suavecito* or Easy Does It, *Dignidad* or Face, and *Simpático*, which means just that.

8. Let's take *Mañana*. You may think it means tomorrow. But what does tomorrow mean? I mean, what does tomorrow mean when a Latin says it will be done “tomorrow”? As little children we were taught to scrawl “Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today.” The Latin also has such a proverb, but apparently he has it tucked away where it won't disturb him. He believes that most unpleasant things can be put off until tomorrow—and should be.

9. Now one of the most unpleasant things for a Latin is to have to say “No” to you. A sentimentalist, it literally hurts him worse than it hurts you. So, instead of just saying “No” he says in effect: It is impossible to do this thing for you today, but tomorrow—who knows? While there is a tomorrow there is hope; and who am I, says he, to rob you of hope?

10. So when you ask the workman when he will finish painting your house and he says *Mañana*, he knows he won't finish it *Mañana*. But if he told you that he wasn't even coming back tomorrow you would be very unhappy. You might even quarrel with him, with the result that he could never come back to work for you again and keep his *Dignidad*.

11. So tomorrow comes, but the workman doesn't. You say to yourself, I'm not used to this sort of thing. I can't stand it! The house will never get painted this way! Well, maybe you aren't used to this sort of thing, but it isn't true that you can't stand it. *Mañana* is something like those dandelions that were always growing on the lawn, no matter what

the man did about them. Finally he was told that if he had tried every way he knew to get rid of them, and still had dandelions, there was only one thing left for him to do—learn to love them. I won't go so far as to say that you can ever really learn to love this *Mañana* business. But you can learn to get along with it very nicely and, instead of working against it, make it work for you. Then you'll discover that eventually your house will get painted, and for the first time you will realize that all the houses around you are painted, and got painted the same way yours did.

12. So *Mañana* doesn't mean just tomorrow. It also means “I have plenty of time to do this my own way, and if you don't try to rush me you will get it done in God's good time. Be calm—philosophical. Consider the ebb and flow of the tides, the round of the seasons, the lilies of the field. Be patient. There is a natural rhythm and tempo in every country and every people. Don't fight this tempo. Don't waste your energy trying to change it. *Mañana* is inevitable; relax and enjoy it—and live longer.”

13. But *Mañana* is something else, too, as the Yankee trader from the North learns when he runs smack into it for the first time. It is a Latin strategy, something like a defense in depth—an elastic rear-guard action which easily absorbs the shock of the most aggressive salesmanship. Up North our high-pressure technique of doing business gets results principally because so many of us don't think it's important to take time enough to think—hence we can be rushed into buying almost anything.

14. Not the Latin. From *Mañana* to *Mañana* he falls back gracefully and skillfully, allowing your high-powered sales campaign to wear itself out while he studies you and decides at what point he will either pleasantly capitulate and do business with you, or doggedly dig in for the duration and have no part of you or your product.

15. Maybe you are that aggressive young man who made a record selling trucks in South Bend. Your company may believe that this is all you need to make you an ideal representative down in Latin America. So off you go with instructions to “Pep 'em up down

there!" Well, it won't take you long to learn that if there's one thing the Latin is proud of—and with good reason—it's his pep. But you will also learn that he has his own idea about when and where and how he should be peppy. Pretty much the same things make the wheels go round in the Latin and ourselves—love, hate, pride, ambition, to name a few. But in some curious way the wheels of the Latin seem to revolve at a different tempo from ours. There is just as much pep in the rhumba as there is in the foxtrot—which brings us to *Tiempo*, or Timing. We have seen that the Latin's idea of time is not ours; but even more important, his timing is not our timing; hence the friction, the clashes, the head-on collisions that often result when the *Latino* and *Americano* get together.

16. Up North we say, "Easy does it!" Down South they say, "*Suavecito*. . ." Put them together and you have good timing—and Good Neighbors.

17. According to J. Z. Horter, an American in business for 40 years in Latin America, when a Latin company writes to a U. S. company for the first time, asking for catalogues and prices, almost invariably the Latin will get a routine reply, curtly requesting bank references, credit rating, etc. Naturally the Latin is offended. His integrity, his honesty, his *Dignidad*—the reputation of his firm—is questioned, even before he has tried to buy anything.

18. On the other hand, the English firm will reply in effect: "We are happy to hear from you. We are pleased that you are thinking of honoring us with your business. We are sending you our catalogues and prices, and we hope we can serve you. If there is any further information you require, please command us. Thank you again for this opportunity, and hoping for the pleasure of serving you soon, we remain, with renewed assurances of our greatest esteem, faithfully yours, etc." In other words, Easy Does It. Plenty of time to be courteous. Plenty of time for *Suavecito* and, what is even more important, the *Dignidad* or Face of the customer.

19. *Dignidad* is a personal dignity that even the lowliest Latin wears like a toga. Do not criticize a man in front of his friends. Do not

bawl out an employe in front of his fellows. Do not scold the maid in the presence of the other servants. Up North that would be thoughtless or just plain stupid. But in the South you have offended against *Dignidad*. That friend you have caused to lose face will never speak to you again. That employe will not show up for work next day. That maid will quietly but definitely disappear out of your house and life forever. And none of them will ever forgive you.

20. My old friend, James Kendrigan, sums it up: "Down here there are no little enemies." James should know. A Bostonian who went to the University of Havana more than 20 years ago to teach Latin and coach football, he has studied generations of Latin boys in the classroom, on the field and in the gym. The worst scrub on the team, says he, is more jealous of his *Dignidad* than the brightest star, and must be handled with extra deference and delicacy. The office boy is more concerned with his *Dignidad* than is the president of the company. Be extra careful; otherwise you may make an enemy whose life ambition from that moment on is to thwart you at every turn. Years will pass. He may become president of the company, or a senator, or a customs inspector—or a policeman out in the country. Your paths cross again. You have forgotten him, but he has not forgotten you. He has been thinking about you for years. He has been dreaming of the time, the place, he would meet you again and pay you back. Now is the time—this is the place—and he does! So be extra courteous—even ceremonious—with the lottery vendor on the street, the waiter in the coffee shop, the man who sells you cigars, the boy who brings you papers. Respect their *Dignidad* and they will respect yours. "There are no little enemies."

21. And now—*Simpático*. Very important. There should be a permanent examining board of experts on *Simpático* sitting up North to pass on all young men who would want to go South. Who is sending them? Why are they going? To make money? If that is all, maybe they would do better to stay at home. Do they like Latins? Will the Latins like them? American industry could afford to underwrite a screening service like this. Latins

who are experts on what Latins like could look the young men over and tell them whether they have the temperament to get along with Latins. If they haven't—if they aren't *Simpático*—thumbs down! Keep them home. Don't waste their time, their employer's money, or the Latin's patience. Latins won't care how much they know, how keen they are, how full of wham and socko.

22. The Latin believes that you show your real character outside of the office. Are you hospitable? Considerate? Generous? A good loser? Do you send flowers to your hostess? Do you have plenty of *Tiempo Para Gozarlas*—time to laugh and play and go fishing, and give graceful toasts to the men and tell charming lies to the ladies? In short, are you *Simpático*?

23. In other words, long before we thought up "Good Neighbor" the Latins had a word for it: *Simpático*. Sometimes you get pretty tired hearing how much Latins don't love us. Latins don't have to love us—nor do Latins insist that we love them. All they ask is that we be *Simpático*, that we try to understand their point of view, and respect it.

24. "Respect" is the keyword. The Good Neighbor Policy emphasizes "respect of self . . . respect of others . . . respect for obligations." It says nothing about love, which is a lovable thing, God wot, but a rare commodity among families, much less among nations. All the people in our 48 states do not love one another. Nor do all the people in

Latin America love one another. But the young man from South Bend will soon learn that if he respects the Latin the Latin will respect him. Simple, isn't it?

25. Clear sailing if the young man also remembers that every American who goes South—whether hell-bent for pleasure or hell-bent for business; whether he goes to do good or merely to do well—is an ambassador-at-large. He can make friends or enemies for his country, his company or himself, depending on how soon and how thoroughly he learns his *Mañana, Tiempo, Suavecito, Dignidad* and *Simpático*. Perhaps, as he grows older and wiser, and has acquired *Salud y Pesetas*, he will even learn "time to enjoy them"—the most important lesson the Latin can teach him.

26. Up North we raise our glasses and wish each other "Health! Success!" But time to enjoy them? How many American business men ever think of it? Some day, yes, they will retire and enjoy life. But now they must work hard. They must hurry, hurry, hurry. They must be successful. And then you read the morning paper! This dynamic young executive has dropped dead at 40, that high-powered tycoon at 45 has gone to Mayo's to have his stomach re-treaded. Havana doctors tell me that nervous breakdown from overwork is so seldom encountered they have no pat phrase for it in Spanish.

27. Perhaps we can show the Latins how to make money faster, but they can teach us the art of how to stick around longer to enjoy it.

H. G. Creel

THE MASTER WHO LIGHTED THE WAY IN CHINA

Herrlee Glessner Creel (1905-), born and educated in Chicago, is professor of Chinese literature and institutions at the University of Chicago. His experience in Asia and his scholarship have won him a prominent place among students of Chinese culture. He has written *Sinism*, 1929, *The Birth of China*, 1936, and *Confucius: The Man and Myth*, 1949.

Professor Creel, drawing upon his full and sympathetic understanding of Confucius, sets him forth as the great leader in Chinese religious and ethical thought. Confucius' sayings—some quaint, some profound, all provocative—have for centuries given insight into the character of the Chinese.

1. One of the world's greatest men was born almost exactly 2,500 years ago (the precise date is unknown). He was K'ung Fu-tzu, whom the modern world calls Confucius. A teacher during his lifetime, he was also the creator of a philosophy which after his death shaped the whole history of China, spread to many other parts of the world and to this day is a living force.

2. Yet far more people know his name, and perhaps a few of his sayings, than have any idea who he was, what kind of man he was, and how it came about that his precepts had such far-reaching and long-lasting influence. There are, to be sure, many legends about him; many things have been attributed to him which he never said. But Confucius the man is for most people a very obscure figure in antiquity.

3. It is worth while, then, to examine the man and the teachings which, after 2,500 years, are still being applied to social and ethical problems. Some of them are, indeed, as modern as tomorrow morning.

4. The prevailing popular notion is that Confucius was a powerful aristocrat. This was not the case. In fact, we do not certainly know who his ancestors were; the genealogy tracing his descent to kings did not appear until he had long been dead, and must be regarded with doubt.

5. He himself said, "When young, I was without rank and in humble circumstances." As a young man he had to make his own way, in the beginning at menial tasks. It was undoubtedly this experience which gave him an intimate knowledge of the bitter sufferings of the common people, and caused him to champion their cause against the arrogant and oppressive nobility.

6. He was born in the ancient state of Lu, a part of modern Shantung. His early years are obscure; we do not know how he ac-

quired his education and came to be a teacher. His personality and practical wisdom impressed nearly everyone who came in contact with him, and he soon attracted a circle of disciples who believed that "since the beginning of the human race there has never been a man like our Master."

7. The Master's major ambition was to put his principles of government and ethics into operation as a public official; he taught only while awaiting the opportunity. It is commonly alleged that he rose to be an important official, but this is legend, wrought by posterity with the intent of glorifying his memory.

8. Rulers of his time, while recognizing his talents, were too much afraid of his sincerity, candor and revolutionary ideas to employ him. They were used to flattery and compromise, and Confucius would stoop to neither. When the ruler of his native state (who had usurped power) asked Confucius how to govern the state, Confucius told him he had first better learn to govern himself. The aristocrat did not (as he well might) have Confucius cut into small pieces, but he did not make him Prime Minister either.

9. Confucius therefore spent most of his life as a scholar and teacher. He became a one-man university, somewhat in the manner of Socrates. He enrolled his students in a bloodless crusade and demanded of them every sacrifice, including their lives if need be, for the sake of humanity.

10. Beyond doubt, the Master was one of the best teachers that ever lived. His teaching was always informal; he seems never to have lectured but merely to have asked questions, suggested reading and discussed problems with his disciples. He drove his students hard, especially the brilliant ones. His only means of discipline was humorous reproof, but he was capable of biting sarcasm.

11. One of his best disciples, Tzu-kung, had the habit of criticizing others. Confucius said, "Obviously Tzu-kung must have become quite

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perfect himself, to have the time to spare for this; I do not have this much leisure."

12. It is probable that some of his students lived in Confucius' house. He apparently charged tuition according to their ability to pay, and for at least part of the time he was probably dependent upon this income for his living; nevertheless, he did not favor the rich over the poor. Some of his income seems to have been derived from gifts made to him by rulers.

13. Personally, Confucius was a zealot, but with a saving sense of humor. His sense of proportion, his kindliness, his willingness to admit that he always might be and sometimes was wrong, made men forgive him even for the fact that he was firmly convinced that it was his mission to rescue the world from its misfortunes. He had none of the unworldliness which we sometimes associate with the saint or the sage. He hunted and fished, and played an instrument somewhat like the guitar. He liked to drink, though not to excess.

14. Confucius was fond of good company and liked to join in the chorus of a good song. The "Analects," a collection of his aphorisms, says that "When at leisure the Master's manner was informal and cheerful," and that he was "affable, yet firm; commanding, yet not austere; dignified, yet pleasant."

15. His attitude toward men in general was democratic, and he enjoyed talking with all sorts of people, a habit which sometimes scandalized his disciples.

16. All this does not mean, however, that he was loose in his personal conduct. He once said that one should be lenient toward others, but strict with one's self, and he seems to have followed this precept. He could have had wealth for the asking if he had been willing to compromise his principles and give his approval to the practices of those in power. But he said, "With coarse food to eat, water to drink and my bended arm for a pillow, I still have joy in the midst of these things. Riches and honors, acquired by unrighteousness, mean no more to me than the floating clouds."

17. His leniency did not extend to his disciples nor to his son. His son was not gifted, as Confucius thought he should be, and in-

stead of pretending that he was, Confucius was frank about his disappointment and treated his son coolly. Some of the disciples were much closer to the Master.

18. Confucius appears to have been slightly envious of one or two of his disciples. This was natural; rulers who were afraid of the Master's zeal were glad to have his students for their officials, and some of his disciples obtained very influential positions. While this was success of a sort, it did not satisfy Confucius, who never ceased to want to direct the government of a state himself.

19. When he was about 50, Confucius received an office with a high-sounding title but no real authority; it was hoped that this would keep him quiet. When he realized that he was not to be permitted to do anything, he resigned in disgust and set off on a decade of travels to other Chinese states, seeking a ruler who would let him mold the government according to his principles. He never found one. After many vicissitudes he returned to Lu, where he taught until his death in 479 B.C.

20. If he died an apparent failure, the power of his teaching nevertheless caused it to be handed on from generation to generation of disciples. His influence was in a direction which may quite legitimately be called democratic. Before his time, in China, all rulers and almost all officials having any power seem to have been hereditary nobles. These men, members of powerful clans, ruled by the divine assistance of their ancestors, who gave them victory in war and prosperity in peace. The people, virtual serfs, were little more than instruments for the support and pleasure of the aristocrats.

21. Confucius asserted a doctrine diametrically opposed to the one in force. He declared that the rulers were merely instruments for bringing about the well-being of the people, and inheritance of rank did not give them the right to rule.

22. He did not go so far as to say that the hereditary aristocrats should vacate their thrones; that would have been too dangerous in his day, although Confucians did go this far soon after his death. But Confucius insisted that all administrative power in the government should be turned over to min-

isters appointed and promoted solely on the basis of character and ability, without regard to birth or rank.

23. Confucius considered it more important that people believe in the integrity of their Government's principles than that they have faith in the soundness of its treasury. He said that the three essentials of government were economic sufficiency, military sufficiency, and the confidence of the people. But of all these, he said, popular trust is by far the most important, since "if the people have no confidence in their Government, it cannot stand."

24. Confucius' formula for producing confidence was government by men of capacity, sincerely devoted to the common good and possessed of the kind of character which compels respect. He told the ruler of his native state, "To govern means to be correct. If you, in the position of leadership, are correct, who will dare to be otherwise?" This is very similar to Thomas Jefferson's statement that "the whole art of government consists in the art of being honest."

25. In his attack on aristocratic privilege, Confucius altered the meaning of the word "gentleman" (in Chinese, *chüntzū*). Before his time it had most commonly denoted a man of aristocratic birth. He used it, however, to mean a man of high ideals and noble character. He asserted that any man might become a gentleman, but that no one (no matter how well born) was truly a gentleman if he failed to act like one. He considered it to be the task of higher education to produce gentlemen.

26. This does not mean that he wished to restrict the opportunity for education. On the contrary, he held that all the people must receive some education, even in philosophy. He did not believe that the richest man or the most powerful noble had any more (or any less) inherent right to education than the poorest farmer, and advocated that education be made available to every person intellectually able to profit by it. He asserted that "in education, there should be no class distinctions," and declared that he himself had never turned away an aspiring student, no matter how poor.

27. His aim in education was the production of men of character, adjusted to the world about them and capable of meeting its strains,

prepared to enjoy life themselves and dedicated to promoting the welfare of others.

28. Confucius grappled, successfully, with what is perhaps the most difficult problem facing a democratic community. If it is to act decisively, there must be a large measure of agreement among its citizens, yet it cannot, consistently with democracy, compel agreement. Confucius' solution was similar to that of modern science; suspended judgment as regards ultimates, with practical action based on those propositions concerning which general agreement can be reached among intelligent and reasonable men. "Hear much, leave to one side that which is doubtful, and speak with due caution concerning the remainder," he said. "See much, leave to one side that of which the meaning is not clear, and act carefully with regard to the rest."

29. It seems clear that Confucius was a religious man, to the extent that he hoped that somewhere in the universe, there is a power which is on the side of the right. But as a basis for his philosophy he sought a foundation more concrete and definite than this hope. He tried to develop a system of ethics based upon man's nature as a social being, which stood in little if any conflict with the traditional religion, but was not dependent upon it.

30. This divorcing of morality from metaphysics was perhaps Confucius' greatest achievement. It enabled his ethics to survive while the ancient religion underwent the greatest modifications, and to appeal by its rational self-sufficiency even to the most skeptical. It provided a common moral ground upon which men of diverse religions have been able to live and work together.

31. In his own day, his influence was but slight. After his death it developed gradually, with the growing influence of the Confucian school, but it did not attain great proportions until the second century B.C. In 221 B.C. China was organized as a totalitarian state complete with secret police and thought control, and an attempt was made to suppress the Confucian teachings as subversive and "counterrevolutionary." Confucians took a prominent part in the revolt which came thirteen years later; a direct heir of Confucius in the eighth generation was one of its early martyrs.

The revolution succeeded, and the Han dynasty was the result.

32. Under the Han the hereditary aristocracy was virtually abolished in China for all time. The Government was reformed according to the essential pattern which it retained until the establishment of the Republic in 1912. In this reform the Confucian influence was very important.

33. Some of the ideas of Confucius were greatly distorted, so that his name has even been invoked in support of monarchical despotism. Nevertheless over the past two thousand years the Chinese governmental system has been influenced more deeply by Confucius than by any other man. Undoubtedly the fact that the Confucians were the group which chiefly cultivated literature, and supplied most of the teachers, was extremely important in this connection. Since the beginning of the Christian era, a knowledge of the Confucian classics has normally been required of candidates for many Government offices, including some of the highest.

34. For two thousand years virtually every educated Chinese has read and reread the sayings of Confucius as they are recorded in the "Analects." Even the uneducated know a great many of his aphorisms as proverbs. They have entered the Chinese language and become a part of the Chinese mind.

35. An American scholar asserted in 1938 that Confucianism was still "the greatest single intellectual force" in China. More recently, a famous Chinese scholar of the Left published an essay which depicts Confucius not merely as holding revolutionary ideas, but as fomenting armed rebellion on behalf of the people; on this basis many Chinese Communists claim Confucius as a spiritual ancestor of their movement.

36. The influence of Confucius has not been limited to China, nor even to the Far East. It is at least interesting, and perhaps significant, that the great metamorphosis in Western thinking which took place during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was in many respects a movement toward ideas remarkably like those of Confucius.

37. There came to be a new emphasis on rational thinking, and on the sovereignty of

conscience rather than dogma. This-worldliness was justified, and pleasure was regarded as good rather than (as formerly) evil. A cosmopolitan altruism came to be considered the great virtue. Most important of all, it was insisted that men are essentially equal, without regard to birth or rank, and that they therefore have equal right (limited only by their merits) to political office.

38. These were basic articles of faith with Confucius, and it was precisely in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries that Confucianism was made known to the West by the Jesuit missionaries, who had recently entered China. It was taken up and studied with enthusiasm by the possessors of some of the best minds of Europe, who made use of it in their attacks upon the *status quo*. These included men like Leibniz and Christian Wolff in Germany, Voltaire and Quesnay in France, and Oliver Goldsmith and Eustace Budgell in England.

39. This is not to suggest that Confucius was responsible for the revolution in Western thinking. Such changes, and perhaps the very same changes, would have taken place if Confucius had never lived. But the fact that his ideas became available precisely at a time when European thinking was in flux undoubtedly influenced the process, in a manner which has never been adequately evaluated, and to which many historians have failed to give due recognition.

Wisdom of Confucius

Feel kindly toward everyone, but be intimate only with the virtuous.

Learning without thought is useless; thought without learning is dangerous.

To recognize what things you know, and what things you do not know—this is wisdom.

When you see a man of worth, think of how you may emulate him. When you see one who is unworthy, examine your own character.

If a man's natural qualities exceed his training he is uncultivated; if his training exceeds his natural qualities he is little more than an educated lackey. It is only when the natural qualities and the training harmoniously complement each other that we have the gentleman.

A young person should be treated with the utmost respect. How do you know that he will not,

some day, be fully equal of what you are now? It is the man who has reached the age of 40 or 50 without ever having done anything to distinguish himself, who is not worthy of respect.

To go too far is as bad as to fall short.

If, when you look into your own heart, you find nothing wrong there, what is there to worry about, what is there to fear?

Do not wish for quick results, nor look for small advantages. If you seek quick results, you will not attain the ultimate goal. If you are led astray by

small advantages, you will never accomplish great things.

To be poor without being resentful is difficult; to be rich without being arrogant should be easy.

If a man does not constantly ask himself, "What is the right thing to do?" I really don't know what is to be done about him.

What you do not wish done to yourself, do not do to others.

Language should be such as fully to convey one's meaning, but no more.

Willard Sperry

THE DECLINE OF CONSCIENCE

Willard Learoyd Sperry (1882-) was a Rhodes scholar at Oxford and continued his studies later at Yale. Ordained as a Congregational minister in 1908, he held several pastorates before becoming professor of theology in Andover Theological Seminary. Since 1922 he has been dean of Harvard Divinity School. He is the author of more than fifteen books on religion and practical theology, and has been a frequent contributor to magazines and religious journals.

This essay is a challenging appraisal of certain weaknesses in modern character. Dean Sperry displays a clear understanding of the powerful forces released by the ruthlessness of recent wars and by the attendant cynicism and disillusionment.

1. In the summer of 1939, a month or so before the Second World War broke out, I went in to see a solicitor in Oxford who takes care of a few of my modest affairs in England. He did not seem much interested in his affairs or mine. He insisted upon talking about the state of the world in general. In the course of his reflections he said: "The most sobering fact in the modern world is the general decline of conscience." That chance remark has lingered on in my mind to vex any moral complacency I may have had, and has been confirmed by the events which have followed it.

2. This decline of conscience has been in part a general lowering of our one-time standards of private morals. In the attempt to es-

cape from the prohibitions preached by Puritanism and its mistaken inhibitions the average man has become undisciplined. Most of us are aware of this consequence of our ethical emancipation. We have unwittingly allowed our new liberties to degenerate into a lax license. In particular, the sex mores of America have been steadily degenerating. Not only so, but our taste in fiction, drama, and the like has been vitiated by a would-be paganism. We try to be, once more, "natural" in the primitive sense of that word, not realizing that this effort is doomed to failure. The last word on "Paganism Old and New" was said by Francis Thompson: "You cannot bring back the best age of Paganism, the age when Paganism was a faith. None will again behold Apollo in the forefront of the morning, or see Aphrodite in the upper air loose the long lustre of her golden locks. But you

THE DECLINE OF CONSCIENCE: Reprinted, by permission of the author and the publisher, from *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, Spring 1951.

may bring back the Paganism of the days of Pliny and Statius, and Juvenal—in one word, a most shining Paganism indeed, as putrescence also shines. . . . She who created Zeus and Here, Phoebus and Artemis, Pallas Athene and fair-haired Aphrodite, is dead, and lives only in her corruption.” Some such frustration and tragedy are involved in the degeneration of private morals in our day which attends the attempt to escape from ancient tabus and to live “natural” lives.

3. It is not at this level, however, that we are most acutely aware of the general decline of conscience in the modern world. We are most aware of it in the area of our involvement in society and in the terms of our citizenship. We entered the twentieth century and came up to the First World War with some residual decencies, which derived from the age of chivalry, if not from primitive Christianity, and were supposed to be binding on all concerned in the day of battle. This code, whether of the gentleman or the saint, so long as it was in force, gave friend and foe a common ground on which to stand. It was something all were agreed upon. That common ground was denied and repudiated early in the First World War, and supplanted by the ideal of “total war.” Many of us can still remember the two happenings which at the time outraged and angered us: the first use of poison gas by the Germans, and then the release of unrestricted submarine warfare. The shock of those two events stunned us, and we gave thanks that we were not as these Germans. But the pitiless logic of war-making drove us to retaliation in much the same terms. And now, since Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the burden of proof rests with us. It has been left for us to plan and put into operation the most devastating expression of “man’s inhumanity to man” that the world has ever known.

4. We need clear and cool rather than emotional thinking on this matter. The A-bomb which already is and the H-bomb which may yet be are not different in kind from the demolition bombs that previously had become accepted as a necessary military weapon. It is said that the demolition bombing of Tokyo was nearly as devastating as the atomic bombing of Hiroshima. Morally it is impossible to

say that demolition bombing is civilized and Christian, while atomic bombing is uncivilized and un-Christian. Indeed, once primitive man clenched his fists around a rock and attacked his neighbor with that weapon, there is no single point along the line leading to the atomic bomb of which one can say, up to this point war is decent and moral, beyond this point it is indecent and immoral. Each new and sophisticated apparatus for killing our neighbors may shock us, temporarily, but sooner or later we make our peace with it and domesticate it within the area of accepted morality. Years ago the late Canon Streeter of Oxford said that the world-wide cruelties of the First World War were qualitatively no more evil than the unjust flogging of one English schoolboy. So it is with “the bomb.”

5. Nevertheless, the quantitative distinction between the efficacy, as yet only dimly foreseen, of the A-bomb or H-bomb and that of all other prior weapons is such that for the moment we feel the distinction as qualitative. This wide-spread and deep feeling for a qualitative difference, however illogical, has re-awakened in most of us what Santayana has called “the agonized conscience.” We wonder whether we have any further right to call ourselves civilized, much more by what right we can any longer go on calling ourselves Christian. For no serious person will soberly suggest that this H-bomb, which is said to be in process, is to be the finally perfected vehicle for the expression of Christian love. It is this *reductio ad absurdum* which prompts the extreme pacifist to have no part in such transactions and sends him to prison or to a CO camp.

6. Those who cannot take the extreme pacifist position are left in an equivocal position. They feel the force of the pacifist logic and yet do not follow that logic to its conclusion. They fail to do so for two reasons: either they are unwilling to resign from the world and part company with their contemporaries or else they believe that by consenting to the techniques of modern warfare they are defending a political framework within which Christianity is still permissible. They face the fact that in officially godless states religious freedom and religious institutions as we know them are driven underground into

contemporary catacombs. No one who believes in Christianity thinks that it will ever perish from the earth. Perhaps it is so halfhearted today that it may have to be reborn in the catacombs. And he takes a great responsibility who is willing to go on paying the price of atomic bombing to preserve Christian institutions in their present form. In the process he may find himself sacrificing that which he is attempting to preserve. All sensitive Christians are today aware of this dilemma.

7. On the other hand this paradox is not a new thing. The orthodox Calvinist was accustomed to say that in his official capacity God was compelled to do a great many things which personally he would prefer not to do. This is merely another way of saying that ideals and facts are not always synonymous. Most of us find ourselves in something of the same dilemma as actual citizens of some kingdom of this world and would-be citizens of the Kingdom of God. It has been said that religion is the attempt to live in two worlds at the same time. This effort is never easy and the decision to live in only one of the two worlds, to the neglect of the other, destroys the tension which is present in all genuine religious experience. Let it be said, however, that with sensitive Christians the whole problem is not that which one may personally suffer, but what one may be party to doing to others. They do not so much fear dying of the bomb as of bombing others out of life. In so far as much Christian pacifism finds its origin and sanctions in the teaching and example of Jesus, this pacifism isolates the institution of war from its total setting. The literal teaching of Jesus would seem to require financial improvidence bordering on evangelical poverty. The personal example of Jesus would seem to celebrate the virtues of celibacy. Pacifism may be fitly cited as a test case for Christian idealism. It by no means exhausts the occasions for an expression of that idealism.

8. In any case, and at the present moment, the problem of "the bomb" is much in the common mind and on the common conscience. Ministers of religion, by virtue of their profession, may be expected to deplore its use in the past and discourage its use in the

future. In the common mind the clergy are dismissed as being subsidized by their profession to make such statements. Pronouncements to the same effect from unsubsidized laymen are today more important and influential. Such witness is not bought and paid for. It is a sober reflection upon our present tragic situation.

9. Thus, Dr. Oppenheimer, who was in charge of the Los Alamos project, says that when the first trial bomb was dropped in the desert he could think only of two lines from the Bhagavad-Gita: "I am become death, the shatterer of worlds." He then adds that this experience left him with a "legacy of concern. . . . In some crude sense, which no vulgarity, no humor, no overstatement can quite extinguish, the physicists have known sin; and this is a knowledge which they cannot lose." It is a matter of common report that more than one physicist has withdrawn from further collaboration along these lines. More striking perhaps is Admiral Leahy's statement that the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was a betrayal of our claim to be a Christian nation and would some day exact stern moral punishment. In midsummer General Eisenhower expressed the hope that we would not drop the bomb on North Korea, because we want to keep the moral respect of the rest of the world.

10. One of this country's most distinguished citizens, an outstanding New York lawyer and member of the Harvard Corporation, Mr. Grenville Clark, has recently published "A Plan for Peace." The book is the more significant because, anticipating our part in the First World War, the author was the prime mover for the Plattsburg idea, and again in 1940 was the chief author of the Selective Service Bill. He prefaces his "Plan for Peace" by a prophetic account of the probable course of a third World War. He thinks we should win, but at a cost which would be all but fatal to our present economy. He does not shrink from describing the devastation which we should both suffer and inflict. But it is not this aspect of the situation which sobers him most. "The cost of victory," he says, "would be staggering. I mean not only in terms of money and property, but in

moral terms. . . . If the war could be brought to an early end, this would be only because the A-bomb will have proved even more destructive than could have been foreseen. Accordingly the moral obloquy and sense of guilt would remain even though we suffered little physical harm. . . . When all is said it would be the hardening of conscience that would be the most destructive consequence of such a war."

11. If there be any single area within which we have seen a loss of religion over the last thirty-five years—i.e., since August, 1914—it is in the moral area rather than in the realm of speculative theology and formal creeds. If the major religions of our time, Judaism and Christianity, continue to lose their historic ethical idealism, the case cannot be saved on other grounds, in other terms. What might be saved would no longer deserve the names which have hitherto obtained.

12. The great religious peril of these days is ethical disillusionment and cynicism, not doctrinal unbelief. There is no cheap and easy solution of our moral dilemma. But one of the most hopeful signs of our times is this

increasingly widespread witness to the deeply troubled conscience of all sorts and conditions of men: scientists and soldiers and sailors and lawyers as well as preachers. The stubborn, chronic forms of "man's inhumanity to man" have always been there down the centuries. The latest and most acute form of this inhumanity is beginning to become intolerable. The only solution of our distresses and moral perils lies in some bold cooperative plan for peace. But the prompting to any such plan is to be found in our troubled conscience. In short "knowing sin" in this painful concrete form, rather than in some vague and abstract manner, is our world's surest hope of delivery. A Canadian broadcaster has recently stated our case in a single sentence: "An uneasy conscience makes a better Christian than a sense of moral complacency."

13. These reflections are inconclusive; possibly they smack of compromise. But they are at least warranted by the ancient observation that the important thing in this world is not to find some ready answer to your problem; it is to discover what the problem really is.

Bertrand Russell

THE FUTURE OF MAN

Bertrand (Arthur William), Lord Russell (1872-), the renowned British philosopher and mathematician, was educated at Cambridge University. In addition to being a lecturer at his alma mater, he has lectured and taught at a number of universities outside England—Harvard, Chicago, California at Los Angeles, and the National University of Peking. He has written more than a score of books dealing with mathematics and philosophy. The latter treat such topics as freedom, morals, happiness, the good life, peace, truth, authoritarianism. In the late twenties Lord Russell stirred a storm of controversy with his writings and his unorthodox views on marriage. Some of his later books are An Inquiry into Meaning and Truth, 1941, A History of Western Philosophy, 1945, Human Knowledge, Its Scope and Limits, 1948, Authority and the Individual, 1949, and Unpopular Essays, 1950. Lord Russell is also a regular contributor to leading periodicals.

In 1920 Lord Russell paid a brief visit to Russia; he talked with Lenin and with other leaders, and what he saw of the government did not impress him. He

has been a frequent visitor to the United States and, while sometimes critical of us, he admits some hope for our way of doing things. The following article, in which Lord Russell calmly examines three foreseeable possibilities for the human race, provides clear evidence of the range and responsibility of his thought.

1. Before the end of the present century, unless something quite unforeseeable occurs, one of three possibilities will have been realized. These three are:

I. The end of human life, perhaps of all life on our planet.

II. A reversion to barbarism after a catastrophic diminution of the population of the globe.

III. A unification of the world under a single government, possessing a monopoly of all the major weapons of war.

2. I do not pretend to know which of these will happen, or even which is the most likely. What I do contend is that the kind of system to which we have been accustomed cannot possibly continue.

3. The first possibility, the extinction of the human race, is not to be expected in the next world war, unless that war is postponed for a longer time than now seems probable. But if the next world war is indecisive, or if the victors are unwise, and if organized states survive it, a period of feverish technical development may be expected to follow its conclusion. With vastly more powerful means of utilizing atomic energy than those now available, it is thought by many sober men of science that radioactive clouds, drifting round the world, may disintegrate living tissue everywhere. Although the last survivor may proclaim himself universal Emperor, his reign will be brief and his subjects will all be corpses. With his death the uneasy episode of life will end, and the peaceful rocks will revolve unchanged until the sun explodes.

4. Perhaps a disinterested spectator would consider this the most desirable consummation, in view of man's long record of folly and cruelty. But we who are actors in the drama,

who are entangled in the net of private affections and public hopes, can hardly take this attitude with any sincerity. True, I have heard men say that they would prefer the end of man to submission to the Soviet government, and doubtless in Russia there are those who would say the same about submission to Western capitalism. But this is rhetoric with a bogus air of heroism. Although it must be regarded as unimaginative humbug, it is dangerous, because it makes men less energetic in seeking ways of avoiding the catastrophe that they pretend not to dread.

5. The second possibility, that of a reversion to barbarism, would leave open the likelihood of a gradual return to civilization, as after the fall of Rome. The sudden transition will, if it occurs, be infinitely painful to those who experience it, and for some centuries afterwards life will be hard and drab. But at any rate there will still be a future for mankind, and the possibility of rational hope.

6. I think such an outcome of a really scientific world war is by no means improbable. Imagine each side in a position to destroy the chief cities and centers of industry of the enemy; imagine an almost complete obliteration of laboratories and libraries, accompanied by a heavy casualty rate among men of science; imagine famine due to radioactive spray, and pestilence caused by bacteriological warfare: would social cohesion survive such strains? Would not prophets tell the maddened populations that their ills were wholly due to science, and that the extermination of all educated men would bring the millennium? Extreme hopes are born of extreme misery, and in such a world hopes could only be irrational. I think the great states to which we are accustomed would break up, and the sparse survivors would revert to a primitive village economy.

7. The third possibility, that of the establishment of a single government for the whole world, might be realized in various ways: by the victory of the United States in the next

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world war, or by the victory of the U.S.S.R., or, theoretically, by agreement. Or—and I think this is the most hopeful of the issues that are in any degree probable—by an alliance of the nations that desire an international government, becoming, in the end, so strong that Russia would no longer dare to stand out. This might conceivably be achieved without another world war, but it would require courageous and imaginative statesmanship in a number of countries.

8. There are various arguments that are used against the project of a single government of the whole world. The commonest is that the project is utopian and impossible. Those who use this argument, like most of those who advocate a world government, are thinking of a world government brought about by agreement. I think it is plain that the mutual suspicions between Russia and the West make it futile to hope, in any near future, for any genuine agreement. Any pretended universal authority to which both sides can agree, as things stand, is bound to be a sham, like UN. Consider the difficulties that have been encountered in the much more modest project of an international control over atomic energy, to which Russia will consent only if inspection is subject to the veto, and therefore a farce. I think we should admit that a world government will have to be imposed by force.

9. But—many people will say—why all this talk about a world government? Wars have occurred ever since men were organized into units larger than the family, but the human race has survived. Why should it not continue to survive even if wars go on occurring from time to time? Moreover, people like war, and will feel frustrated without it. And without war there will be no adequate opportunity for heroism or self-sacrifice.

10. This point of view—which is that of innumerable elderly gentlemen, including the rulers of Soviet Russia—fails to take account of modern technical possibilities. I think civilization could probably survive one more world war, provided it occurs fairly soon and does not last long. But if there is no slowing up in the rate of discovery and invention, and if great wars continue to recur, the destruction to be expected, even if it fails to exter-

minate the human race, is pretty certain to produce the kind of reversion to a primitive social system that I spoke of a moment ago. And this will entail such an enormous diminution of population, not only by war, but by subsequent starvation and disease, that the survivors are bound to be fierce and, at least for a considerable time, destitute of the qualities required for rebuilding civilization.

11. Nor is it reasonable to hope that, if nothing drastic is done, wars will nevertheless not occur. They always have occurred from time to time, and obviously will break out again sooner or later unless mankind adopts some system that makes them impossible. But the only such system is a single government with a monopoly of armed force.

12. If things are allowed to drift, it is obvious that the bickering between Russia and the Western democracies will continue until Russia has a considerable store of atomic bombs, and that when that time comes there will be an atomic war. In such a war, even if the worst consequences are avoided, Western Europe, including Great Britain, will be virtually exterminated. If America and the U.S.S.R. survive as organized states, they will presently fight again. If one side is victorious, it will rule the world, and a unitary government of mankind will have come into existence; if not, either mankind or, at least, civilization will perish. This is what must happen if nations and their rulers are lacking in constructive vision.

13. When I speak of "constructive vision," I do not mean merely the theoretical realization that a world government is desirable. More than half the American nation, according to the Gallup poll, holds this opinion. But most of its advocates think of it as something to be established by friendly negotiation, and shrink from any suggestion of the use of force. In this I think they are mistaken. I am sure that force, or the threat of force, will be necessary. I hope the threat of force may suffice, but, if not, actual force should be employed.

14. Assuming a monopoly of armed force established by the victory of one side in a war between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., what sort of world will result?

15. In either case, it will be a world in

which successful rebellion will be impossible. Although, of course, sporadic assassination will still be liable to occur, the concentration of all important weapons in the hands of the victors will make them irresistible, and there will therefore be secure peace. Even if the dominant nation is completely devoid of altruism, its leading inhabitants, at least, will achieve a very high level of material comfort, and will be freed from the tyranny of fear. They are likely, therefore, to become gradually more good-natured and less inclined to persecute. Like the Romans, they will, in the course of time, extend citizenship to the vanquished. There will then be a true world state, and it will be possible to forget that it will have owed its origin to conquest. Which of us, during the reign of Lloyd George, felt humiliated by the contrast with the days of Edward I?

16. A world empire of either the U.S. or the U.S.S.R. is therefore preferable to the results of a continuation of the present international anarchy.

17. There are, however, important reasons for preferring a victory of America. I am not contending that capitalism is better than communism; I think it not impossible that, if America were communist and Russia were capitalist, I should still be on the side of America. My reason for siding with America is that there is in that country more respect than in Russia for the things that I value in a civilized way of life. The things I have in mind are such as: freedom of thought, freedom of inquiry, freedom of discussion, and humane feeling. What a victory of Russia would mean is easily to be seen in Poland. There were flourishing universities in Poland, containing men of great intellectual eminence. Some of these men, fortunately, escaped; the rest disappeared. Education is now reduced to learning the formulae of Stalinist orthodoxy; it is only open (beyond the elementary stage) to young people whose parents are politically irreproachable, and it does not aim at producing any mental faculty except that of glib repetition of correct shibboleths and quick apprehension of the side that is winning official favor. From such an educational system nothing of intellectual value can result.

18. Meanwhile the middle class was anni-

hilated by mass deportations, first in 1940, and again after the expulsion of the Germans. Politicians of majority parties were liquidated, imprisoned, or compelled to fly. Betraying friends to the police, or perjury when they are brought to trial, is often the only means of survival for those who have incurred governmental suspicions.

19. I do not doubt that, if this regime continues for a generation, it will succeed in its objects. Polish hostility to Russia will die out and be replaced by communist orthodoxy. Science and philosophy, art and literature, will become sycophantic adjuncts of government, jejune, narrow, and stupid. No individual will think, or even feel, for himself, but each will be contentedly a mere unit in the mass. A victory of Russia would, in time, make such a mentality world-wide. No doubt the complacency induced by success would ultimately lead to a relaxation of control, but the process would be slow and the revival of respect for the individual would be doubtful. For such reasons I should view a Russian victory as an appalling disaster.

20. A victory by the United States would have far less drastic consequences. In the first place, it would not be a victory of the United States in isolation, but of an alliance in which the other members would be able to insist upon retaining a large part of their traditional independence. One can hardly imagine the American army seizing the dons at Oxford and Cambridge and sending them to hard labor in Alaska. Nor do I think that they would accuse Mr. Attlee of plotting and compel him to fly to Moscow. Yet these are strict analogues of the things the Russians have done in Poland. After a victory of an alliance led by the United States there would still be British culture, French culture, Italian culture, and (I hope) German culture; there would not, therefore, be the same dead uniformity as would result from Soviet domination.

21. There is another important difference, and that is that Moscow's orthodoxy is much more pervasive than that of Washington. In America, if you are a geneticist, you may hold whatever view of Mendelism the evidence makes you regard as the most probable; in Russia, if you are a geneticist who disagrees

with Lysenko, you are liable to disappear mysteriously. In America, you may write a book debunking Lincoln if you feel so disposed; in Russia, if you should write a book debunking Lenin, it would not be published and you would be liquidated. If you are an American economist, you may hold, or not hold, that America is heading for a slump; in Russia, no economist dare question that an American slump is imminent. In America, if you are a professor of philosophy, you may be an idealist, a materialist, a pragmatist, a logical positivist, or whatever else may take your fancy; at congresses you can argue with men whose opinions differ from yours, and listeners can form a judgment as to who has the best of it. In Russia, you must be a dialectical materialist, but at one time the element of materialism outweighs the element of dialectic, and at other times it is the other way round. If you fail to follow the developments of official metaphysics with sufficient nimbleness, it will be the worse for you. Stalin at all times knows the truth about metaphysics, but you must not suppose that the truth this year is the same as it was last year.

In such a world, intellect must stagnate, and even technological progress must soon come to an end.

22. Liberty, of the sort that communists despise, is important not only to intellectuals or to the more fortunate sections of society. Owing to its absence in Russia, the Soviet government has been able to establish a greater degree of economic inequality than exists in Great Britain or even in America. An oligarchy which controls all the means of publicity can perpetrate injustices and cruelties which would be scarcely possible if they were widely known. Only democracy and free publicity can prevent the holders of power from establishing a servile state, with luxury for the few and over-worked poverty for the many. This is what is being done by the Soviet government wherever it is in secure control. There are, of course, economic inequalities everywhere, but in a democratic regime they tend to diminish, whereas under an oligarchy they tend to increase. And wherever an oligarchy has power, economic inequalities threaten to become permanent owing to the modern impossibility of successful rebellion.

23. I come now to the question, What should be our policy, in view of the various dangers to which mankind is exposed? To summarize the above arguments: we have to guard against three dangers—the extinction of the human race, a reversion to barbarism, and the establishment of a universal slave state involving misery for the vast majority and the disappearance of all progress in knowledge and thought. Either the first or second of these disasters is almost certain unless great wars can soon be brought to an end. Great wars can be brought to an end only by the concentration of armed force under a single authority. Such a concentration cannot be brought about by agreement, because of the opposition of Soviet Russia, but it must be brought about somehow.

24. The first step—and it is one which is now not very difficult—is to persuade the United States and the British Commonwealth of the absolute necessity for a military unification of the world. The governments of the English-speaking nations should then offer to all other nations the option of entering into a firm alliance, involving a pooling of military resources and mutual defense against aggression. In the case of hesitant nations, such as Italy, great inducements, economic and military, should be held out to produce their co-operation.

25. At a certain stage, when the alliance had acquired sufficient strength, any great power still refusing to join should be threatened with outlawry and, if recalcitrant, should be regarded as a public enemy. The resulting war, if it occurred fairly soon, would probably leave the economic and political structure of the United States intact, and would enable the victorious alliance to establish a monopoly of armed force, and therefore to make peace secure. But perhaps, if the alliance were sufficiently powerful, war would not be necessary, and the reluctant powers would prefer to enter it as equals rather than, after a terrible war, submit to it as vanquished enemies. If this were to happen, the world might emerge from its present dangers without another great war. I do not see any hope of such a happy issue by any other method. But whether Russia would yield when threatened

with war is a question as to which I do not venture an opinion.

26. I have been dealing mainly with the gloomy aspects of the present situation of mankind. It is necessary to do so, in order to persuade the world to adopt measures running counter to traditional habits of thought and ingrained prejudices. But beyond the difficulties and probable tragedies of the near future there is the possibility of immeasurable good, and of greater well-being than has ever before fallen to the lot of man. This is not merely a possibility, but, if the Western democracies are firm and prompt, a probability. From the breakup of the Roman Empire to the present day, states have almost continuously increased in size. There are now only two fully independent states, America and Russia. The next step in this long historical process should reduce the two to one, and thus put an end to the period of organized wars, which began in Egypt some six thousand years ago. If war can be prevented without the establishment of a grinding tyranny, a weight will be lifted from the human spirit, deep collective fears will be exorcised, and as fear diminishes we may hope that cruelty also will grow less.

27. The uses to which men have put their increased control over natural forces are curious. In the nineteenth century they devoted themselves chiefly to increasing the numbers of *Homo sapiens*, particularly of the white variety. In the twentieth century they have, so far, pursued the exactly opposite aim. Owing to the increased productivity of labor, it has become possible to devote a larger percentage of the population to war. If atomic energy were to make production easier, the only effect, as things are, would be to make wars

worse, since fewer people would be needed for producing necessities. Unless we can cope with the problem of abolishing war, there is no reason whatever to rejoice in laborsaving technique, but quite the reverse. On the other hand, if the danger of war were removed, scientific technique could at last be used to promote human happiness. There is no longer any technical reason for the persistence of poverty, even in such densely populated countries as India and China. If war no longer occupied men's thoughts and energies, we could, within a generation, put an end to all serious poverty throughout the world.

28. I have spoken of liberty as a good, but it is not an absolute good. We all recognize the need to restrain murderers, and it is even more important to restrain murderous states. Liberty must be limited by law, and its most valuable forms can only exist within a framework of law. What the world most needs is effective laws to control international relations. The first and most difficult step in the creation of such law is the establishment of adequate sanctions, and this is possible only through the creation of a single armed force in control of the whole world. But such an armed force, like a municipal police force, is not an end in itself; it is a means to the growth of a social system governed by law, where force is not the prerogative of private individuals or nations, but is exercised only by a neutral authority in accordance with rules laid down in advance. There is hope that law, rather than private force, may come to govern the relations of nations within the present century. If this hope is not realized we face utter disaster; if it is realized, the world will be far better than at any previous period in the history of man.

Barbara Ward

FAITH FOR FREEDOM

Barbara Ward (1914-) is an English journalist who has become noted for her brilliant editorials in the London Economist, of which she has been assistant editor since 1939. Her formal education was received in France and Germany and at Oxford. She has held responsible advisory posts in artistic and literary as well as political organizations: from 1946 until 1949 she served as governor of the British Broadcasting Corporation. Among her publications dealing with international affairs are The International Share-Out, 1938, Turkey, 1941, The West at Bay, 1948, and Policy for the West, 1951. She now lives in Victoria, Australia.

Any human enterprise, even the smallest, needs a measure of faith. Men must believe that what they have undertaken can be carried through. They must believe that their partners will work with them loyally. How much more is faith needed when the enterprise is the building of a free and peaceful world and the partners include all the races of the earth. One of the greatest obstacles to an effective Western policy is men's uncertainty whether peace can in fact be maintained. Yet the essence of Containment is the belief that war is not inevitable and that a combination of strength and patience in the West will deter the Soviets from further aggression and persuade them either to negotiate or at least to live as they did in the twenties and thirties primarily concerned with their own affairs.

An almost equal obstacle to successful Containment is distrust between the different partners—the tendency of each to pick out and concentrate on the worst aspects of the other's policy, to rub the sore spots, to put salt in old wounds. Out of a million small reactions of unfamiliarity and misunderstanding, national moods grow up, critical, carping, and envenomed. Yet what do the free peoples expect?

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That their neighbors should be exactly like themselves? That they should escape altogether from the fatality of human weakness and error? That they should be incapable of stupidity or tactlessness or self-interest?

No private undertaking, no human enterprise of any sort, could be run on such expectations. The Western allies have to be patient with one another and keep the larger unity of their common purposes alive in their minds to defeat all the day-to-day inconveniences of close alliance. The essence of faith is that it does not depend upon a perpetual renewal of absolute proof. No ally in the West is likely to give its neighbors a daily exhibition of all the virtues necessary for a great undertaking. Let the others therefore give the tolerance they expect. If the concept of British duplicity, of American greed, of French cowardice, of Italian irresponsibility, is brought in over and over again to interpret policies and explain reactions, no common enterprise can possibly succeed. Only an effort of faith, constantly renewed, can counter the tendency of men and nations to misunderstand, to recriminate, to grow suspicious, and at last to permit their alliances to fall apart.

Faith in the enterprise itself and faith in one's partners are, however, no more than the minimum—the least with which free men can hope to survive. The weakness of the word "Containment" is its negative and defensive

ring. The Communists do not make the mistake of thinking that they are simply defending themselves against "Western encirclement." This may be the jargon they use to explain to their own people why they have remained armed and alert. But the essence of their drive, of their propaganda, of their picture of themselves, is that they must remake the world according to their own gospel, the single unalterable Marxist-Leninist gospel of salvation.

It is curious that we in the West should tend so uniformly to underestimate or misunderstand the passion that drives Communism on. Western critics are never tired of pointing out that it is based upon materialism; that there is no room in the Communist system for mankind's highest aspirations or deepest hopes; that all the power and poetry and inspiration of humanity are banished by Communism's fundamental tenet that the economic structure of society determines all the rest. It may be that, in theory, there is no room in Communism for these things, but it is vital to remember that, in practical reality, the Communists hardly give economics a thought. They do not condemn Western society because it is inefficient. On the contrary, they are immensely impressed with the technical achievements of the West. They blame it because it is immoral. They do not extol their own system because it is materially more satisfactory. They extol it because it is a new heaven and a new earth, a transfiguration of the conditions of human existence, the raising up of men's lives to new levels of creativeness and joy.

When a new program of irrigation and public works is announced, the newspapers grow lyrical:—

For centuries the peoples of the East have dreamt of crystal-clear rivers, of fertile gardens in the desert, of a fairyland of happiness. Songs passed down from one generation to the next told of these yearnings. The people were confident that the time would come when clear, transparent rivers and streams would cut through the heart of the desert, when birds would sing in the once-silent stretches of dead sands, when blossoming gardens would flourish under a deep blue sky, when beautiful palaces would appear and crowds of gay people assemble to acclaim with gratitude

the conquerors of the desert. Today the Soviet peoples praise in all their tongues the courageous conquerors of the desert—the Bolsheviks; and they glorify the Bolshevik Party and the beloved Comrade Stalin, whose genius has opened the path to fulfillment of these age-old aspirations.

Whatever the shams of Communism—and they are immense—they come clothed in the language of poetry and hope. The dream that has haunted the world from its infancy—of a golden age from which it has been banished and a golden age to which it can return—is repeated in the myth of a primitive communism destroyed by the evil of private property and restored triumphantly in the latter days by the return to communism. The anger and outrage of the prophets of old, denouncing social injustice; the promise of the Magnificat: "He hath . . . exalted them of low degree"; the exquisite and heartbreaking hope of the Apocalypse: "And there shall be no more death, nor sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away"—all these echoes and intimations which lie deepest in men's hearts are evoked by these so-called materialists, by these men who are supposed to think only in terms of economics.

It must be admitted that, in comparison with this apocalyptic vision of the world's warring between Communist good and capitalist evil, Western policy seems, remarkably and inexplicably, to have lost sight of its own vision of the good society, or at least to have lost confidence in its powers of explaining what that vision really is. If a visitor from Mars had arrived on earth during 1949 and examined the published statements of East and West, it is not likely that he would have found the "materialists" in the Communist half. The constant preoccupation with economics, the careful calculation of what could and could not be afforded, the ceaseless discussion of limits of taxation, of budgetary equilibrium, and of the perils of inflation, would have met him in almost every capital—until he came to the Iron Curtain. Beyond he would have found himself in a world dominated not by a certain view of economics but by a new—and terrible—view of life. This contrast is all the more extraordinary when one reflects that, on any standard of comparison.

the really radical and revolutionary way of life does not lie in the East at all, but in the West. The ideas and aspirations of Western man are still the most startling thing that has ever happened to the human race. Stalin's views of man and society are, by comparison, mortally static and archaic. In fact the world today presents the astonishing spectacle of Western man sleeping unaware on the powder keg of his own revolutionary philosophy and the Stalinists leaping up and down proclaiming as a new revolution a view of man and society which was old when the Pyramids were built.

We know something of the civilizations that have risen and fallen in the long history of mankind. Through all of them two themes of human belief and organization appear to run: the first, that man and society are molded by the immense impersonal forces of destiny and circumstance; the second, that the state—whether spiritual or temporal—is omnipotent and the source of all meaning. Subjects were no more than shadows of shadows. Reality rested with king and priest and temple. And humankind together, king and peasant, priest and servant, were bound to the “melancholy wheel” of fate, the impersonal and unchanging order of times and seasons, the infinite fatality of history. For thousands upon thousands of years, the great civilizations rose and fell, the people in servitude to the state, state and people alike in servitude to destiny. Behavior, ritual, thought itself, were determined collectively. Men and women lived out their lives within the closed circle of omnipotent government and omnipotent fate.

Into this static world with its slow rhythm of rise and fall, exhaustion and renewal, there broke a new force of ideas and vitality which wrought probably the most radical transformation of the human scene since man became recognizably man. Two peoples brought about this transformation, each small in number and vast in energy and fertility—the Jews and the Greeks.

With the advent of these two societies the whole character of human development changed and there entered into history something which we may reasonably call “the Western spirit.” The measure of its revolutionary power was that it completely contra-

dicted and annihilated the two dominant themes of the archaic world: the fatality of environment and the omnipotence of the state. It is a commonplace that our society is grounded to its deepest foundations in Classical and Christian antiquity. But of all the riches and diversity, these two entirely revolutionary facts must be remembered, for they are the key to the understanding of our own society and to its fundamental divergence from Communism. It is only in their light that the radical newness of Western thought and the fundamentally reactionary character of Communist thinking can be fully grasped. The Greeks and the Jews shared with the older civilizations the idea of a divine order of society, but whereas earlier this order seemed on the whole to have been made up of the sum of circumstances—the seasons, the days, the cycle of agriculture, the chances of flood and storm, the social order as it existed—in Greek and Jewish thought a gulf opened between the divine order as it existed in the mind of God, and the very human order as it existed on earth.

The idea that the sum of things could by human will and action be transformed and remade in the image of the divine took hold of men's imaginations. The static idea of social order began to give way to the revolutionary, to the ideas of a possible perfect society which could be achieved provided men overcame the irrational and immoral aspects of their own lives and their own institutions. The desire to transform, the desire to create, the desire to seize on material circumstances and change and mold them as an artist transforms the material he works with—this was the immense energy injected into the Western world by the rational vision of the Greeks and the moral vision of the Jews. The divine order ceased to be the sum of things that are and began to become the sum of things as they should be. Try as he would—and to return to the static is always a temptation—Western man could never again drive the fever of creation and transformation and progress out of his blood.

The two streams of thought were equally potent in sweeping away the other principle of ancient society: the acceptance of the omnipotent state. The Greek saw the reflection of the Logos in the rational nature of man. As a

creature endowed with reason he acquired inalienable social and political rights, among them the right to self-government. For the Jew, it was the divine image in man that created in him moral responsibility. From the first question of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?" flowed out the doctrine of personal responsibility. In the Christian tradition the Greek concept of reason and the Hebrew belief in man's accountability met in the idea of the "free and lawful man," which in medieval Europe was the basis of the great constitutional experiment of placing government itself under the law, and in the centuries that followed developed into the full doctrine of representative government and political freedom.

No one will pretend that the progress of these two transforming ideals—of justice and liberty—was regular or complete. The Greek insight into the irrationality of much in man's nature and the institutions he sets up has been more than justified. The Hebrew and Christian concept of sin—the pride of the mind and the lust of the heart—has darkened every page of Western history. Yet underneath failure and collapse and defeat, the Western spirit has constantly renewed itself, and in the darkest ages the voice of the saint, the prophet, the reformer, was raised to denounce the things that were and to point once again to the things that ought to be. Under these pressures, Western society became the most restlessly dynamic and explosive social order the world had ever seen. There could be no rest once these ideals of progress and perfection had been let loose in the mind of Western man.

It is the tragedy of Marxist Communism that it restores the old fetters of fatality and tyranny. Because it borrows the terminology of the West and speaks of true freedom and true democracy and true science, men often overlook the profoundly and terrifyingly reactionary character of its doctrine. The free and morally responsible human being with rights and duties and aspirations which transcend any given social order vanishes. Why? Because there is nothing beyond the social order. Every act of human life, every thought of human minds, is entirely conditioned by the general state of material events

at that time. History becomes once more the arbiter of all destiny. It is no longer an arena in which men struggle in freedom to remold recalcitrant matter and fashion it to their ideals. Their freedom is an illusion, and recalcitrant matter is itself responsible for their ideals. The world of freedom closes. In its place returns the stifling world of necessity in which the childhood of the race was spent. Once again men are bound to the melancholy wheel of their social conditioning. Once again events mold them, not they events. The collective crust forms once again over the experiment of human freedom, and the Western vision fades.

In such a world, the return to omnipotent government is inevitable. If man is no more than a unit in a social calculation, to what rights and pretensions can he lay claim? It is the total social process, society, the environment as a whole, that has significance just as thousands of years ago the apparatus of the state—city or temple—was reality and men no more than its component parts. No one doubts the omnipotent claims of the Soviet state today, but some are inclined to overlook the even more omnipotent claims inherent in the prophecy that eventually "the state will wither away." In any conceivable society where variety of claims and interests is admitted, some government must remain as arbiter. The only highly complex societies that can dispense with government are those in which social conditioning has produced such perfect adaptation to circumstance and work that no conflicts are conceivable—and no change and no progress either. We know of such societies. The bees and the ants have reached just such a degree of adaptation to environment. (And if environment is fatality, is reality, is God itself, what greater purpose for humanity can there be than to adapt itself?) Behind the concept of the withering away of the state lies not only the loss of freedom, but the loss of rationality and humanity itself.

These are not idle fears. We know from man's long history that the Western experiment of freedom and responsibility is a flash in the pan, a spark in the longest night, an experiment bounded in space and time and preceded by aeons of collective servitude. To

step back into an older environment, to regress, to abandon an experiment at once so testing and so abnormal, must be a temptation at the very roots of our being. Communism presents it in a form in which language and propaganda are borrowed from the liberal experiment but fundamental thought and direction lead back into the anonymous tyrannies of antiquity and of primitive mankind. Environment as destiny, the state as omnipotence—these are the principles under whose mastery mankind has spent by far the longest part of its conscious span. The Western phase is a tremendous, a breath-taking experiment. It is not yet certain that it can stay the course.

Yet if the Western experiment is really the most audacious and exhilarating that mankind has ever made, how is it that today the audacity and the creativeness and the revolutionary zeal so often seem to be on the other side? There is a tremendous paradox here. The crusaders for freedom and progress, for man's ever-renewed struggle to build a just and holy society, appear to be on the defensive before those who seek to eliminate human freedom and restore the twin tyrannies of fate and government. The real revolutionaries cede ground to the pseudo revolutionaries. The radicals retreat before the reactionaries, the idealists before the materialists. Indeed, the idealists seem to have turned themselves into materialists and fight their war of words in calculations and statistics while their adversaries sing of deserts blossoming and spring returning to a resurrected humanity. How have we in the West contrived so to dim our vision that we appear to have lost it? When was the initiative lost? How can we recapture it?

There can be only one answer. We have not lost it because the Marxist vision is more potent than ours or because Communism offers a more attractive version of society. Indeed, it would be difficult to find anything more unattractive than, say, contemporary Bulgaria; and even if we prefer our Communism in idealized form, one searches Marx's pages in vain for a concrete description of what Communist society would be like. No, his strength lay in what he attacked, not in what he promised. And it is still true of Commu-

nism today that wherever it is not imposed by force, it owes its strength not so much to its own attractiveness as to the weakening of the Western way of life. In the last hundred years, we have seen our grip slacken on those two revolutionary principles upon which the Western experiment has been based. The Classical and Christian tradition has grown weaker. In its place, even in the West, the concept of fatality and of almighty circumstance has crept back. The men who founded the industrial revolution and believed in unchanging and unaltering economic laws were introducing a god of economic determinism into one sector of their society. It was a savage but appropriate justice that led Marx to turn economic determinism against them in their own industrial stronghold. Workers had been sacrificed in their turn in the name of economic determinism and dialectical materialism. If matter was to be master, Marx had as good a version of the future to offer as Richard Cobden and John Bright and a much more attractive version from the standpoint of the masses.

Nor was the Manchester School's confidence in the beneficence of *laissez faire* the only entry point for fatalism and historical materialism. The present reality of God and of an ideal world of law and justice which men should struggle to observe and create, even if circumstances drag them the other way, began to fade and the great fatalities—environment, conditioning, heredity, evolution—sapped and weakened the concept of freedom, moral responsibility, and will. Unconsciously at first, but with steadily increasing realization and indifference, a vast mass of Western men and women sloughed off their society's traditional idealism and became in practice, if not in belief, materialists as convinced as any on the other side of the Iron Curtain—but with this difference. The materialism preached by Communists was a religion of materialism—materialism raised to a total explanation of life, guide of conduct, and spur to action. The materialism of the West was all too often no more than an attitude of "eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die." In a conflict between religious materialism and practical materialism, it seems certain that the religious variety will have the strength to prevail. An

idea has never yet in human history been defeated by no idea at all.

Yet although it is true that Communism has gained strength by the West's own weaknesses, it may yet be true that the West will learn from the Communists how to recapture its own freedom-loving, transforming, and creative spirit. In the first place, men and women in the West can see in Soviet society some of the possible results of their own betrayal of the Western ideal. They see what a society can become which is systematically materialist, godless, and "scientific." They see how speedily the safeguards of freedom vanish once the idea of law independent of race or class fades and in its place is put the convenience of the community. They see how terribly human compassion can be maimed if there is no appeal to a higher authority than that of government. They see that science itself, on which the regime is supposedly based, can be perverted if the search for truth gives way to the acceptance of the politically expedient. And reflecting on these things, they are perhaps more ready to reconsider the old safeguards of independence and of pity, of justice and of truth. They look perhaps with new interest at an earlier belief—that liberty itself is grounded in the fact that God's authority overrules all others and that, in St. Thomas More's words, a man can be the state's "good servant, but God's first."

But Communism does more than provide the Western world with a species of rake's progress of some of its own ideas and assumptions. It is, in a real sense, the conscience of the West. Every pretension, every false claim, every complacency of our Western society, is relentlessly exposed by Communist propaganda, and all too often our dislike of the critics is rendered a thousand times more bitter by our inner knowledge that their gibes are true. It is infuriating, it is exasperating, it is exhausting for the West to know that every weakness is spied on, every social failure capitalized, every injustice trumpeted abroad, every lack of charity and understanding blown up into a major social crime. But is it certain that without these enraging critics we in the West should be so aware of where we fail ourselves? Might we not drift on in indifference beyond the point at which this weakened

institution or that false situation could be repaired?

In many ways, we today are paying for the complacency of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers. It was not only the injustice, it was also the appalling smugness, of the Victorian possessing classes which put the real vitriol into Marx's pen. Today, at least, no false complacency can hold us back from seeing where lie the shams.

Communists today leave us in no doubt where our weaknesses lie. They await in a fever of tension and expectation the coming of another disastrous depression. They seek to exacerbate by every means the gulf between East and West, between Asia and the Atlantic, between developed and backward areas, between rich and poor, slave and free. They search for every chink in the armor of Western unity. They batten on every national prejudice and try to poison every potential conflict between the allies of the West. Above all, they preach the decadence and decline of Western ideals, the false pretensions of Western society, the myth of Western religion, the hypocrisy of Western freedom, and the certainty of Western collapse.

We need therefore have no doubts about the necessary means of Western survival. To be stable, reliable, and prosperous ourselves; to share with others our prosperity; to rebuild our defenses; to be patient allies and good friends; to restore our vision and moral purpose; to drive out the gods of fatalism; to restore the "glorious liberty of the sons of God"; and, in this spirit, to confront our adversaries with a calm fortitude that allays both their fears and their ambitions—there are the main themes for a common policy in the West. Nothing in them is beyond the competence of the Western powers. Never, indeed, have the material means of fulfilling them been so assured. If there is a doubt at all, it can only be a doubt of the necessary vision and will.

This surely is the crux. In all that they say of the Western world, the Communists are proclaiming the fatal laws of historical necessity. Capitalist society must collapse. The United States must practice selfish imperialism. The Western states must exploit their

workers, fight for markets in the world at large, trample down their Asiatic helots, and plunge the world into wars of aggression. It follows that every policy of the West that contradicts these fears—every Marshall Plan, every extension of economic aid to backward areas, every increase in social economic opportunity, every act of justice and reconciliation

—breaks with the Communists' fundamental gospel—the fatality of history—and restores, triumphantly and creatively, the freedom of the West. We are not bound by collective selfishness. No iron law of economics holds us down. The Western world is a world of freedom, and in it the Western powers can freely choose and freely act.

Irving J. Lee

THEY TALK PAST EACH OTHER

Irving J. Lee (1909-) is a native of New York City and a graduate of New York University. In 1935 he began advanced study at Northwestern University, from which he received a Ph.D. degree in 1938. Since then he has been a member of the School of Speech at Northwestern, where he is now Professor of Public Speaking.

Professor Lee is widely known as a popular lecturer on the role of general semantics in human affairs and a prominent official in the Society for General Semantics. He is also a member of the Executive Council of the National Society for the Study of Communication and of the Editorial Board of the Quarterly Journal of Speech. He first attained prominence in 1937, when he wrote a pamphlet for the National Safety Council on *How to Make the Safety Speech*. In 1949 he edited *The Language of Wisdom and Folly: Background Readings in Semantics*. He is the author of *Language Habits in Human Affairs*, 1941, and *How to Talk with People*, 1952. This last volume, from which "They Talk Past Each Other" is taken, is, according to the subtitle, "A Program for Preventing Troubles That Come When People Talk Together."

"It takes," says Thoreau, in the noblest and most useful passage I remember to have read in any modern author, "two to speak truth—one to speak and another to hear."—Robert Louis Stevenson, "Truth of Intercourse," *Virginibus Puerisque*, J. M. Dent & Sons, 1925, p. 32.

HOW MISUNDERSTANDING HAPPENS

1. The one thing people tend to take for granted when talking to others is that they understand each other. It is rare, indeed, in a meeting to have someone hold up his own argument long enough to say, "I think you said. . . . Did you?" or "Was I right in thinking you meant. . . .?" We found people ever so eager to parry what a man says without ever wondering whether *that* is what the man said.

THEY TALK PAST EACH OTHER: From *How to Talk with People*. Copyright, 1952, by Harper and Brothers. Reprinted by permission of the author and the publisher.

2. In the give-and-take of talk things go fast, and one is so busy organizing his reply that he doesn't take the time to make sure he knows what he is replying to. This is unfortunate because it often means that, instead of talking with others, people talk past or by-pass each other.

3. Note some by-passings.

(1) The British Staff prepared a paper which they wished to raise as a matter of urgency, and informed their American colleagues that they wished to "table it." To the American staff "tabling" a paper meant putting it away in a drawer and forgetting it. A long and even acrimonious argument ensued before both parties realised that they were agreed on the merits and wanted the same thing.¹

¹ Winston Churchill, "The Second World War," Vol. III, Book II, *The New York Times*, February 28, 1950, p. 31.

(2) I remember a worrisome young man who, one day, came back from the X-ray room wringing his hands and trembling with fear. "It is all up with me," he said. "The X-ray man said I have a hopeless cancer of the stomach." Knowing that the roentgenologist would never have said such a thing, I asked, "Just what did he say?" and the answer was on dismissing him, the roentgenologist said to an assistant, "N.P." In Mayo clinic cipher this meant "no plates," and indicated that the X-ray man was so satisfied with the normal appearance of the stomach on the X-ray screen that he did not see any use in making films. But to the patient, watching in an agony of fear for some portent of disaster, it meant "nothing possible": in other words that the situation was hopeless! ²

(3) A foreman told a machine operator he was passing: "Better clean up around here." It was ten minutes later when the foreman's assistant phoned: "Say, boss, isn't that bearing Sipert is working on due up in engineering pronto?"

"You bet your sweet life it is. Why?"

"He says you told him to drop it and sweep the place up. I thought I'd better make sure."

"Listen," the foreman flared into the phone, "get him right back on that job. It's got to be ready in twenty minutes."

... What [the foreman] had in mind was for Sipert to gather up the oily waste, which was a fire and accident hazard. This would not have taken more than a couple of minutes, and there would have been plenty of time to finish the bearing. Sipert, of course, should have been able to figure this out for himself—except that something in the foreman's tone of voice, or in his own mental state at the time, made him misunderstand the foreman's intent. He wasn't geared to what the foreman had said. ³

(4) Lady recently ordered some writing paper at a department store and asked to have her initials engraved thereon. The salesgirl suggested placing them in the upper right-hand corner or the upper left-hand corner, but the customer said no, put them in the center. Well, the stationery has arrived, every sheet marked with her initials equidistant from right and left and from top and bottom. ⁴

(5) In a private conversation with Mr. Molotov, it became apparent that another difficult misunderstanding in language had arisen between our-

² Walter C. Alvarez, *Nervousness, Indigestion and Pain*, Paul B. Hoeber, Inc., 1943, p. 74.

³ *The Foreman's Letter*, National Foreman's Institute, Inc., February 8, 1950, p. 3.

⁴ "The Talk of the Town," *The New Yorker*, January 28, 1950, p. 21. Reprinted by permission. Copyright, 1950, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

selves and the Russians. At the San Francisco Conference when the question of establishing a trusteeship system within the United Nations was being considered, the Soviet delegation had asked Mr. Stettinius what the American attitude would be toward the assumption by the Soviet Union of a trusteeship. Mr. Stettinius replied in general terms, expressing the opinion that the Soviet Union was "eligible" to receive a territory for administration under trusteeship. Mr. Molotov took this to mean we would support a Soviet request for a trusteeship. ⁵

4. In each case a word or phrase or sentence was used one way by the speaker and interpreted in another way by the listener. This is possible because words are versatile. Except for those intended for highly specialized purposes (like tetrasporangium, icosahedron, bisulfite), it is not unusual to find most words put to rather varied uses. A seventh-grade class in English was able to make up thirty sentences in which the word "set" was used differently each time. Even "word" is listed in sixteen different ways in *The American College Dictionary*.

The naïve speaker of a language usually has the feeling that, in general, words have a meaning, and he is seldom conscious of the great "area" of meaning for all except highly technical words. It is in this respect that the student's observation first needs widening and sharpening. Frequently we have tried to "build vocabularies" by adding more units or words. But to push first the addition of more vocabulary units in order to increase the number of words may interfere with, rather than help, effective mastery of language. This is the process that produces a Mrs. Malaprop. Most frequently the student needs first to know well the various areas of use of the units he is already familiar with; he needs to be made conscious of the great diversity of uses or meanings for commonly used words. He must be made aware, for example, that the statement "The children did not count" can mean that they did not utter the words for the numbers in a series, or that the children were not considered. Ordinarily we just don't believe without considerable careful examination that for the five hundred most used words in English (according to the Thorndike *Word Book*) the Oxford Dictionary records and illustrates from our literature 14,070 separate meanings. ⁶

⁵ James F. Byrnes, *Speaking Frankly*, Harper & Brothers, 1947, p. 96.

⁶ Charles C. Fries, "Using the Dictionary," *Inside the ACD*, October, 1948, p. 1.

5. At different times the same words may be used differently.

When Francis Bacon referred to various people in the course of his *Essays* as *indifferent*, *obnoxious*, and *officious*, he was describing them as "impartial," "submissive," and "ready to serve." When King James II observed that the new St. Paul's Cathedral was *amusing*, *awful*, and *artificial*, he implied that Sir Christopher Wren's recent creation was "pleasing, awe-inspiring, and skilfully achieved." When Dr. Johnson averred that Milton's *Lycidas* was "*easy*, *vulgar*, and therefore *disgusting*," he intended to say that it was "effortless, popular, and therefore not in good taste."⁷

6. The role of experience also affects the varieties of usage. Brander Matthews provided an example from a dinner-party conversation:

The second topic . . . was a definition of the image called up in our several minds by the word *forest*. Until that evening I had never thought of forest as clothing itself in different colors and taking on different forms in the eyes of different men; but I then discovered that even the most innocent word may don strange disguises. To Hardy forest suggested the sturdy oaks to be assaulted by the woodlanders of Wessex; and to Du Maurier it evoked the trim and tidy avenues of the national domain of France. To Black the word naturally brought to mind the low scrub of the so-called deer-forests of Scotland; and to Gosse it summoned up a view of the green-clad mountains that towered up from the Scandinavian fiords. To Howells it recalled the thick woods that in his youth fringed the rivers of Ohio; and to me there came back swiftly the memory of the wild growths bristling up unrestrained by man, in the Chippewa Reservation which I had crossed fourteen years before in my canoe trip from Lake Superior to the Mississippi. Simple as the word seemed, it was interpreted by each of us in accord with his previous personal experience.⁸

7. This conclusion about the range and possible uses of a word is easily verified. When it is forgotten, a listener just as easily comes to believe that (1) there is but one way to use a word—his—and (2) the speaker is doing with

⁷ Simeon Potter, *Our Language*, Pelican Books, 1950, p. 116.

⁸ Brander Matthews, *These Many Years: Recollections of a New Yorker*, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917, pp. 287-288. Quoted from the essay by Allen Walker Read, "Linguistic Revision as a Requisite for the Increasing of Rigor in Scientific Method," read at the Third Congress on General Semantics, July 22, 1949.

his words what the listener would were the listener doing the talking.

8. Can you see these beliefs at work in the examples given above?

9. In short, what *you* understand by any word or statement may not be what someone else intends to say. In a way, this is so obvious that most of us feel no obligation to think more about it. However, when one is aware of the fact it does not necessarily follow that he will act in terms of it. And there is some evidence that, unless people can be made sensitive to the possibility of by-passing, they make only meager efforts to stop it.

IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE COMMUNICATION

10. I have no wish here to give comfort to the bore who gets so much pleasure squelching discussions with his defiant "Define your terms." His maneuver results in shifting the burden in communication to the other fellow. Both must be brought into the act. We would have the listener work just a bit, too. So we urge him to state his notion of what was being said. Incidentally, that bore may sometimes be routed with this: "What definition of my words have you in mind? Perhaps we are thinking together after all."

11. The "plain-talk" and "say-it-in-simple-words" teachers have been in vogue but they haven't been especially helpful. They, too, tend to put the emphasis on one side of the communication line. Putting the burden for understanding on the speaker is a kind of implied invitation to the listener to sit back and contentedly assume he has nothing to do but wait his turn. And besides, even the simple words have uses which too frequently vary between man and man.

12. We once observed eight meetings of a group of nine men, who functioned as a standing committee in a corporation having wide public responsibilities. Five had taken one or more courses and had studied some of the books on "talking plainly." One of the items checked had to do with "the assumption of understanding." Can men be differentiated according to their readiness to believe they know what the other fellow is referring to? We looked in their replies for such indications as *questions* for assurance that the asker is "with"

the speaker, *qualifications* like "If I understand what you say" or "If I knew what you mean . . .," *invitations* like "Correct me if I'm off the beam" or "Tell me whether I answered what you intended to say. . . ."

13. We were hardly prepared to find that four of the "plain-talk students" did the least amount of questioning, qualifying, inviting, etc. This may, of course, be an accident. Before a conclusion worth much can be drawn we should have a broader sampling of the population. And before a cause can be assigned with confidence much more investigation would be needed. Nevertheless, *these particular men*, knowing the ways to "plainness" and using them, tended to think they had done enough when they spoke so. They seemed to focus attention on *their* talking. They made no comparable effort to look to the character of what they heard.

14. I am not at all arguing that this finding in these particular cases means that training in plain talking makes for poor listening. I am trying to suggest only that training in the explicit effort at understanding may be a difficult sort of thing and may not automatically carry over from other training.

15. Cardinal Manning once said something relevant:

I have no doubt that I will hear that I am talking of what I do not understand; but in my defence I think I may say, I am about to talk of what I do not understand for this reason: I cannot get those who talk about it to tell me what they mean. I know what I mean by it, but I am not at all sure that I know what they mean by it; and those who use the same words in different senses are like men that run up and down the two sides of a hedge, and so can never meet.

16. It is helpful to think of the radio in this. The performer in the studio can talk his heart out, but if the man in the easy chair is tuned in elsewhere it really makes no difference what is being said. Unless the receiver is on the same wave length, the character of what is sent out hardly governs the communication process.⁹

⁹ This image is well developed in the article by Charles T. Estes, "Speech and Human Relations in Industry," *The Quarterly Journal of Speech*, April, 1946, pp. 160-169.

17. This is not to imply that a speaker cannot help by putting what he has to say in clear, listenable language. Anything he does to define, simplify, amplify, illustrate, is all to the good. But it is only part of the process. The listener has a job to do, too. He must make the effort to come to terms with the speaker to keep from assuming that he inevitably knows what the speaker has in mind. At the very least he might temper his arrogance with a question now and then just to make sure.

18. It takes two to make communication.

ARE YOU ON HIS COMMUNICATION LINE?

19. The preceding pages of this essay were mimeographed and given to three groups, one meeting for study of the Bible, one considering matters of policy in a business corporation, and one working on problems in the administration of a college fraternity. Every member of each group read a portion out loud. We then talked about the main point—it takes two to make communication. We agreed that this was rather simple stuff and that we would try to talk with the possibility of by-passing in mind. We agreed, further, that no one of us would be insulted if asked to clarify or "talk some more" on any doubtful point. Nor would anyone feel hesitant about trying to get on the same wave length with anyone else. We gave each a small card with the inscription, "Are you on *his* communication line?"

20. What happened?

21. In each case the business of the meeting was slowed down. Only half as many items on the agenda could be covered. There was a certain amount of unfruitful wrangling about small points. Some members became tongue-tied in the face of so much freedom. Others became impatient with what seemed a waste of time, this trying to get to the speaker. The first sessions were always the worst. Most members felt comfortable only after the second or third.

22. And then we came upon something interesting. A man was being listened to. He found that others were actually waiting until he finished. He felt flattered in turn by the fact that another was trying to reach him

rather than argue at him. He found himself trying to make his points so that his hearers would have less trouble with them. They were trying harder to read the cards he was putting on the table. The ornery member, normally so quick to doubt, stayed to question. The timid member found that the social pressure about the participation was all on his side.

23. We are inclined to think that the long-run results were worth the time and trouble.

THE PURIST'S DOGMA

24. In a number of experimental discussion groups generous enough to submit to such instruction there was a curious resistance to this seemingly obvious doctrine. I would be asked questions like these: Do you mean to say that a word doesn't have some definite, accurate meaning of its own regardless of the person who uses it? Isn't there a right or correct use for each word? If somebody fails to use a word exactly isn't he violating some rule in rhetoric or grammar?

25. How did these people come under the spell of the purist's dogma? Were they remembering some menacing drillmaster with a word list asking "What is *the* meaning of ———?" Or had they been badgered by vocabulary tests with entries like *glabrous heads: bald, over-sized, hairy, square, round; his stilted manner: irresolute, improper, cordial, stiffly formal* with instructions to circle the meaning? Or maybe they grew up when Alexander Woollcott was campaigning against certain current usage. He fought the use of "alibi" as a synonym for excuse; he wanted it saved for its "elsewhere" sense. He sneered when "flair" was used in the sense of knack or aptitude. He wanted it reserved for "capacity to detect." He and the traditional handbooks had a long list of such "reservations."

26. Or maybe they got their moorings from the pronouncements of Richard Grant White, who once said, "There is a misuse of words that can be justified by no authority, however great, and by no usage, however general." Or maybe they got no further in *Through the Looking Glass* than

"... How old did you say you were?"

Alice made a short calculation, and said, "Seven years and six months."

"Wrong!" Humpty Dumpty exclaimed triumphantly. "You never said a word like it!"

"I thought you meant 'How old are you?'" Alice explained.

"If I'd meant that, I'd have said it," said Humpty Dumpty.

27. Regardless of the source, they used this dogma as the basis for a theory of their own about the cause of misunderstanding. If a speaker didn't use a word correctly it was only natural if a listener who did know the exact meaning was misled. Just get people to use words in their right meaning and then everyone will understand everyone else.

28. Indeed, this might be a way—but how can we do it? Who has the authority to declare *the* correct use and who has the time to learn it? There are more than 600,000 words in the Merriam-Webster unabridged dictionary and perhaps half as many more in the technical vocabularies of medicine, engineering, law, etc. And when the dictionary gives several meanings, which is *the* one? And just how is anyone going to curb those who, like Humpty Dumpty, would have their own ways with words:

"... Impenetrability! That's what I say!"

"Would you tell me please," said Alice, "what that means?"

"Now you talk like a reasonable child," said Humpty Dumpty, looking very much pleased. "I meant by 'impenetrability' that we've had enough of that subject, and it would be just as well if you'd mention what you mean to do next, as I suppose you don't mean to stop here all the rest of your life."

"That's a great deal to make one word mean," Alice said in a thoughtful tone.

"When I make a word do a lot of work like that," said Humpty Dumpty, "I always pay it extra."

29. And what is more crucial, why do we look at words alone? Are words not most often used with other words in phrases, clauses, sentences? May not the setting affect the word?

30. We tried to get around this ill-advised zeal for exactness by suggesting that a word might be compared with a tool which can be used in a variety of ways. Thus, a screwdriver might be designed to drive screws, but once available it can be used to stir paint, jimmy a tight window, or, lacking any other weapon, to defend oneself with. You might, if you

wish, insist that the screw function is the "right" or "correct" one and that a pistol is a much more effective weapon. But your insistence will hardly stop me from using the screwdriver in these other ways if I find it convenient or necessary to do so. A carpenter with a full rack of tools may have good reason for reserving each for but one use, but if some other purpose is served there is nothing in the nature of the tool which could prevent that other use. The desire for the restriction, then, is personal rather than functional.

31. Within limits, especially in technical disciplines, it is possible to standardize word usage. One is usually safe in assuming that the workers in specialized areas will conform to some established, stipulated word usages. In the military establishment and in legal affairs, for example, it is often possible as well as necessary to insist that particular words be used in particular ways.

32. Once outside the range of the specialist's interests, however, we are wise if we expect words to be used variously. A speaker's concern at any moment is not to use a word but to make a statement. In his eagerness to speak his piece he is more concerned with his continuous expression than with his total effect. If he happens to range outside his listeners' conventional usage, they will get nowhere lamenting his lexicographical heresy. And if they do not get to his usage they are likely to assume that he said what he never intended to.

33. We have come to see wisdom in this advice: Never mind what words mean. What did *he* mean?

34. It may take time to find out what a man means. It may demand a patient listening and questioning. It may be an unexciting effort. But it should help to bring people into an area of awareness which they are too often on the outside of. Mr. Justice Jackson's experience in a situation more momentous than anything we were exposed to adds to our confidence in the advice:

It was my experience with the Soviet lawyers at Nürnberg that the most important factor in collaboration with the Soviet was patiently and persistently to make sure, when a proposition is first advanced, that it is thoroughly understood and that both sides are using their words to express the same sense. When this was done, the Soviet lawyers kept their agreements with us quite as scrupulously as American lawyers would. They may or may not regard that as a compliment, but my intentions are good. But it was my experience that it took infinite patience with them, as they thought it took infinite patience with us, to get to a point where there was a real meeting of minds as distinguished from some textual abstract formula which both could accept only because concretely it meant nothing or meant different things to each. And I have sometimes wondered how much misunderstanding could have been avoided if arrangements between the two countries had not often been concluded so hurriedly, in the stress of events, that this time-consuming and dreary process of reducing generalities to concrete agreements was omitted.¹⁰

¹⁰ Excerpt from address by Mr. Justice Robert H. Jackson at the Bar Dinner of the New York County Lawyers' Association, December 8, 1949.

William H. Whyte, Jr., and the Editors of Fortune

THE LANGUAGE OF BUSINESS

William H. Whyte, Jr. (1917-), has been Assistant Managing Editor of the magazine Fortune since 1951. He was educated at Princeton University, and during World War II he served in the United States Marine Corps through the Guadalcanal campaign. After his discharge from the service in 1945 with the rank of captain, he began writing about various aspects of American life, par-

particularly about businessmen, who, he thinks, fail to talk intelligibly either to each other or to the public.

Is Anybody Listening?, 1952, from which "The Language of Business" is taken, is an inquiry into the American business mind and its techniques of communication. The essay included here, which in tone and approach is representative of the eleven in the volume, is a barbed yet frequently humorous analysis of "businessese," a jargon described by the authors as fumbling and meaningless.

Collaborating with Mr. Whyte in *Is Anybody Listening?* are the Editors of *Fortune*. This staff of scholars, journalists, and writers has developed a collaborative technique of journalistic writing in which many staff members make suggestions and conduct the necessary research for each article but leave the actual composition largely to one person. The resulting product is well written, unusually informative, and reliable in its conclusions.

1. In line with his great new interest in communication, the businessman has been taking quite a close look at his language. It is not, he fears, up to the job. Some businessmen, in fact, have gone so far as to assert that the pomposity of management prose is the "root ill of our communication troubles." While that may be an overexcited judgment, management's surveys have demonstrated that a large amount of its language has been not only incomprehensible to the people it is trying to reach, but enormously expensive in money, time, and misunderstanding as well. "It is high time the American businessman discovered the English language—it would be very useful to him" . . . "We've turned our offices into paper mills" . . . "We love curt clear correspondence—but damned few of us know how to write it." Everywhere the chorus of self-flagellation is growing.

2. The activity stirred up by this scrutiny has been impressive. Over a third of the country's top corporations, we found, have set up some kind of formal program; executives have been setting up "writing clinics" to scour management copy, staging correspondence-improvement courses, holding school in conference and public-speaking techniques, and, at the very least, peppering subordinates with "For-God's-sake-won't-you-people-learn-to-use-English-around-here" memos.

THE LANGUAGE OF BUSINESS: From *Is Anybody Listening?* by William H. Whyte, Jr., and the Editors of *Fortune*. Copyright 1950 by Time, Inc. This essay originally appeared under the same title in the November 1950 issue of *Fortune* magazine. Reprinted by permission of Simon and Schuster, Publishers, and William H. Whyte, Jr.

3. The crusade is more than a nine-to-five concern. To judge by recent book sales, businessmen are reading more "practical" English and vocabulary-building books than ever before. In growing numbers they are taking advantage of the extra-curricular courses offered them by business and civic associations, and, sometimes, setting up their own. In one notable instance, at Bridgeport, Connecticut, an informal group of businessmen became so absorbed in the problem that they chipped in and hired a Yale professor to teach them how to address groups and conduct meetings.

4. The target of all this is that infamous jargon, which, for want of a better term, can be called businessese. While the English that is to replace it has some rather extraordinary qualities itself, businessese is certainly ready for an overhaul. Its signal characteristic, as the reader and all other critics of businessese will recognize, is its uniformity. Almost invariably, businessese is marked by the heavy use of the passive construction. Nobody ever *does* anything. Things *happen*—and the author of the action is only barely implied. Thus, one does not refer to something, reference is made to; similarly, while prices may rise, nobody *raises* them. To be sure, in businessese there is not quite the same anonymity as is found in federal prose, for "I" and "we" do appear often. Except when the news to be relayed is good, however, there is no mistaking that the "I" and "we" are merely a convenient fiction and that the real author isn't a person at all but that great mystic force known as the corporation.

5. Except for a few special expressions, its vocabulary is everywhere quite the same. Midwesterners are likely to dispute the latter point ("It is characteristic of us, as opposed to the Easterner," says one, "to be concise and to the point"), but a reading of approximately 500,000 words of business prose indicates no striking differences—in the Midwest or anywhere else. Moreover, when executives expound on the subject, their views coincide remarkably on the matter of pet peeves (principally: "please be advised," "in reference to yours of . . .," "we wish to draw attention," "to acknowledge your letter"). The phrases of businessese are everywhere so uniform, in fact, that stenographers have a full set of shorthand symbols for them.

6. Because of this uniformity, defenders of businessese can argue that it doesn't make for misunderstanding. After all, everybody knows the symbols, and, furthermore, wouldn't a lot of people be offended by the terseness of more concise wording? There is something to this theory. Since businessese generally is twice as wordy as plain English, however, the theory is rather expensive to uphold. By the use of regular English the cost of the average letter—commonly estimated at 75 cents to \$1—can be cut by about 20 cents. For a firm emitting a million letters a year, this could mean an annual saving of \$200,000. Probably it would be even greater; for, by the calculations of correspondence specialist Richard Morris, roughly 15 per cent of the letters currently being written wouldn't be necessary at all if the preceding correspondence had been in regular English in the first place.

7. Where do the terms of businessese come from? Most, of course, are hand-me-downs from former generations of businessmen, but many are the fruit of other jargons. A businessman who castigates government bureaucrats, for example, is at the same time apt to be activating, expediting, implementing, effectuating, optimizing, minimizing, and maximizing—and at all levels and echelons within the framework of broad policy areas. Similarly, though he pokes fun at the long-hairs and the social scientists, he is beginning to speak knowingly of projective techniques, social dynamics, depth interviewing, and sometime soon, if he keeps up at this rate, he will

probably appropriate the hallmark of the sound sociological paper, "insightful." Businessese, in fact, has very nearly become the great common meeting ground of the jargons.

8. Why do people who in private talk so pungently often write so pompously? There are many reasons: tradition, the demands of time, carelessness, the conservative influence of the secretary. But above all is the simple matter of status. Theorem: the less established the status of a person, the more his dependence on jargon. Examine the man who has just graduated from pecking out his own letters to declaiming them to a secretary and you are likely to have a man hopelessly intoxicated with the rhythm of businessese. Conversely, if you come across a blunt yes or no in a letter, you don't need to glance further to grasp that the author feels pretty firm in his chair.

9. The application of euphemism, a favored device of businessese, further illustrates this status principle. Take the field of selling. At the top of the ladder you will find a great many people in it: *sales* managers, vice presidents for *sales*, etc. As you go down the ranks, however, it becomes difficult to find people in this line of work. Field underwriters, estate planners, merchandising apprentices, social engineers, distribution analysts, and representatives of one kind or another, yes. But *salesmen*? Rarely.

10. Not only does businessese confer status, it protects it as well, for it is ideally adapted to buck passing and hedging. "All you have to remember," one executive says, "is the one basis which characterizes all such intracom-munication: let the language be ambiguous enough that if the job be successfully carried out, all credit can be claimed, and if not, a technical alibi be found in the text itself."

11. For this purpose there is a regular sub-glossary of businessese. Most notable terms: "in the process of," "at this time," "under consideration," "in the not-too-distant future," "company policy," and, when one is unable to explain something properly, "obviously." People who have to submit periodic reports to their superiors are particularly dependent on such terms—salesmen, for example, would have a hard time if they couldn't report of some prospects that they were "very im-

pressed." ("I am allergic to that word," says one sales manager. "It results in so few orders.")

12. The full application of businessese to hedging occurs when more than two heads are put to work on a problem. As the members of top management sit around the table, a relatively simple policy statement is introduced for discussion. This is kicked around a bit, as the saying goes, for though it certainly is a fine statement, couldn't agree with it more, there are just a few little angles and suggestions that maybe ought to be noted. Thereupon each executive, much as a baseball captain grasps a bat in choosing up sides, adds his qualification, until finally the original statement has been at once pointed up, toned down, given more dignity, made more forceful, altered to anticipate possible objections, concretized, amended, and resolved. Now no longer a mere statement but a philosophy, or collection of philosophies, it is turned over to the Public Relations Department to give to the waiting public. There is nothing, as so many people say, quite like what you get when everybody on the team works together.

13. Now with almost every use of the cliché and stereotype mentioned so far, a better case could be made out for the use of simple, unhackneyed English. It is a mistake, however, to be too rigorously critical on this score. Since the symbols of language convey emotion as well as communicate facts and ideas, many a prefabricated phrase has become inextricably tied with certain emotional responses. This infuriates the semanticists—"intensional thinking" is their cuss word for it—but a good part of business has been built on it.

14. Like many another occupation, business is governed by a ritual as rigid as the steps of the ballet, and while the efficient executive makes fun of all this, he has the good sense to know when to put it to use himself. The dinner for the retiring employee, for example. As short-story writers have so often pointed out, it is often pure dissimulation. But what if the toastmaster were to dispense with the timeworn expressions and thus tacitly concede what everyone knows to be nothing less than the truth: that old Charlie has been getting in everybody's hair for the last fifteen years and it'll be wonderful to see him go.

Everyone, Charlie's worst enemies included, would be shocked, morale would suffer, and the usefulness of the executive to the organization would be lessened.

15. So with the interoffice memo about the man being horizontally promoted to some branch office. Again the ceremonial is unvarying: pillar of strength . . . larger responsibilities . . . Ed's invaluable experience in this field makes him the logical . . . know the whole staff will join me in wishing Ed good luck in his new job . . . Nobody is fooled in the slightest, of course, but what could have been a disagreeable, and for Ed a shattering, experience is smoothed over by the blessed analgesic of businessese. There is *something* of a case, then, for timeworn expressions. It needs no further making.

16. So far, it is on the elimination of businessese that business has been concentrating in its better-English campaign. This is proper enough work. Unfortunately, however, there is an accompanying prose development that has gone comparatively unnoticed. Yet of the two it may well be the more important. For what is now appearing in business prose with as much frequency as businessese, is something even worse—its exact opposite.

17. It could be called *reverse* gobbledegook. Where the traditional jargon is multisyllabic, long-winded, and passive, it is filled with short, terse words; its sentences are short and the construction of them so much more active than passive that exclamation marks are as frequent as periods. Heavy on personification, homely analogies, and a rigid glossary of hard-hitting words, it lends a powerful straight-from-the-shoulder effect to ambiguity and equivocation. It is English that is on the beam, English with its feet on the ground; to borrow the description of one of its proponents, it is "shirt-sleeve" English. To date, it has been applied chiefly to the language of the banquet and conference table, but it is creeping into the written language at an alarming rate—with an assist, as we will see later, from a rather surprising quarter.

18. To give a clearer idea of its anatomy, we have taken 200 business speeches and made a systematic count of the expressions and constructions most common to them. Put together in loose fashion, the sixty most characteristic

expressions add up to the following composite address. It is *not* a parody. As a matter of fact, one executive who had planned to borrow it as a humorous preface to a speech of his own very properly got cold feet at the last moment; the audience was so conditioned to the expressions, he feared, that it might easily break into premature applause. The chances are strong that it would have; and at this very moment, undoubtedly, somewhere in the U. S. the following words, in some arrangement or another, are bringing automatic nods of assent.

*Cooperation—An Opportunity
and a Challenge*

AN ADDRESS

19. It is a pleasure and a privilege to be here with you today. These great annual meetings are always an inspiration to me, and doubly so today. After that glowing introduction by our toastmaster I must confess, however, that I'd like to turn the tables and tell a little story on Chuck. When I say it's about the nineteenth hole and a certain gentleman whose baritone was cracked, those of you who were at the Atlanta conference last year will know what I mean. But I won't tell it. Chuck Forbes is too good a friend of mine and, seriously, I know full well we all realize what a tower of strength his yeoman service has been to the association in these trying times.

20. Yes, gentlemen, trying times. So you'll pardon me if I cast aside the glib reverberation of glittering generalities and the soothing syrup of sugar-coated platitudes and put it to you the only way I can: straight English.

WE'RE LOSING THE BATTLE!

21. From every corner the people are being weaned from the doctrines of the Founding Fathers. They are being detoured from the high-speed highways of progress by the utopian highwaymen.

22. Now, the man in the street is a pretty savvy fellow. Don't sell him short. Joe Doakes may be fooled for a while, but in the end he wants no part of the mumbo jumbo the global saboteurs are trying to sell him. After all, he is an American.

But he has to be told.

AND WE'RE NOT TELLING HIM!

23. Now let me say that I do not wish to turn the clock back. None of us does. All forward-looking businessmen see themselves as partners in a team in which the worker is a full-fledged member. I regard our employees as our greatest business asset, and I am sure, mindful as I am of the towering potentials of purposeful energy in this group of clear-sighted leaders, that, in the final analysis, it is the rock foundation of your policies too.

24. But the team can't put the ball across for a first down just by wishing it. The guards and the tackles can't do their job if the quarterback doesn't let them in on the play. And we, the quarterbacks, are muffing the ball.

25. How are we to go over for a touchdown? My friends, this is the \$64 question. I don't know the answers. I am just a plain-spoken businessman. I am not a soothsayer. I have no secret crystal ball. But I do know one thing: before we round the curve into the home-stretch we have a job to do. It will not be easy. I offer no panaceas or nostrums. Instead, I would like to suggest that the real key to our problem lies in the application of the three E's.

What are the three E's?

ENTERPRISE! ENDEAVOR! EFFORT!

26. Each and every one of us must appoint himself a salesman—yes, a missionary, if you will—and get out and do some real grass-roots selling. And when we hit the dirt, let's not forget the customers—the greatest asset any business has.

27. Now, much has been done already. But let's not fool ourselves: the surface, as our chairman has so wisely said, has hardly been scratched. The program is still in its infancy. So let me give it to you straight from the shoulder. The full implementation, gentlemen, depends on *us*.

28. So let's get on the beam! In cracker-barrel fashion, let's get down to earth. In good plain talk the man in the street can understand, let's remind Joe Doakes that the best helping hand he will ever find is the one at the end of his own shirt sleeve.

We have the know-how.

**WITH SIGHTS SET HIGH, LET'S GO
OVER THE TOP!**

29. As the swelling torrent of this kind of thing is demonstrating, the less you have to

say the more emphatically you can say it with reverse gobbledegook. In addition to using the hard-hitting expressions, you have simply to call attention as frequently as possible to the fact that these expressions are being used. A sure warning of its onrush, accordingly, is a prefatory announcement by the speaker that he is not going to beat around the bush, pull any punches, pussyfoot, use two-dollar words, or the like. The rest is inevitable. The expressions of reverse gobbledegook have now become so predictable that an audience would be sharply awakened were a single one of them altered by the omission of so much as a word. (One of these days a clever speaker is going to capitalize on this. "Gentlemen," he will say, with a meaningful pause, "I offer a panacea.")

30. As a result, reverse gobbledegook can be self-defeating; that is, since its whole effect lies in the dynamic quality the words convey, their constant use tends to neutralize them. This can be overcome, however, by adding strengtheners—so that, in a very real sense of the word, it cannot be overemphasized that you sincerely and unquestionably meant what you said in the first place.

31. Like written businessese, a reverse gobbledegook also confers status. For this purpose, it provides a sort of slang that, skillfully applied—particularly at the conference table—will impart to the user an appearance of saviness, cooniness, and general know-how. Want to mark yourself as a comer in the advertising field? Speak, then, of fun stories, sweet guys, the hard sell, straw men you set up to back into, and points you can hang your hat on.¹ For each field you will find a subglossary, and, common to all of them, such uni-

¹ Other current advertising favorites: "let's pull all the stops out on this one"; "let's noodle this one"; "let's sneak the message across"; "we'll touch all bases on this one"; "means absolutely nothing to the lay mind"; "we'll get a plus value on this one"; "it was quite a hassle"; "let's not hassle over this."

Journalists laugh and laugh at this sort of thing. Just why, it is difficult to say, except possibly that being less inventive, they prefer to hang on to the old expressions rather than coin new ones. Terms now nearing the end of the run (including some of *Fortune's*): ambivalence, dichotomy, schizophrenic, "two hours and four martinis [beers, etc.] later"; "it's as difficult [easy, etc.] as it is complex [difficult, etc.];" "their profits [feelings, etc.] are showing."

versal terms as "play it by ear," "the pitch," "the deal," and the many expressions built on the suffix "wise." ("Budget-wise, Al, the pitch shapes up like this . . .")

32. Another characteristic of reverse gobbledegook is its dependence on analogy and metaphor. During a single banquet you may find business problems equated with an airplane, a broad highway, a boat being rocked, a river, a riverbank, a stream, a bridge, a train, a three-legged stool, and, sometimes, three or four of these things at once—in which case the passage is generally summed up with something like "It's as simple as that," or "That's all there is to the problem." (From a recent speech: "So business enterprise of America is trying to hone a sales force into the cutting edge of an economy and there is a virus running rampant in the flock. Security-mindedness is a log across the stream when it comes to developing the optimistic salesman outlook.")

33. Outstanding is the great American football analogy. No figure of speech is a tenth as seductive to the businessman. Just why this should be so—baseball, curiously, is much less used—is generally explained by its adaptability to all sorts of situations. Furthermore, the football analogy is *satisfying*. It is bounded by two goal lines and is thus finite. There is always a solution. And that is what makes it so often treacherous.

34. Analogy and metaphor can be insidiously attractive as substitutes for thought. They are not, of course, when fleetingly used, when, as H. W. Fowler puts it (in *Modern English Usage*), they "flash out for the length of a line or so and are gone." But this is rarely the case in reverse gobbledegook. The user starts innocuously enough; his policy is *like* a thingamajig in one respect. But only the stanchest mind can resist the analogy further. Before long he is entwined, and unconsciously adopts the premise that *his* policy is a thingamajig. The language, in short, has molded thinking—and the results can be a good bit more serious than a poor speech.

35. The mishaps of one consumer-goods corporation illustrate this hazard. Not so long ago, the men who owned the company were casting about for a Goal. Up to then it had been money. But now they had acquired a lot

of it, they were getting on in years, and anyway it didn't sound good. And so, on this enlightened-goal problem, the Chief fell to pondering at the conference table. When you get right down to it, the company was just like a big football team. You don't win unless you have a good team, do you? You could say that again. Well, before he gets a good team, what does the coach have to do? Very simple. He has to go out and find good players. Just thinking out loud, mind you, but wasn't the big job then to get the right recruits?

36. Almost automatically, this was mimeographed as the company's rationale—"The Touchdown Play" it was called—and before long executives were spending almost as much time on the new trainees as they were on their regular jobs, and when they weren't doing this, they were scouring the colleges for more. Everything went swimmingly; the policy was

soon the wonder of the merchandising world; the top executives were suffused with a sense of enlightenment, and the place was jammed with eager young men.

37. In only one respect did the analogy break down. A year later practically all of the competition came out with a new product embodying a notable technical advance. Our company didn't. It was still getting the team ready.

38. The wellsprings of reverse gobbledegook are many. In part, it is explainable as a venial by-product of the businessman's enthusiastic revulsion against businessese. In an equal part, it is probably due also to the laziness of some of the public relations men who compose the speeches. Reverse gobbledegook is universal to any topic—and whatever its disadvantages, it cannot put anyone out on a limb. . . .

Monroe Curtis Beardsley

DEFINING YOUR TERMS

Monroe Curtis Beardsley (1915-) was educated at Yale University, from which he received both A.B. and Ph.D. degrees. From 1940 until 1944 he was an instructor of philosophy at Yale. For the next two years he taught at Mount Holyoke College; then he returned to Yale to teach in the Program of Directed Studies, an experiment in general education. He is now an Associate Professor of Philosophy at Swarthmore College.

Professor Beardsley is the author of numerous articles in philosophy, sociology, logic, and semantics. In 1950 he published Practical Logic, from which the following selection is taken.

1. It is almost impossible to think effectively without using language well. When we start working with words, trying to say what we know and to know what we say, we run into specific obstacles. But, as Humpty Dumpty said, "The question is, which is to be master—that's all. . . . When I use a word," he boasted to Alice, "it means just

what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less." Perhaps we can't achieve such a complete mastery over words as Humpty Dumpty, who makes "glory" mean "a nice knockdown argument." But, with a certain amount of care, we can persuade them to do the job we want them to do.

2. We ordinarily think in, and by means of, words. And clear thinking is in good part a matter of control over the words we use. When the control is lax, words become ob-

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stinate and recalcitrant. Some of their most useful qualities—their versatility of meaning, their richness in connotation, their capacity to awaken imagination and arouse feeling—make the most trouble. For these are the qualities that lead to ambiguity and equivocation. A good deal can be done to control words by careful management of their contexts. But sometimes that is not enough. Then we need *definitions*.

3. From a practical point of view, in the ordinary affairs of life, a definition may be considered as one of the writer's last resorts. This is not so for the mathematician or philosopher or scientist. But the rest of us usually define the words we use only when we see that this is the shortest and most economical way of being clear to ourselves and others. Still, there are a great many words in our language that it is hardly ever safe to use without a definition. These are words that have many meanings differing in subtle, though important, ways. And among these words are many that we must use for things it is of the highest importance to be clear about: for example, "freedom," "democracy," "rights," "duties," "science," "happiness."

4. A good reader, then, must know how to tell whether a definition he runs across is a good one or not. And to be adequate to the demands of ordinary communication, a writer must know *when* he needs to give a definition, and *how* to give one when he needs to. Skill in making and using definitions is the strongest protection we have against nonsense, whether nonsense we read or nonsense we write.

WHAT A DEFINITION DOES

5. Quite a number of different things have been called "definitions." Even among logicians there is still a good deal of disagreement about what *ought* to be called "definitions." This is not to be wondered at, in view of the incompleteness of our knowledge about "the meaning of meaning." There are many unanswered questions, and until some of them are answered, any brief account of definition, however tentative, is bound to seem somewhat arbitrary from certain points of view. We do not yet know enough to say that a particular

approach to the problem of definition is the only legitimate approach.

6. The account to be given here squares with that given by some authorities, but differs in many respects from the most conventional view. This is something to keep in mind in reading farther afield on the subject. For our present purposes, it is sufficient to concentrate on those points that are most directly useful for reading and writing.

7. We shall begin by seeing what definitions are *good for*. Their job is to make communication possible when it would be impossible without them, or to make communication clear when it would be fuzzy without them. Let's say that in writing an essay, or a letter, you find yourself using the terms "identical twins" and "fraternal twins." Is your reader likely to know what you mean? If he has never read anything about genetics, the terms may mean nothing to him. Or, what is worse, he may think he knows what they mean when he doesn't. Thus the word "fraternal" may mislead him into thinking that fraternal twins must be brothers; and "identical," that identical twins must be twins of the same sex. The easiest way to make sure this confusion doesn't happen is to give definitions.

8. Thus, generally speaking, there are *two* jobs you need definitions for:

(1) A definition is a way of *supplying* the meaning of a term that the reader would otherwise not understand. . . . When you write about a field in which you have some special knowledge (the stock market, non-objective painting, mushrooms, bebop, or the principles of color television), you will want to use words that are unfamiliar to most people. In that case, your reader needs the help of definitions.

(2) A definition is a way of *restricting* the meaning of a term that has several meanings, to prevent ambiguity or equivocation. In this discussion, for example, such terms as "fact," "connotation," "argument" (and, indeed, "definition") have other meanings than the ones we have adopted. The definition of "connotation" makes explicit the way we have agreed to use the term, and helps both reader and writer to fix the chosen meaning for the rest of the book. Of course, you can't foresee all the mistakes a careless reader will make, but

by defining your main terms, you can ensure that a reasonably good reader will get your point. When in doubt, define!

9. What is a definition, then? Briefly, it is a statement about the meaning of a term. But this needs qualification. For, in the first place, a definition doesn't tell *all* about the meaning of a term. It doesn't list all the connotations that the term may have in various contexts: it specifies the *designation* of the term, or one of the designations of the term. And, in the second place, it defines the term by offering another term that designates the same characteristics as that term. If you define "identical twins," for example, you will present a second term, "twins that develop from the same egg," that has the same designation as the term "identical twins."

10. Thus in a definition there are two terms: (1) the *term-to-be-defined* (the meaning of which, in its context, is doubtful), and (2) the *defining term* (the meaning of which is supposed to be understood). The *definition* is a statement that these two terms have the same designation:

"Identical twins" has the same designation as "twins that develop from the same egg."

"Fraternal twins" has the same designation as "twins that develop from different eggs."

11. In ordinary language there are many phrases we use for definitions. Compare these:

(1) "Hairsplitting" *means* making unnecessarily subtle distinctions.

(2) To make unnecessarily subtle distinctions is called "hairsplitting."

(3) The word "hairsplitting" is used to refer to the act of making unnecessarily subtle distinctions.

(4) The word "hairsplitting" is often applied to the act of making unnecessarily subtle distinctions.

(5) A person who uses the word "hairsplitting" is understood to be referring to the act of making unnecessarily subtle distinctions.

(6) "Hairsplitting" is a colloquial term for making unnecessarily subtle distinctions.

To make clear exactly how a definition works, we shall choose a special pattern for all definitions. We shall treat this pattern as the *proper form* of a definition, because it is the form that best brings out the essential ingredients of a definition. Instead of writing any of the statements above, we shall write:

"Hairsplitting" has the same designation as "making unnecessarily subtle distinctions."

Or, to put it more abstractly, we may say that the proper form of a definition is this:

"X" has the same designation as "Y."

12. There are a few points to note about this proper form. "X" is the term-to-be-defined, and "Y" is the defining term; the former is always at the left, the latter at the right. Now, it would be awkward to write out the whole phrase, "has the same designation as," each time we give a definition. Therefore we shall also adopt the following abbreviation:

"X"="Y."

In this formula, the "=" has nothing to do with arithmetic; it is an arbitrary way of signifying that the two terms have the same designation.

13. Furthermore, it is important to notice that "X" and "Y," or the terms of the definition, are always to be put in *quotation marks*. That is because a definition is a statement about *words*, not a statement about *things*. This distinction is an obvious one, yet it is very often overlooked, and the confusion between words and things is the source of a considerable amount of sloppy thinking and writing. Consider the difference between these two statements:

Love is blind.

"Love" has four letters.

When we say, "Love is blind," we are using the word "love" to refer to *love*. When we say, "'Love' has four letters," we are not talking about love, but about the *word* "love." Unfortunately, there is no absolute rule in English for marking this important distinction. Many writers put a word in italics when they are speaking about it. But there are various other uses for italics, and here we shall follow the best philosophical practice and use quotation marks instead. Quotation marks have other uses, too, but there is much less likelihood of confusion.

14. It is one thing, then, to *use* a word, and another thing to *mention* it. Consider carefully the difference between the following two statements:

(1) There are two types of argument: inductive and deductive.

(2) There are two meanings of "argument": (a) a discourse that contains reasons; (b) a dispute between two people.

In the first statement, the word "argument" is *used*, so it is not in quotation marks. In the second statement, the word "argument" is *mentioned*, so it is in quotation marks.

15. In a definition, then, the two terms are mentioned, not used, and so they must be put within quotation marks. For a definition of "horse" is a statement about the word "horse," and not a statement about horses. It is highly confusing to talk about "defining horses"; properly speaking, it is the term for the thing, not the thing itself, that is defined. To give a definition of a term is to make a statement that can be translated into the proper form of a definition as we have given it. Here, then, is the definition of "definition":

"Definition"="statement that one term has the same designation as another term."

16. Now we have said what a definition *is*, but we must also make clear what a definition is *not*. For giving a definition is not the only way of clarifying the meaning of a term, and there are other kinds of sentence that are loosely called "definitions." Take the term "philosopher," for example:

(1) To give *examples* is not to define a term. A person who doesn't know what the term "philosopher" means can, of course, find out for himself if he is given enough examples. We might say to him, "Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, Leibniz, Hume, and Kant were all philosophers"; if he studies their lives and works, to see what they all have in common, he may come up with a fairly satisfactory definition. Giving examples is often a help to communication, but examples, by themselves, do not make a definition.

(2) To give a *description* is not to define a term. By comparing philosophers with scientists or artists, we can convey a rough notion of the way the term "philosopher" is used. We might say, "A philosopher is something between an empirical scientist and a poet," but even if such a description is helpful, it is far from being an exact definition.

(3) To give a *figure of speech* is not to define a term. "A philosopher may be defined as a blind man looking in a dark cellar for a black cat that isn't there." But the statement doesn't really tell us anything about the designation of the term "philosopher." In *The Devil's Dictionary*, by Ambrose Bierce, there are many such "definitions": "Deliberation: the act of examining one's bread to see which side it is buttered on." It is true that figurative language can help us to understand words. But (except in a complicated context like a poem) a metaphor cannot assign meaning exactly, as a definition is required to do. Therefore, we shall not consider figurative sentences as definitions at all, even if they contain the word "define." Architecture may *not* be *defined* as "frozen music," nor music as "liquid architecture."

TESTING A DEFINITION

17. A definition is true (or, as some prefer to say, "correct") if the defining term has the same designation as the term-to-be-defined. But . . . very few pairs of terms have identical designations in *all* the contexts in which they are used. A term may designate one set of characteristics in certain kinds of discourse (in union contracts, in chess manuals, in the shop talk of actors or acrobats), and a different set of characteristics in other kinds of discourse (in Supreme Court decisions, in the *Publications of the Modern Language Association*, on bubblegum wrappers). Each kind of discourse is, so to speak, a "dialect" of English, and each dialect has its own usage. Thus, when we want to say exactly what the term "bourgeois" designates, we may have to indicate the *range of contexts* we have in mind: in the files of *Life* magazine, in conversations at the Union League, in the later works of Marx, in last Sunday's editorial, in last night's news broadcast.

18. Evidently the proper form of a definition, as we have presented it, is somewhat elliptical. To be exact, when we say that "X" and "Y" have the same designation, we should describe the kind of discourses in which "X" and "Y" occur. Consider this definition:

"Bonnet"="hood."

We certainly don't use these terms interchangeably, and unless we qualify the definition in some way it is incorrect. Yet it is true that what Americans call the "hood" of a car, the British call the "bonnet." And we can make the definition correct by putting in these limitations:

"Bonnet" (in British writings and conversations about cars)="hood" (in American writings and conversations about cars).

19. These parenthetical expressions may be said to indicate the "scope" of the definition, or, rather, the scope of each of its terms. Every definition has an implicit scope, though its scope may be very vaguely indicated. Where it is not indicated at all, either directly or in the context, we may assume that it includes all discourses in which the term has been used. If it is necessary to be very precise in defining a given term, we should specify the scope, and then our definitions will look like this:

"Frère" (in French)="brother" (in English).

"Sibling" (in English books on psychology)="brother or sister" (in English).

"Brother" (in English)="different male child of same parents" (in English).

"Mammal" (in zoology books)="animal that suckles its young" (in English).

"Argument" (in logic books)="discourse that contains at least two statements, one of which is presented as a reason for the other" (in English).

But, in this discussion, we shall save space by leaving out the scope of a definition whenever that can safely be done.

20. The examples given above illustrate a significant distinction. In some definitions the scope of the term-to-be-defined lies inside the scope of the defining term. English books on psychology and zoology are a part of English discourses in general. Thus the scope of "sibling" (or of "mammal") is inside the scope of its defining term. In such cases, the definition is a *rule of substitution*. It says, in effect, "You may substitute the defining term for the term-to-be-defined in any sentence in any book on psychology." The meaning of the book will not be affected if we cross out "sibling" wherever it occurs and write in "brother or sister."

21. In other definitions, however, the scope of the term-to-be-defined lies partly or wholly outside the scope of the defining term. French

discourses are not a part of English discourses; British discourses are not included in American discourses. Thus the scope of "frère" is wholly outside the scope of "brother," and the scope of "bonnet" is partly outside the scope of "hood." In such cases, the definition is a *rule of translation*. It tells how to translate from one language to another, or, within a language, from one dialect to another. But it does not permit substitution: "hood" cannot be substituted for "bonnet" in British books without causing confusion.

22. In the present discussion we shall be concerned chiefly with the first kind of definition, that is, with rules of substitution.

23. The notion of scope may be clearer if we consider dictionary definitions for a moment. A dictionary does not have to specify the scope of each of its definitions, because the title-page or preface of the dictionary fixes the scope of all its definitions. Thus, it is an "American dictionary," a "Russian-English dictionary," a "dictionary of slang," or a "business dictionary." Moreover, it is published in a certain year, and it claims to report usage current in that year, not twenty years before. But some meanings of a particular word are limited to a single region, or a single profession, or a single social group. And a good dictionary indicates the scope of each of these special senses, as "medical," "nautical," "military," "law," "heraldry," "criminology."

24. The importance of scope is evident when we raise the question whether a definition is true or false. Strictly speaking, we can't test a definition (that is, we can't tell whether "X" and "Y" *do* have the same designation) unless we know which uses of the term to examine. If a definition asserts that "X" and "Y" have the same designation for all English-speaking people, when in fact they have different designations for American and British writers, then the definition is false. But it might become true if its scope were properly limited. Whenever two people disagree about the correct definition of a term, it is possible that they have different scopes in mind. If so, the argument can be settled by making the scopes explicit.

25. But, now, suppose we are quite clear about the scope of a definition; we may then raise the question of its truth or falsity. We

test the definition by seeing whether the two terms of the definition are actually used equivalently. If they have the same designation, then they ought to apply to the same things (that is, they must have the same *denotation*). Thus we can test the definition by finding out whether the class of things marked out by the defining term coincides exactly with the class of things marked out by the term-to-be-defined. This test may be conveniently broken up into two *Rules of Definition*:

(1) *Rule of adequate inclusion*. The defining term must be broad enough to include everything that is denoted by the term-to-be-defined. Consider this example:

"Sonnet"="verse in iambic pentameter consisting of 14 lines, with the rhyme scheme *a, b, b, a, a, b, b, a, c, d, e, c, d, e*."

This definition is too *restrictive*, since the defining term does not cover Shakespearean sonnets. In order to make the definition true, the defining term must be broadened, by leaving out the reference to a specific rhyme scheme.

(2) *Rule of adequate restriction*. The defining term must be narrow enough to exclude everything that is *not* denoted by the term-to-be-defined. Consider this example:

"Sonnet"="verse in iambic pentameter, consisting of 14 lines."

Of course, we can find poets who have given the name "sonnet" to various kinds of verse, even to verse that is not rhymed. But if we limit the scope of "sonnet" to ordinary usage, it will apply only to verses that fall into one or another of a number of rhyme patterns. Then this definition is too *inclusive*. In order to make the definition true, it is at least necessary to specify in the defining term that the lines must be rhymed.

26. Now we can give a fairly good *approximate* definition of "sonnet," which will include all sonnets and nothing else:

"Sonnet"="verse in iambic pentameter, consisting of 14 lines, each of which rhymes with at least one other line, and some of which rhyme with nonadjacent lines."

This is at least close to the truth about the way the word "sonnet" is customarily used. Some might consider it more accurate if the defin-

ing term included a reference to the division of the sonnet into octave and sestet. This is a question that could be settled by careful investigation, though perhaps it would be necessary to limit the scope of the definition first. Moreover the defining term is rather vague, since it doesn't list all the possible rhyme schemes that can be used in a sonnet, and perhaps we could think of some rhyme schemes that we should want to exclude.

27. Note that a definition can violate *both* rules at the same time. The definition,

"Sonnet"="verse consisting of 14 lines, and dealing with love or death,"

is both too restrictive (it leaves out Wordsworth's two sonnets on "The Sonnet," which are not about love or death), and too inclusive (it includes Browning's "Misconceptions," which is in dactylic meter, but consists of two seven-line stanzas).

28. The two rules we have stated are the basic tests of a definition. We can apply them to definitions that we run across in our reading, and we can apply them to our own definitions when we need to give them. The surest way to keep from violating the rules is to have a good method of framing definitions. The following method is simple, and it is in general use. Though it will not guarantee a good definition, it will help us to avoid some of the worst mistakes.

29. Suppose we want to give a definition of "shoe." We ask ourselves two questions. (1) What *kind* of thing is a shoe; that is, to what general class of things do shoes belong? We might think: Well, shoes are something people wear; they are articles of apparel. There are various classes we might have picked, of course, but it doesn't matter how we start, as long as we pick a large class to which *all* shoes belong. (The class of leather things won't do, because some shoes are wooden.) Suppose we take the class "articles of apparel." Now we are ready for the next question. (2) How do shoes differ from all other members of the larger class: that is, from all other articles of apparel? We think of other kinds of things that people wear (hats, neckties, socks, raincoats, gloves), and we write down a list of the characteristics that shoes have but some of these other things don't. We might think: Well, shoes are worn

on the feet (that eliminates hats and neckties); but so are socks. But socks are made of cloth, and they are lighter than shoes. What about slippers? They are more flexible than shoes, and less durable, too.

30. At this point, we may discover that the term we are trying to define has a certain amount of vagueness. Anyone can tell a shoe from a starched collar, but perhaps there are no general rules in English usage for distinguishing the softest and lightest shoes from the stiffest and heaviest slippers. If that is the case, we make our definition as sharp as we can, and leave it at that.

"Shoe"="article of apparel, worn on the foot, with fairly heavy soles and fairly stiff sides."

By further thinking we may be able to improve upon this definition. To do that, we should use the same method, only more thoroughly and carefully.

IMPROMPTU DEFINITIONS

31. There is a kind of unwritten contract between reader and writer, according to which a writer, in choosing his terms, engages himself to stick as closely as possible to common usage. This arrangement is evidently practical and convenient. But there are two circumstances in which we are quite justified in departing from common usage. Sometimes there is not available a short phrase that exactly designates just that set of characteristics we want to talk about. Sometimes such a phrase is available, but it has acquired so many connotations with strong emotive force that it isn't safe to use in certain contexts.

32. In these circumstances, there are two things we can do. (1) We can select an English word and *extend* its meaning in a new way: that is, give it a meaning that it has never had before. It may have a connotation that makes the extension possible, and our problem is then to use that connotation to make the shift, and *fix* it as the new designation. For example, the terms "suggestion" and "slanting" are often assigned special designations for a particular context. (2) We can coin a new term and introduce it to the reader through a definition. The term may be based upon etymological roots, like "phonograph" and "electron." Or it may be a new

combination of familiar words, like "closed simile" and "syllogism-chain."

33. When we do either of these things—give an old term a new meaning, or make up a new term—we are no longer claiming to report common usage. We are saying, in effect, "Never mind how other people use these words; this is the way *I* propose to use them." Our definition has the effect of proposing a new usage. If other writers follow our lead, it may become a common usage; if not, it will be limited to the discourse in which we introduce it. Thus our definition, though highly useful, has a certain amount of arbitrariness about it.

34. A definition of this sort we shall call an "**impromptu definition**." It differs from other definitions in an important respect: its term-to-be-defined has an especially narrow *scope*. The scope is not "in English" or "in logic books," but "in *this* book," "in *this* essay," or, to put it generally, "in the *present* discourse." Let's say that you are writing an essay on some contemporary novelists who are preoccupied with crime, war, and poverty. And let's say you want to distinguish between novels that merely picture these conditions and novels that implicitly urge the reader to do something about them by political activity. Now, if you are going to refer to this distinction several times, it will be convenient to have a term to mark the distinction. So you might invent a new term: "program novel." To explain this term, you give an impromptu definition, which, in its proper form, will look like this:

"Program novel" (in the present essay)="novel that describes bad social conditions and urges political measures to remedy them" (in English).

35. It would be handy if everything worth talking about could be designated by words in general use. But every special study, like logic, and every special art or craft, like oil painting or plumbing, has its own vocabulary, which is constantly being enlarged. The logician and the plumber can't do their work without making a number of distinctions that aren't needed for other purposes. They mark these distinctions by special terms, which are the *technical terms* of their fields. Thus we get such technical terms as "Oedipus complex" (in psychiatry), "bend sinister" (in heraldry), "entropy"

(in thermodynamics), and "floor joists" (in carpentry). When you use an impromptu definition, you are doing, in a more casual way, the same sort of thing: you are proposing a technical term for the subject you are discussing.

36. The value of technical terms is that they combine *brevity* with *precision*. For ordinary purposes, the term "walking" (though it is only vaguely distinguished from "running") is perfectly adequate. For the Walkers' Club of America, which sponsors walking races that have to be carefully guided by rules, "walking" has been given a much more exact meaning.

"Walking"="moving along on foot in such a way that (1) the knee of the forward leg is locked when that leg touches the ground, and (2) the forward heel is placed on the ground before the rear toe leaves the ground."

The Walkers' Club *could* use the defining term instead of the term "walking"; but if they had to put in all those words, to be precise, whenever they mentioned walking, it would take a great deal of space and time. That's why the term "walking" is a convenient *abbreviation* for the long defining term.

37. A writer is free to define his terms in any sense he likes, provided he can make that sense clear to his reader. But he must stick to his own rules after he has proposed them. The peculiar feature of impromptu definitions is that they are not subject to testing in quite the way other definitions are. A writer on education may say he is going to use the term "reading readiness" for "the state of having sufficient physical, emotional, and intellectual maturity to learn to read without harmful effects." If this is an impromptu definition, we don't ask whether the writer's usage conforms to other people's usage. Admittedly it doesn't; but the definition may work well enough in a particular discourse if it is used consistently.

38. An impromptu definition is a kind of promise, and the writer is at fault if he doesn't keep his promises. He may start out by using the term "reading readiness" as he says he will and then, wittingly or unwittingly, allow its meaning to change in the course of his argument. Or he may shift back and forth between different meanings of the term. A writer is free

to depart from conventional usage, provided his own usage is consistent and clear. But if he insists on defining his terms in an arbitrary way, he must play fair with his reader. There are two very common *fouls* that happen, by design or accident, with impromptu definitions. They are closely related and may be added to your growing list of fallacies.

39. (1) **Question-begging definitions** are a subtle form of equivocation. Notice what is happening in the following dispute:

A: "The intelligent students are the best leaders."

B: "But look at the Alpha Alpha Alpha Honor Society; all those students have grades over 88, and only one out of fifty is a leader among the undergraduates."

A: "Oh, you can't count *them*—they're just *grinds*. They get high grades, but they're not really intelligent, in my all-round sense of the word."

A starts out by using "intelligent" in what is presumably one of its normal senses: that is, as many people would use it. But B gives a reason against A's statement. Then A, instead of admitting that he is wrong, shifts to a new impromptu definition of "intelligent." This narrows the meaning of the term ("in my all-round sense of the word") so that B's objection no longer applies. In short, A is quibbling between a *usual* and a *special* (or what is sometimes called a "Pickwickian") sense of "intelligent." He does not prove that students who are intelligent (in the usual sense) are leaders. He only "proves" that students who are intelligent in *his* vague sense are leaders.

40. And, in fact, if A is asked to explain what he means by "all-round," he will probably have to admit that "being an all-round person" means "being a leader" (among other things). Thus A begs the question at issue, or takes for granted what he is supposed to be proving, by *defining* "intelligent" so that it is *true by definition* that intelligent students are leaders. But one can "prove" anything that way. The point is that when we arbitrarily define "bicycle" as a "six-wheeled vehicle," it doesn't follow that bicycles *in the usual sense* have six wheels.

41. (2) **Persuasive definitions** are a subtle form of slanting. Notice what is happening in the following dispute:

A: "Social security is one of the great achievements of our government."

B: "No, no! Social security is a great mistake. It is nothing but a racket."

A: "A racket? How is that?"

B: "Well, the essential thing about a racket is that it obtains money from the many for the few."

A: "But that's not the way most people use the word 'racket.' Usually—"

B: "Never mind; it's the way I propose to use the word, and I suppose I'm free to use the word in this way, if I like. I say that the social security system takes money from large numbers of people, and thereby keeps a few bureaucrats in their jobs. According to *my* definition, that's a racket."

Persuasive definitions are not usually quite so obvious as this, but the principle is always the same. B claims the freedom to give an impromptu definition of "racket." But, though he gives the term a *new* designation, he is clearly relying on the *old* connotation to arouse and re-direct A's feelings. It's true that *in his special sense* social security is now a racket, but B is not using the term merely for convenience—he is using a term with marked emotive force, in order to make us feel just as strongly against social security as we do against gangsters who prey upon flower shops with a fake "protection agency."

42. The fallacy of persuasive definition, then, consists in assigning a new designation to a term but preserving the old connotation and the old emotive force. This is often done with certain words: by people who want to use "religion" in a "broad" sense to cover their own pallid, or even immoral, beliefs and practices; by people who want to use "democracy" in a conveniently "strict" sense to confine its laudatory value to their own social caste or income group. When we find someone doing this, we must simply refuse to accept a redefinition of an emotionally charged word, unless the context neutralizes it. We can point out that the question of the value of social security is *not* settled by calling it a bad name.

43. There is one other reply to this gambit. A persuasive definition cuts both ways. Sometimes we can dissuade our opponent from using his persuasive definition by showing him that, if he insists upon using it, he is going to have to apply the same bad name to a number of things he approves of, or the same good

name to a number of things he detests. Thus A, in the dialogue above, might say:

A: "Let me get this straight. You are defining 'racket' in such a way that any organization which takes money from many people and spends that money partly to pay the salaries of a few people is a racket?"

B: "That's right! And I say—"

A: "Then the Red Cross is a racket, according to your definition; and so are all the departments of the Federal or State or Municipal Governments, including the fire department, the Farm Bureau, etc. And so is the Chamber of Commerce. In fact, I'd like you to name a useful organization which is *not* a 'racket' in your sense."

DEFINING IN A CIRCLE

44. Any discourse that is fairly long, complicated, and informative will turn around certain *key terms*. These terms will be used often, because they embody the most important ideas of that discourse. Some of the terms are defined by means of other terms, and perhaps those other terms are themselves defined by means of further terms—but ultimately, if we follow the definitions back, we arrive at certain key terms that are *not* defined in that discourse.

45. Consider, for example, some key terms in logic. Starting, say, with the term "fallacy," we can trace its meaning back through a series of definitions. We find that, in defining "fallacy," the term "argument" is used. In defining "argument," the term "discourse" is used; in defining "discourse," the term "word" is used; but "word" is not defined. It is assumed that everyone knows, with enough accuracy for ordinary purposes, what a word is. When we study the relations among such key terms, then, we find that a number of them ("word," "sentence," "meaning," "true," "thing," "characteristic," etc.) are not explicitly defined. Such terms are called the "undefined terms" (or "primitive terms") of a given discourse. And all the key terms that are defined by means of them, or by means of other terms defined by means of them, are called the "defined terms" of the discourse (for example, "designation," "definition," "syllogism"). . . .

46. It is apparent that any discourse has to have some undefined terms; a writer assumes that his readers already know how to use cer-

tain words. But it doesn't follow that the terms are necessarily *indefinable*. People sometimes excuse themselves for talking nonsense by saying that their terms are "indefinable," because their real thoughts are "ineffable," and can only be grasped "sympathetically" or "intuitively." It would be going too far afield here to do more than raise an eyebrow at such a way of speaking. But a few distinctions may be helpful.

47. There are two sorts of terms that, in the strict sense, can't be defined. But their meaning can still be made reasonably clear. First, there are the terms that denote simple sensory qualities ("cerise," "acid," "smooth," "soft"); to give the meaning of such terms, we have to point to something. Second, there are the terms that are so very general that no *more* general class can be found to put them in ("thing," "event," "being"). The problem of giving a meaning to such terms is very difficult, but it is a philosophical problem, and we shall not need to investigate it here. Aside from these two kinds, it is safe to say that all terms are, in principle, definable, though in practice it may be very difficult to define them.

48. When you write an essay, or prepare a speech, you have to make some important decisions about the terms you use. Some of the key terms you will define, some you will leave undefined. Now, in deciding which terms to leave undefined, your problem is to estimate the linguistic equipment of your reader or your audience. All one can say in general is that, considering the circumstances, the undefined terms must not be too *obscure*. But this is a relative matter. If a person unfamiliar with American speech asked you what "black eye" means, you might give its definition accurately by this defining term: "ecchymosis of the flesh below the eye, produced by extravasation of blood beneath the cuticle." If the person has a reading knowledge of English medical books, but not a speaking knowledge of everyday English, this may suit his needs. Otherwise, he will be no better off than he was before, and you will have to go on and give another definition: "ecchymosis" = "bluish discoloration." The first definition was a perfectly good one, but it was not useful (under the circumstances) without the second one.

49. The usefulness of a definition, then, depends on how well the writer estimates the requirements of his audience. Sometimes this is not hard to do. Victoria Lincoln, writing in *The New Yorker*, once poked fun at an early edition of Fanny Farmer's cook book (later editors have corrected it) because it defined "lamb" as "the meat of lambs," but advised making Bunuelos with a "Bunuelos iron"—a term that was defined nowhere in the book. This is an example of uncommon capriciousness. But quite often the selection of undefined terms is one of the hardest problems of a writer who wishes to be understood.

50. When we sit down to study a serious discourse (such as a textbook or an essay), we must sometimes pick out, mark, and carefully examine the undefined terms. They contain all the basic ideas, for the defined terms are merely abbreviations for them. If we know what the undefined terms mean, and if the definitions are correct, we can handle the discourse. It is not difficult to discover what the undefined terms are. We do as we did with the term "fallacy" above. If we take out of the definition all the defined terms, and substitute *their* defining terms, we get back in the end to all the undefined terms.

51. The distinction between defined and undefined terms is most important for discovering whether a given set of definitions is circular or not. Circularity arises in this way: A definition is supposed to inform us about the designation of a term, assuming that we do not know the term at all, or do not know it in this sense. But if the term is used to define *itself* (if it appears in its own defining term), then we are no farther along. The supposed definition is only a pretense at a definition.

"Liberty" = "the right to do anything that does not interfere with the liberty of others."

It is obvious that if we don't know what "liberty" means, this definition will not tell us. It assumes that we know it already. But, remember, a definition is not strictly circular unless the *whole* of the term-to-be-defined appears in the defining term.

"Freedom of speech" = "freedom to speak, write, or publish any discourse that is neither (a) libelous, (b) treasonable, nor (c) obscene."

It is quite conceivable that a person may know, in general, what "freedom" means without knowing what the term "freedom of speech" means; and though this definition is far from precise, it is *not* circular.

52. With a *set of definitions* the danger of circularity is much greater. A set is circular if there is a term in it that is used to define itself. But of course this may be done in a roundabout way. The larger the set, the larger the circle, but that doesn't make it easier to see. Consider this set of definitions:

Def. 1: "Government"="group of people having political authority."

Def. 2: "Political authority"="the acknowledged right to make laws and punish violations of them."

Def. 3: "Law"="regulation issued in the name of a government."

These definitions might be questioned, but that is not the point here. The set is circular because the term "government" is used to define "law," "law" is used to define "political authority," and "political authority" is used to define "government." Thus "government" is really used to define itself.

53. Whether a set is circular can always be discovered by a series of substitutions. It doesn't matter which term we start with; let's take "law" for example. Its defining term is "regulation issued in the name of a *government*," and in this term we may substitute for the word "government" *its* defining term. Then we substitute for "political authority" *its* defining term. The final result is as follows:

"Law"="regulation issued in the name of a [group of people having [the acknowledged right to make *laws* and punish violations of them]]."

By making these substitutions according to Definitions 1 and 2, we have transformed Definition 3 into a circular definition, thereby proving that the set is circular.

54. This set can easily be fixed without any serious change. "Regulation" is an undefined term anyway, and it can be substituted for "law" in Definition 2. Then the set would not be circular. But in other cases the circularity reveals a deep confusion that needs careful thinking through. For example, here are two sentences from different chapters of a book on aesthetics:

The safest way to define "aesthetic experience" is this: it is the experience produced by the contemplation of a work of art. . . . By the phrase "work of art" I wish to be understood as meaning any object (including a sound) that is capable of causing an aesthetic experience.

The circularity is obvious when the sentences are set side by side. Nor is it superficial. To escape it, the writer would have to define one of his two terms without using the other, and this might require a good deal of reflection.

55. Whenever we have to give several definitions in a row, the safest way to avoid circularity—to make sure that we really *are* defining our terms—is to arrange the definitions in a logical order. Roughly speaking, definitions are in logical order if the later definitions build upon the earlier ones. More precisely, every defined term should be defined *before* it is used to define other terms. For example, the term "statement" may be used to define several key terms, such as "argument," "definition," "inconsistency," "generalization." Thus "statement" must be defined before these other terms can be defined; indeed, "statement" must be defined in the very beginning of such a discussion.

56. Few *single* definitions are strictly circular. However, there are three sorts of definition that are likely to be parts of circular *sets* of definitions. We should watch out for them and be careful in using them, or we may think we have explained our meaning when we have merely gone around in circles. First, there are definitions in *synonymous* terms.

"Liberty"="freedom."

This definition is not very helpful. But it may do, unless "freedom" later is defined by means of "liberty." A person who says, "Fat"="adipose" will find it hard to define "adipose" without using the word "fat." Second, there are definitions in *negative* terms.

"Liberty"="state of not being in slavery."

This definition may do, unless "slavery" is later defined as "absence of liberty." Similarly with the definition "False"="not true." Third, there are definitions in *correlative* terms.

"Husband"="man with a wife."

This definition may do, unless "wife" is later defined as "woman with a husband." The definition can go either way, but not *both* ways in the same discourse. "Mountain" can be defined in terms of "valley," or "valley" in terms of "mountain," but in a given discourse one of them must be defined independently of the other, or else left undefined.

INFORMAL DEFINITIONS

57. When a definition is given in proper form, it is said to be a "*formal definition*." Defining a term formally is the best way to make clear and explicit exactly what the term designates. That is why it is valuable to know how to give a formal definition, even if you use it only for clarifying your own thinking. It is the best protection against ambiguity. Thus, before you set out to develop an argument, you may save yourself a good deal of confusion if you think out your key terms carefully. First, decide which of them you can safely leave undefined. Second, write out for your own guidance a formal definition of those terms that you can define by means of the undefined terms.

58. If you are sure that you and your reader are both clear about what you mean, you may not have to give a definition at all when you start to write. The terms may be understandable in their context. Even if you *do* have to give a definition to guide your reader, you will hardly ever give a formal definition. Ordinarily you will state your definition in an *informal* manner, as the definitions in this essay (except those used as illustrations) are stated. You won't write:

"Mugwump" has the same designation as "political independent,"

but you might write:

A political independent is sometimes called a "mugwump."

Once you have written down a formal definition for your own guidance, it is easy to set it forth informally without confusing your reader or yourself. But when you give definitions, either in speaking or writing, there are three important things to keep in mind.

59. First, when you give a definition you should make it plain that you *are* giving a

definition; that you are talking about the word, not about the thing. When you write, "A mystery is something that has not yet been explained," it may not be clear that you are offering a definition, unless the context is right. For example:

Many people use the word "mystery" loosely. They seem to think that everything that they do not immediately understand is completely inexplicable. So they say, "There are many mysteries that science will never understand." But there is a strict sense of the word. A mystery is something that has not *yet* been explained.

The context is essential here, for the last sentence by itself is ambiguous. It could be a statement about *mysteries*, or it could be a statement about the word "mystery." If you want to leave no doubt that your definition *is* a definition, you must use quotation marks to show that your statement is about the word. You can write:

Many people use the word "mystery" loosely But, the word "mystery" means "something that has not *yet* been explained."

60. Much of the confusion between definitions and other kinds of statements comes from mixing them together in the same sentence. If you look a word up in a dictionary, you find that the dictionary often gives you, not only a definition of the word, but further information about the *thing*. You often find something like this:

RACCOON. A nocturnal, plantigrade carnivore of North America, usually gray, with a bushy, ringed tail; thought to be the most intelligent wild animal in North America.

This is useful of course, but, logically speaking, it is a jumble. For it throws together a number of characteristics of raccoons; some of these characteristics belong in the definition of "raccoon," and some of them do not. For example, raccoons are, in fact, intelligent, but unintelligent raccoons are still raccoons, so "intelligent" doesn't belong in the defining term. The definition should give only those characteristics (such as being plantigrade) that an animal must have in order to be correctly called a "raccoon."

61. Compare, for example, a definition that the judge in a celebrated recent trial recom-

mended to the jury in his final charge. "Perjury," he said, "is the *willful* giving of *false* testimony as to a *material* matter before a *competent* tribunal *while under oath*." Every one of the italicized points is necessary to make the definition complete, and nothing is left out. To avoid confusion, you should always separate your definitions from other kinds of statement, even though the other statements may help to clarify your meaning.

62. *Second*, when you give a definition, you should make it clear whether you are giving an impromptu definition or not. It is seldom necessary to indicate the exact scope of a definition: only an expert linguist knows how far his use of a term corresponds with other people's. But it is always necessary to know when you are giving a *new* and arbitrary meaning to a term, and to let your reader know this. If you don't, you are inviting trouble, for your reader may complain that you are "misusing words" or "torturing the English language," because he thinks your *legitimate* impromptu definition is a *false* statement about the way other people use the term. He may think you don't know the normal meaning of the term.

63. But there will be no confusion if your informal definition (in its context) gives some hint about the scope, and at least indicates whether the scope is limited to the present discourse or not. Thus, to show that your definition has a scope *beyond* the present context, you might say:

"Protective tariff" usually means
 are called "protective tariffs."
 generally refers to
 Economists apply the term

And, to show that your definition is an impromptu one, you might say:

I call
 is here called
 in this essay, the term means
 we shall find it convenient to use the word

64. *Third*, when you give a definition, you should take care to make clear exactly what the defining term is. The definitions you give

to clarify your meaning will usually be rules of substitution: that is, they should allow your reader to substitute one term for the other in contexts within the scope of the definition. Consider the definition:

"Widow" = "woman who has married, and whose husband has died."

Now, if this definition is a good one, the defining term and the term-to-be-defined ought to work in the same way. If we take a sensible statement that contains the word "widow," say,

- (1) Mrs. Jones is a *widow*, or
- (2) Most *widows* are elderly,

we ought to be able to substitute the term "woman who has married, and whose husband has died," without making nonsense:

- (1) Mrs. Jones is a *woman who has married, and whose husband has died*.
- (2) Most *women who have married, and whose husbands have died*, are elderly.

In statement 2 we had to change the defining term to the plural, because the term "widows" was plural. Of course, when we make such a substitution, we may lose some of the *connotations* of the terms, but the designations will be the same.

65. The important thing here is to make the two terms of the definition as nearly substitutable as you can.

An "accident" is when something happens that nobody intended.

In this "definition" the two terms are not even the same part of speech. And we have not only bad grammar, but bad thinking. A person who gives this sort of definition cannot really be clear in his mind what he means by the term "accident." When we try to carry out the substitution, we get nonsense:

The police decided that his death was an *accident*.

The police decided that his death was *when something happens that nobody intended*.

The good definer goes at the job in no such hit-or-miss fashion. He asks himself, What

kind of thing is an accident? It is an *event*. How does it differ from other events? It is a human act, and it is unintentional. In this way, he works out his defining term so that, at least in a large number of contexts, it is easily substituted for the term-to-be-defined:

The police decided that his death was an *unintentional act*.

or,

The police decided that his death was an *event* that no one deliberately caused.

Taking pains with the grammar of a definition pays off in better sense. A definition is a powerful tool for clearing up confusion, but in the wrong hands it can generate more confusion than it cures.

66. There is one further point to note here. Often, the term-to-be-defined cannot be defined in such a way that it can be replaced directly by another term. For example, the term "brother" designates a relationship that A has to B when A is male and has the same parents as B. It is difficult to work out a satisfactory substitute for the term "brother." In such a case, we have to define "brother," not by itself, but as part of a larger context. That is, we don't try to define "brother," but we define a whole sentence-form containing the word "brother." Then our definition looks like this:

"A is the brother of B" = "A is male, and A has the same parents as B."

Anyone who knows this definition can interpret similar statements containing the word "brother": he knows what the word "brother" means. So this is a perfectly good definition. It is just a little more complicated than some other definitions.

67. Whenever you can find an equivalent and substitutable term, it is best to give it. But when you can't, you have to give a definition of the term in a context, using letters like "A" and "B" or "X" and "Y." We all know what the word "unique" means, for example, and yet we are baffled when we try to find another adjective-phrase to substitute for it. But it is easy to define the term as part of a context:

"X is unique" = "X is the only one of its kind."

If we were considering the problem of definition on a more technical level, we should have to consider various difficulties that arise in using such definitions. But the main point here is that you should use them only when you need to, and that you should make sure, in these as in all other definitions, that the term-to-be-defined and the defining term have the same grammatical function.

Max Black

THE USES OF LANGUAGE

Max Black (1909-), a native European, was educated at the university in Göttingen, Germany, at Cambridge, and at the University of London, where for several years he was a member of the faculty. In America he has taught at Columbia University and at the University of Illinois, and since 1946 he has been professor of philosophy at Cornell University.

Professor Black has served as co-editor of the Journal of Symbolic Logic and of the Philosophical Review and as associate editor of the periodical Philosophy of Science. Among his books are The Nature of Mathematics, 1933, Language and Philosophy, 1949, and Critical Thinking, 1946, 1952, from which the following selection is taken.

In every tongue the speaker labours under great inconveniences, especially on abstract questions, both from the paucity, obscurity, and ambiguity of the words, on the one hand, and from his own misapprehensions, and imperfect acquaintance with them, on the other.—George Campbell, 1776.

I. INTRODUCTION

1. Ever since men began to reflect critically upon their own thinking, the wisest of them have been acutely aware of the imperfections of the language in which their thought must be expressed. The greatest of the Greek philosophers often returned to this theme, and centuries later we find Francis Bacon echoing the ancient complaint and listing "false notions" generated by the "common tongue" as one of the main hindrances to the advancement of knowledge. Every important advance in science and scholarship has required a reform in terminology. Thinkers, as ingenious as they were public-spirited, have labored to invent artificial languages, systems of notations, and a bewildering tangle of other symbolic aids to accurate thinking. Yet after thousands of years of criticism and improvement, the chorus of complaint continues, and experts insist today, more emphatically than ever, on the importance of critical study of language and its relation to thought. The brave new science of "semantics," though still in swaddling clothes, already has many interesting results to its credit, and its many enthusiastic followers are actively exploring its implications for logic, aesthetics, education, psychiatry, and other subjects.

2. Philosophy of language, for all its importance, is too intricate a subject to be fully discussed in an elementary introduction to "critical thinking." We shall therefore not attempt a systematic account of the nature of language and its relation to the objects of thought. Nevertheless, our dealings with specimens of actual reasoning have shown us the importance of attention to the language in which ideas are expressed; since ideas are communicated in language, criticism of thought must also be criticism of its vehicle. We shall

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undertake the relatively modest task of developing just so much theory of language (or "semantics") as will be useful in criticizing the types of reasoning we are most likely to encounter. . . .

II. THE COMPLEXITY OF LANGUAGE

3. When we read a sentence, or understand conversation, we are responding to signs. It is characteristic of a sign that a person who understands it is led to attend to *something other than the sign itself*; the headline "HURRICANE DUE TOMORROW," considered as an object in its own right, is a mere string of ink blotches; it is a sign for the reader because it leads him to think of things quite other than printer's ink—the approaching storm, the precautions that need to be taken, and so forth.

4. Signs need not be *linguistic*. A herd of animals taking flight on hearing a warning cry from a sentinel, a man entering a dining room at the sound of a gong, a doctor diagnosing the visible symptoms of a disease, a spider set in motion by a twitch of its web, are all interpreting signs. These examples also illustrate the point that quite primitive organisms can interpret non-linguistic signs.

5. If such instances of elementary sign-interpretation are contrasted with the processes of reading a book, hearing a speech, or otherwise responding to complex uses of language, a number of important points of difference may be noticed.

(1) *Linguistic signs are artificial, while the simplest kinds of non-linguistic signs are natural.*

6. If a flash of lightning causes me to expect a clap of thunder, it is because the two kinds of event normally occur together; but the presence of pepper in a can would not result in the appearance of the word "pepper" on the can *but for human intervention*. Men have to agree that certain noises and marks shall cause interpreters to attend to certain other objects (their "meanings") before there can be *language*. We notice, however, that some non-linguistic signals (such as the cones hoisted to warn of the approach of a storm) can also be artificial.

7. Let us agree to use the word **signal** as an abbreviation for the phrase "the simplest kind

of sign." (This agrees fairly well with the customary meaning of the word "signal.")

(2) *Response to signals is stereotyped and undifferentiated, while response to linguistic signs is variable and complex.*

8. The presence of a dog will cause a cat to bristle with anticipatory fear, but a man's response to the remark "a lion has escaped from the circus" will vary with circumstances. The spoken sentence is constructed out of *component signs* (the words) arranged in a conventional order, and the man responds to the components and to their arrangement as well as to the sentence as a whole. He is able to understand an isolated word (such as the word "lion" appearing alone on a sheet of paper); and he can interpret a sentence *he has never seen before*, if it is composed of known words in a known arrangement. The natural signals to which animals respond always occur in association with the things to which they refer. But the users of a *language* have learned to deploy and re-deploy linguistic signs in an endless variety of sign situations; they can therefore anticipate novelty and respond to situations of radically new types.

(3) *Signals normally serve a single purpose, while linguistic signs tend to serve a number of different purposes simultaneously.*

9. The spoor of a wild animal may tell the skilful hunter a great deal about the beast that made it, yet consider how much more is conveyed to the sensitive listener by even the most trivial remark. If we hear a stranger say "I've missed that train again!" we may learn something about a train, but we may sometimes learn even more about the speaker—that she is annoyed, is not disposed to be friendly, is in a hurry to go somewhere, and was educated in the Middle West! Nor is this an exceptional case. Because men and women express their feelings and attitudes as well as their beliefs by means of language, all talk conveys information about much more than its ostensible subject. And because language is a social product, the result of interaction between persons sharing common purposes, any individual utterance also conveys information about the *community of language users* to which the speaker belongs.

10. These three differences between fully developed language and the simplest kinds of

non-linguistic signs give us but a glimpse of the full complexity of language. No doubt they are differences of degree, and "The metaphysician," as Anatole France said, "has only the perfected cry of monkeys and dogs with which to construct the system of the World." Yet the differences are important: we shall find that failure to be aware of them, and to appreciate some of their consequences is responsible for much fallacious reasoning.

III. THE MANY PURPOSES SERVED BY LANGUAGE

11. Any spoken utterance will usually express feelings, attitudes, desires, and beliefs, and will convey information (either true or false) about the speaker and other objects. But there is such a tremendous variety of human transactions in which language is used, that the appropriate response to a particular utterance may vary widely according to the circumstances of its use. Everybody understands that the spoken words "Pass down the bus, please" are primarily intended to cause the passengers to move and are not said for the purpose of giving information about the conductor; and it is equally obvious that the remark "This bus is over-loaded" is an *assertion*, not a request or command, even though it, too, causes the passengers to move. When we contrast "assertions" with "questions," "requests," "commands," "exclamations," or "prayers," we are recognizing *different ways in which language can be used*. Such crude distinctions, however, hardly begin to do justice to the variety of different uses of language.

12. In order to see how variable the correct response to language may be, let us examine the following two utterances, *both of which are "statements"*:

(1) "A body immersed in a fluid is acted upon by an upward force equal in magnitude to the weight of the fluid displaced." (From a text.)

(2) "The apples were falling like great drops of dew to bruise themselves an exit from themselves." (D. H. Lawrence.)

13. The first statement makes a certain *claim* concerning the behavior of solid bodies and fluids: it is intended to produce in us (the readers) a definite belief that can be tested and confirmed by actual observation of the weight of bodies immersed in a fluid. If ob-

servation proved that the belief does not accord with the facts, we should be justified in calling the writer a liar. In formulating a supposition to be tested against experience in this way, we are behaving in the way intended by the scientist who made the statement. Since the statement (1) was used in order to produce such beliefs and testing procedures, our interpretation was *appropriate*.

14. It would, of course, be absurdly inappropriate to interpret the second statement in similar fashion. Only a very stupid reader would ask "What apples is he talking about? How big are the drops of dew? How can an apple *make an exit from itself*?" Such questions are stupid because the poet has no intention of producing beliefs that could be tested in a manner appropriate to a scientific statement. And to call him a "liar" because his statement could not be confirmed in the laboratory would serve only to reveal our own misunderstanding of what poetry "is all about." For the poet's intention, here as elsewhere, is to embody and communicate an aesthetic experience in words that will give pleasure as well as insight.

15. And there are many other ways in which language can be used. Consider, for instance, these words, which might be spoken by any departing guest to his hostess:

(3) "Thank you for a nice party—we've had a wonderful time."

Sometimes the guest has had anything but a pleasant time,¹ but he is not on that account to be regarded as dishonest. To insist that "a really truthful person" would, if necessary, say "Good-bye, I've had a very dull and uncomfortable time," would be to repeat the mistake that occurs when poetry is treated as if it were science. A formula of polite thanks is not intended, or understood, as a factual claim (nor as a snatch of poetry). Questions of truth and falsity are no more applicable to such *ceremonial* uses of language than they are to a handshake.

16. The moral of such examples is that *all intelligent criticism of any instance of language in use must begin with understanding*

¹ The actress, Beatrice Lillie, is reported to have made the parting remark: "Don't think I haven't had a wonderful time—because I haven't!"

of the motives and purposes of the speaker in that situation. Unfortunately, the type of case that causes trouble in practice is that in which the kind of use made of language is not as transparently clear as in our examples. Language is often used to *conceal* motives and purposes, and human motives and purposes are notoriously mixed. One and the same utterance may convey factual information (true or false), embody aesthetic insight, express social conformity, or do a number of other things *all at the same time*. For this reason, any attempt to isolate "pure" types of language uses (such as "scientific," "poetic," "ceremonial," and so on) would be of little help to us. In the next two sections we formulate distinctions applying, in varying degree, to *all* uses of language.

IV. SOME WORKING DISTINCTIONS

17. *Personal and impersonal aspects of utterance.* We have already said that any utterance normally gives some information about the speaker himself, as well as other matters. Let us, therefore, refer to the *personal* and *impersonal* aspects of an utterance. By the first term we shall mean the information given about the speaker, and more especially about the attitudes, feelings, and wishes that caused him to make the utterance; by the second, whatever other information may be conveyed by the utterance. The personal aspects may be further divided into *expressive* and *dynamic* aspects. The utterance is *expressive* insofar as it is caused by the speaker's feelings or attitudes, *without any desired effect on a hearer*. An involuntary cry of pain or joy is markedly expressive in this sense. The utterance is *dynamic* insofar as it is caused by the speaker's desire to produce actions or other effects in a hearer; a command or a question is markedly dynamic in this sense. Actual utterances vary widely in the relative importance of their expressive, dynamic, and impersonal aspects.

18. *Statement and suggestion.* No human speaker explicitly symbolizes all that he conveys to the hearer; we must constantly "read between the lines." One important consequence of this has already been mentioned. A speaker very rarely says: "I want you to feel that I am a thoroughly likable person of the sort you can trust; I am not much inter-

ested in tariffs (or whatever it may be) except insofar as some knowledge of this subject is necessary to persuade you to trust me." Such devastating frankness would be self-defeating, but many a speaker talks in such a way as to convey the same impression. Intelligent understanding of the utterance requires an awareness of much more than is "said in so many words." The *general setting* of the utterance (whether it is predominantly "scientific" or "poetic," intended to produce approval, result in actions, and so on) is not usually symbolized explicitly.

19. Let us examine a striking instance of "reading between the lines." In answering a letter not long ago, a certain Senator began his reply with the words "My dear Wop"—an action that led to considerable indignation on the part of his correspondent and many of the lady's sympathizers. Furious letters were written to Congress and the newspapers, and the Senator's action was denounced at meetings of protest as "undemocratic" and "un-American."

20. Why all this fuss about three words? A foreigner, not thoroughly familiar with the subtleties of the American language, would find on enquiry, that "Wop" means about the same as "Italian" or "person of Italian origin." "Well, well," he might wonder, in his naïve way, "is it so insulting to an American to be accused of having Italian ancestors?" The answer, of course, is that "Wop" is a term of powerful *abuse*, conventionally used as a way of expressing a high degree of contempt for the person addressed. The three words might be expanded in some such way as this: "Madam, the usual rules of politeness require me to use the words 'My dear so-and-so.' I show my contempt for you and your opinions by refusing even to call you by your name. I am pretty sure that you can't be an American; I suspect that you are of Italian origin; and I regard Italians in general as inferior and degenerate."

21. Yet the abusive Senator did not *say* all this "in so many words"—even though much of it is quite clearly understood by his readers. Offense is properly taken at the insulting suggestions of the utterance, rather than at its explicitly formulated content.

22. The unformulated implications and suggestions of an utterance are not always abusive. Often we convey feelings of approval, enjoyment, or appreciation by gesture, tone of voice, and choice of words. The means employed are so flexible and variable that usually we are hardly aware of them, even while constantly responding to their influence. A large part of the information conveyed by utterance is *suggested*, not *stated*.

23. When a purported fact, a wish, a judgment of value, and so forth, are conveyed by means of a symbol conventionally used for that purpose we shall say the fact, wish, and so on, has been *stated*; when information is conveyed by means not conventionally reserved for that purpose we shall say that that information has been *suggested*. Thus, a *statement* is an explicitly formulated assertion, command, desire, judgment, and so forth, while a *suggestion* is conveyed, though not explicitly formulated. (It is, however, hard to draw a sharp line between suggestion and statement, as here defined. Sometimes, of course, there can be no doubt at all that an important part of a given utterance has been suggested, though not explicitly symbolized. The man who asks "When did you start smoking so heavily?" has not *actually* said "You are smoking heavily.")

24. All human languages rely, to an astonishing degree, on what is understood, though not said "in so many words." It has been reported of the Eskimos that "Their phrases are as sober as their faces. A gleam in an Eskimo's eye tells you more than half a dozen of our sentences concerning desire, repugnance, or another emotion. Each Eskimo's word is like that gleam: it suggests at once what has happened and what is to come. . . ." (Gontran de Poncins, *Kabloona*, page 247.) The more articulate languages of Western civilization, though not as suggestive as those of the Eskimo, still retain enormous suggestive power.

25. *Emotive and neutral language.* Among the most effective suggestions conveyed in human utterance are those expressive of the speaker's *feelings* (and especially feelings of approval or disapproval). Not only *feelings* are conveyed by suggestion: Any statement about "impersonal" matters of fact makes use

of tacit assumptions, which are suggested, not stated. Nevertheless, the uses of suggestion to communicate the nature of a speaker's feelings are particularly important, for the following reasons:

(1) Suggested feelings concerning a person or object can powerfully influence people's opinions. To call a man a "Red" is already to turn an audience against him; to call him a "dirty Red," in certain contexts, is practically to condemn him outright. Such "name calling" is usually more successful than explicit statement or reasoned argument.

(2) Feelings, especially strong feelings, concerning a person or object spontaneously find expression in the use of "satisfying" symbols. (All praise and abuse tend to become poetic.) An angry man tends to *show* his anger rather than talk *about* it: thus the means by which he expresses his feelings will be a suggestion, not a statement. In general, suggestion is a very "natural" way of conveying a feeling.

26. Much attention has accordingly been given, in recent times, to the use of those signs that particularly lend themselves to the expression and communication of feelings. Such symbols are termed **emotive**, and are contrasted with **neutral** symbols. An emotive word, then, is one expressive of strong feelings (especially of approval or disapproval) on the part of the speaker. The use of emotive words has a tendency to produce similar feelings in the hearer.

27. The English language has a few words reserved for the expression of feeling and used for no other purpose—exclamations like "Shame!" "Hurrah!" "Encore!" While these words are highly emotive according to our definition, they express very generalized feelings. For this reason (and because they are so seldom used in discourse) they have negligible influence in determining people's views concerning *specific* topics.

28. If an advertiser wants to predispose the man in the street in favor of his product, he will probably adopt more subtle means to recommend it. Suppose he is selling a dentifrice consisting of powdered beef bone (an actual case): the slogan "Hurrah for powdered beef bone!" is unlikely to enlist many customers for the new product, even though repeated thousands of times in newspaper ad-

vertisements and on the radio. For the words "powdered beef bone" have suggestions that are unfavorable to the advertiser's purpose: we have all seen raw bones, and we are led to think of an unappetizing mess of blood-stained splinters, not at all the sort of stuff we would choose for cleaning the teeth. How much better then from the advertiser's standpoint to label the product "Numin" (the name actually chosen). Instead of the *negative* emotive force of "powdered beef bone," we have a *positive* emotive appeal of the substitute term, "Numin." For the latter has a scientific flavor, as of some new vitamin, and can therefore be relied upon to attract the man in the street.

29. The device used in this instance to stimulate a favorable reaction to a certain object (the dentifrice) consists in *the choice of a name having agreeable associations*. The English language is very rich in words approximately equivalent in *explicit* meaning, while markedly divergent in their emotive associations and suggestions.

30. The terms "government official," "bureaucrat," and "public servant" have much the same explicit meaning, yet the first is neutral, the second abusive, and the last honorific. "Liquidation of the opposition" sounds a great deal more agreeable than "torture and murder of the minority." A man may "talk eloquently" or "jabber"; a statesman may "have the gift of compromise" or be a "slippery trimmer"; a friend is "understandably confused," an enemy "has gone a bit off his noodle"; all these examples were in a single newspaper editorial.

31. The list of examples could be indefinitely extended, for nearly all the words we use are colored with some shade of respect or contempt, and every notion can be so worded as to make its subject seem either admirable or ridiculous.

32. The expression and influence of attitudes by means of such highly emotive words as those we have cited should be too obvious to escape notice. *But these cases are not exceptional.* The view that only in "propaganda" and abuse is language used emotively is none the less profoundly mistaken for being widely held. We must insist, to the contrary, that language is *normally* used to express attitudes and exert influence as well as to convey

explicit statement; it is as much of an exception for language to be "uncolored" or neutral as for matter to be without odor.

33. Since the emotive and suggestive influence of language is so strong, we must take account of it in our general program of establishing principles and standards of right thinking. (If, on the other hand, we were to neglect these aspects of language, and pay attention only to what is explicitly stated in neutral terms, we should be behaving like a pilot who refused to take account of any part of an iceberg that was not visible above the water.) By discussing a concrete example in detail, we shall now illustrate the types of critical procedure that are appropriate.

V. ANALYSIS OF A SPECIMEN OF HIGHLY EMOTIVE WRITING

34. A recent newspaper editorial opened with this sentence:

- (A) "A fabulously rich playboy, who got tired of his ponies, got the idea that he would like to repudiate the free enterprise that privileged his grandfather to endow him with so many million dollars he could never hope to count them."

This passage tells us a good deal more about the editorial writer (or his employer) than about the millionaire who is the target of his abuse. Yet the passage does contain a little *impersonal* information (true or false), and the first step in analysis is to make this context explicit. An experienced journalist who happened to read (A) would immediately "discount" much of what was said. What this probably means, he might comment, is:

- (B) "The rich man in question is supporting federal control of industry."

After the invective of (A), this partial translation appears insipid. Clearly the writer had little interest in conveying the information expressed by (B).

35. We proceed, therefore, to identify the *emotive suggestions* of the original passage. A convenient way of doing this is to begin by picking out (say by underlining) all the words and phrases that make a notable contribution to the total impression intended. After this has been done, we try to state ex-

plicitly the nature of the suggestion conveyed in each case. Proceeding in this fashion, we get the following analysis:

LANGUAGE USED	SUGGESTION CONVEYED
"playboy," "ponies"	X (the man in question) is an idler and gambler
"fabulously rich"	X is excessively wealthy
"so many million dollars he could never hope to count them"	
"got tired of"	X is irresponsible—makes decisions for no good reason
"got the idea"	
"would like to repudiate"	
"privileged"	X has received special and unearned favors
"endow"	

36. It will be seen that these suggestions reinforce each other in painting the picture of a most unattractive character. The malice of the writer's intention is obvious when the various suggestions are combined in a single explicit statement, in some such fashion as this:

- (C) The man in question is an idle gambler, who has far more money than he deserves and is now irresponsibly using the vast financial power that he did nothing to earn.

37. This last statement, if made explicitly, might well be libelous and expose its author to a legal suit for damages. Yet even so it would probably be less effective than the hints and innuendoes of the original passage (A). In all such cases the rule holds that the outspoken accusation is less dangerous than the whispered calumny.

38. A good way of neutralizing the suggestive power of the original passage is to replace the crucial emotive terms and phrases by others having *opposite emotive tendency* (but approximately the same explicit content). In this way we get the following substitute for (A):

- (D) A very wealthy American sportsman has decided to oppose the system of unregulated commercial trading that enabled his grandfather to leave him his large fortune.

(You would do well to compare versions A and D very carefully, in order to decide for yourself whether the latter can be regarded as a "fair translation" of the former.)

39. It still remains for us to determine whether the suggestions contained in the original passage (and explicitly formulated in C)

are to be regarded as justified. *We must guard carefully against assuming that the implicit suggestions of an utterance can be automatically rejected without further examination, just because they are suggested and not explicitly stated.* Such an assumption would be grossly mistaken, for there are many occasions on which the expression of our feelings is perfectly justified.

40. We take as a second instance of highly emotive language a passage from one of Garrison's addresses to the public:

I am aware that many object to the severity of my language; but is there not cause for severity? I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject, I do not wish to think, or speak, or write, with moderation; No! no! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen; But urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest—I will not equivocate—I will not retreat a single inch,—AND I WILL BE HEARD.

41. This is the language of a man laboring under strong emotions, conveyed in words well fitted to communicate indignation. Shall we say he is wrong to have the feelings or to attempt to communicate them? Or that he ought to resort to the pallid and ineffective use of "neutral" language? Surely not. But to grant the right of Garrison or anybody else to express feelings and attitudes towards a subject by the most effective means he can find at hand is a very different thing from admitting without further examination that the specific emotion or attitude is justified. The suggestions of eloquence, rhetoric or poetry, insofar as they consist of claims that might be true or false, must submit to enquiries into their evidence, general credibility, consistency; if their moving appeals to our feelings are justified, they should survive such examination without detriment or loss of eloquence.

42. Returning to our original example, then, we must ask *what evidence* is provided for the claim formulated in (C). In this particular instance, the answer is quickly given: for *no reasons at all* are brought forward in support of the scurrilous accusation. Even while we admit the editorial writer's general

privilege of accusing his subject of idleness, irresponsibility, and so forth, in the manner he has chosen, we must object strenuously that in the case at issue his accusation is presented as a bare assertion, destitute of any supporting evidence in its favor. Our summing up of the value of passage (A) might take some such form as this: "The passage is intended to arouse prejudice against its subject, by representing him as idle, irresponsible, and undeservedly wealthy. It appeals successfully to the reader's presumed dislike of these qualities. But it offers no particle of evidence in support of its hostile contention."

VI. SUGGESTED RULES OF PROCEDURE FOR THE CRITICISM OF EMOTIVELY TONED UTTERANCES

43. The painstaking analysis illustrated in the last section will be too elaborate for everyday use—life is too short for us to be always ferreting out the full emotive implications of what we read and hear. It is nevertheless of much value as a training in critical awareness of the suggestive overtones of human utterance to perform a few such exercises in great detail. When this is done, the following suggestions for procedure may be helpful:

(1) *Begin by reading the passage slowly, carefully, and calmly several times, noting any points in the utterance that seem to deserve further examination.* (The reader will pardon this insistence on so elementary and obvious a point. Experience shows that once the excitement of the chase has been aroused, there is a tendency to "discover" sinister or profound implications in a passage, *before even reading it with any degree of attention!*)

(2) *State the general intention and context of the utterance.* [E.g., "This is a report of a new scientific discovery made to an audience thoroughly familiar with the general background, and made by a man who is trying to suppress all that is personal in the circumstances he is describing." Or "This is an advertisement whose main object is to arouse curiosity concerning a mysteriously labelled new product; it is designed to appeal especially to woman to make them more receptive to later 'follow-ups.'" It is useful also to try to determine *the evidence used in arriving at this verdict concerning the general nature of the symbolic situation.*]

(3) *Extract the words and phrases in the passage that are particularly effective in conveying the desired suggestion.* [Crude instances of this, such as those discussed in the last section, are easily detected. More subtle suggestion, e.g., those due to the general style of a passage, may easily escape notice. It is an excellent practice here, as throughout this training, to compare one's results with those of others working independently on the same passage. Hunting down the reasons for disagreement will often bring to light unsuspected resources of the language used.]

(4) *Make the suggestions of each word explicit, and combine the partial suggestions in a single statement.* [This has been illustrated by the anal-

ysis preceding version (C) above. You will soon find, on trial, that the suggestions of a word or phrase can be made explicit only in a rough and approximate way. Paraphrasing the implicit content largely neutralizes its emotive influence. Instead of extracting the implicit content in this way, a useful variation is to rewrite the original passage *reversing the emotive effect of the critical terms*, as illustrated in statement (D) above.]

(5) *Formulate, in neutral language, the impersonal content of the original passage.* [The products of steps 4 and 5 should together approximate in informative content to the original passage.]

(6) *Determine the evidence in favor of the original passage, as now elaborated. . . .*

Susanne K. Langer

THE LANGUAGE LINE

Susanne K. Langer (1895-), a New Yorker by birth, was educated at Radcliffe, where she received both undergraduate and graduate degrees, and later taught for fifteen years as a Tutor in Philosophy. She has taught logic, esthetics, and other courses in philosophy at leading universities, including the University of Delaware, New York University, and Columbia. In 1952 she joined the faculty of the University of Washington.

Among Mrs. Langer's writings are The Practice of Philosophy, 1930, Introduction to Symbolic Logic, 1937, Philosophy in a New Key, 1942, and Feeling and Form, 1953. Already established as an authority in the field of symbolic logic, she has turned in her most recent book to esthetics, presenting the concept that art is the creation of significant forms symbolic of human feeling.

This selection, excerpted from a longer article, "The Lord of Creation," which appeared in Fortune, deals with man's use of symbols as the characteristic that establishes the line of demarcation between him and other animals.

1. The trait that sets human mentality apart from every other is its preoccupation with symbols, with images and names that *mean* things, rather than with things themselves. This trait may have been a mere sport of nature once upon a time. Certain creatures do develop tricks and interests that seem biologically unimportant. Pack rats, for instance, and some birds of the crow family take a

capricious pleasure in bright objects and carry away such things for which they have, presumably, no earthly use. Perhaps man's tendency to see certain forms as *images*, to hear certain sounds not only as signals but as expressive tones, and to be excited by sunset colors or starlight, was originally just a peculiar sensitivity in a rather highly developed brain. But whatever its cause, the ultimate destiny of this trait was momentous; for all human activity is based on the appreciation and use of symbols. Language, religion, mathematics, all learning, all science and supersti-

THE LANGUAGE LINE: From "The Lord of Creation" by Susanne Langer. Reprinted from the January 1944 issue of *Fortune* magazine by Special Permission; Copyright Time Inc.

tion, even right and wrong, are products of symbolic expression rather than direct experience. Our commonest words, such as "house" and "red" and "walking," are symbols; the pyramids of Egypt and the mysterious circles of Stonehenge are symbols; so are dominions and empires and astronomical universes. We live in a mind-made world, where the things of prime importance are images or words that embody ideas and feelings and attitudes.

2. The animal mind is like a telephone exchange; it receives stimuli from outside through the sense organs and sends out appropriate responses through the nerves that govern muscles, glands, and other parts of the body. The organism is constantly interacting with its surroundings, receiving messages and acting on the new state of affairs that the messages signify.

3. But the human mind is not a simple transmitter like a telephone exchange. It is more like a great projector; for instead of merely mediating between an event in the outer world and a creature's responsive action, it transforms or, if you will, distorts the event into an image to be looked at, retained, and contemplated. For the images of things that we remember are not exact and faithful transcriptions even of our actual sense impressions. They are made as much by what we think as by what we see. It is a well-known fact that if you ask several people the size of the moon's disk as they look at it, their estimates will vary from the area of a dime to that of a barrel top. Like a magic lantern, the mind projects its ideas of things on the screen of what we call "memory"; but like all projections, these ideas are transformations of actual things. They are, in fact, *symbols* of reality, not pieces of it.

4. A symbol is not the same thing as a sign; that is a fact that psychologists and philosophers often overlook. All intelligent animals use signs; so do we. To them as well as to us sounds and smells and motions are signs of food, danger, the presence of other beings, or of rain or storm. Furthermore, some animals not only attend to signs but produce them for the benefit of others. Dogs bark at the door to be let in; rabbits thump to call each other; the cooing of doves and the growl of a wolf defending his kill are unequivocal signs of feel-

ings and intentions to be reckoned with by other creatures.

5. We use signs just as animals do, though with considerably more elaboration. We stop at red lights and go on green; we answer calls and bells, watch the sky for coming storms, read trouble or promise or anger in each other's eyes. That is animal intelligence raised to the human level. Those of us who are dog lovers can probably all tell wonderful stories of how high our dogs have sometimes risen in the scale of clever sign interpretation and sign using.

6. A sign is anything that announces the existence or the imminence of some event, the presence of a thing or a person, or a change in a state of affairs. There are signs of the weather, signs of danger, signs of future good or evil, signs of what the past has been. In every case a sign is closely bound up with something to be noted or expected in experience. It is always a part of the situation to which it refers, though the reference may be remote in space and time. Insofar as we are led to note or expect the signified event we are making correct use of a sign. This is the essence of rational behavior, which animals show in varying degrees. It is entirely realistic, being closely bound up with the actual objective course of history—learned by experience, and cashed in or voided by further experience.

7. If man had kept to the straight and narrow path of sign using, he would be like the other animals, though perhaps a little brighter. He would not talk, but grunt and gesticulate and point. He would make his wishes known, give warnings, perhaps develop a social system like that of bees and ants, with such a wonderful efficiency of communal enterprise that all men would have plenty to eat, warm apartments—all exactly alike and perfectly convenient—to live in, and everybody could and would sit in the sun or by the fire, as the climate demanded, not talking but just basking, with every want satisfied, most of his life. The young would romp and make love, the old would sleep, the middle-aged would do the routine work almost unconsciously and eat a great deal. But that would be the life of a social, superintelligent, purely sign-using animal.

8. To us who are human, it does not sound very glorious. We want to go places and do things, own all sorts of gadgets that we do not absolutely need, and when we sit down to take it easy we want to talk. Rights and property, social position, special talents and virtues, and above all our ideas, are what we live for. We have gone off on a tangent that takes us far away from the mere biological cycle that animal generations accomplish; and that is because we can use not only signs but symbols.

9. A symbol differs from a sign in that it does not announce the presence of the object, the being, condition, or whatnot, which is its meaning, but merely *brings this thing to mind*. It is not a mere "substitute sign" to which we react as though it were the object itself. The fact is that our reaction to hearing a person's name is quite different from our reaction to the person himself. There are certain rare cases where a symbol stands directly for its meaning: in religious experience, for instance, the Host is not only a symbol but a Presence. But symbols in the ordinary sense are not mystic. They are the same sort of thing that ordinary signs are; only they do not call our attention to something necessarily present or to be physically dealt with—they call up merely a conception of the thing they "mean."

10. The difference between a sign and a symbol is, in brief, that a sign causes us to think or act *in face of* the thing signified, whereas a symbol causes us to think *about* the thing symbolized. Therein lies the great importance of symbolism for human life, its power to make this life so different from any other animal biography that generations of men have found it incredible to suppose that they were of purely zoological origin. A sign is always embedded in reality, in a present that emerges from the actual past and stretches to the future; but a symbol may be divorced from reality altogether. It may refer to what is *not* the case, to a mere idea, a figment, a dream. It serves, therefore, to liberate thought from the immediate stimuli of a physically present world; and that liberation marks the essential difference between human and non-human mentality. Animals think, but they think *of* and *at* things; men think primarily *about* things. Words, pictures, and memory images are symbols that may be combined and

varied in a thousand ways. The result is a symbolic structure whose meaning is a complex of all their respective meanings, and this kaleidoscope of *ideas* is the typical product of the human brain that we call the "stream of thought."

11. The process of transforming all direct experience into imagery or into that supreme mode of symbolic expression, language, has so completely taken possession of the human mind that it is not only a special talent but a dominant, organic need. All our sense impressions leave their traces in our memory not only as signs disposing our practical reactions in the future but also as symbols, images representing our *ideas* of things; and the tendency to manipulate ideas, to combine and abstract, mix and extend them by playing with symbols, is man's outstanding characteristic. It seems to be what his brain most naturally and spontaneously does. Therefore his primitive mental function is not judging reality, but *dreaming his desires*.

12. Dreaming is apparently a basic function of human brains, for it is free and unexhausting like our metabolism, heartbeat, and breath. It is easier to dream than not to dream, as it is easier to breathe than to refrain from breathing. The symbolic character of dreams is fairly well established. Symbol mongering, on this ineffectual, uncritical level, seems to be instinctive, the fulfillment of an elementary need rather than the purposeful exercise of a high and difficult talent.

13. The special power of man's mind rests on the evolution of this special activity, not on any transcendently high development of animal intelligence. We are not immeasurably higher than other animals; we are different. We have a biological need and with it a biological gift that they do not share.

14. Because man has not only the ability but the constant need of *conceiving* what has happened to him, what surrounds him, what is demanded of him—in short, of symbolizing nature, himself, and his hopes and fears—he has a constant and crying need of *expression*. What he cannot express, he cannot conceive; what he cannot conceive is chaos, and fills him with terror.

15. If we bear in mind this all-important craving for expression we get a new picture of

man's behavior; for from this trait spring his powers and his weaknesses. The process of symbolic transformation that all our experiences undergo is nothing more nor less than the process of *conception*, which underlies the human faculties of abstraction and imagination.

16. When we are faced with a strange or difficult situation, we cannot react directly, as other creatures do, with flight, aggression, or any such simple instinctive pattern. Our whole reaction depends on how we manage to conceive the situation—whether we cast it in a definite dramatic form, whether we see it as a disaster, a challenge, a fulfillment of doom, or a fiat of the Divine Will. In words or dream-like images, in artistic or religious or even in cynical form, we must *construe* the events of life. There is great virtue in the figure of speech, "I can *make* nothing of it," to express a failure to understand something. Thought and memory are processes of *making* the thought content and the memory image; the pattern of our ideas is given by the symbols through which we express them. And in the course of manipulating those symbols we inevitably distort the original experience, as we abstract certain features of it, embroider and reinforce those features with other ideas, until the conception we project on the screen of memory is quite different from anything in our real history.

17. Conception is a necessary and elementary process; what we do with our conceptions is another story. That is the entire history of human culture—of intelligence and morality, folly and superstition, ritual, language, and the arts—all the phenomena that set man apart from, and above, the rest of the animal kingdom. As the religious mind has to make all human history a drama of sin and salvation in order to define its own moral attitudes, so a scientist wrestles with the mere presentation of "the facts" before he can reason about them. The process of *envisaging* facts, values, hopes, and fears underlies our whole behavior pattern; and this process is reflected in the evolution of an extraordinary phenomenon found always, and only, in human societies—the phenomenon of language.

18. Language is the highest and most amazing achievement of the symbolistic human

mind. The power it bestows is almost inestimable, for without it anything properly called "thought" is impossible. The birth of language is the dawn of humanity. The line between man and beast—between the highest ape and the lowest savage—is the language line. Whether the primitive Neanderthal man was anthropoid or human depends less on his cranial capacity, his upright posture, or even his use of tools and fire, than on one issue we shall probably never be able to settle—whether or not he spoke.

19. In all physical traits and practical responses, such as skills and visual judgments, we can find a certain continuity between animal and human mentality. Sign using is an ever evolving, ever improving function throughout the whole animal kingdom, from the lowly worm that shrinks into his hole at the sound of an approaching foot, to the dog obeying his master's command, and even to the learned scientist who watches the movements of an index needle.

20. This continuity of the sign-using talent has led psychologists to the belief that language is evolved from the vocal expressions, grunts and coos and cries, whereby animals vent their feelings or signal their fellows; that man has elaborated this sort of communion to the point where it makes a perfect exchange of ideas possible.

21. I do not believe that this doctrine of the origin of language is correct. The essence of language is symbolic, not signfic; we use it first and most vitally to formulate and hold ideas in our own minds. Conception, not social control, is its first and foremost benefit.

22. Watch a young child that is just learning to speak play with a toy; he says the name of the object, e.g.: "Horsey! horsey! horsey!" over and over again, looks at the object, moves it, always saying the name to himself or to the world at large. It is quite a time before he talks to anyone in particular; he talks first of all to himself. This is his way of forming and fixing the *conception* of the object in his mind, and around this conception all his knowledge of it grows. *Names* are the essence of language; for the *name* is what abstracts the conception of the horse from the horse itself, and lets the mere idea recur at the speak-

ing of the name. This permits the conception gathered from one horse experience to be exemplified again by another instance of a horse, so that the notion embodied in the name is a general notion.

23. To this end, the baby uses a word long before he *asks* for the object; when he wants his horsey he is likely to cry and fret, because he is reacting to an actual environment, not forming ideas. He uses the animal language of *signs* for his wants; talking is still a purely symbolic process—its practical value has not really impressed him yet.

24. Language need not be vocal; it may be purely visual, like written language, or even tactual, like the deaf-mute system of speech; but it *must be denotative*. The sounds, intended or unintended, whereby animals communicate do not constitute a language, because they are signs, not names. They never fall into an organic pattern, a meaningful syntax of even the most rudimentary sort, as all language seems to do with a sort of driving

necessity. That is because signs refer to actual situations, in which things have obvious relations to each other that require only to be noted; but symbols refer to ideas, which are not physically there for inspection, so their connections and features have to be represented. This gives all true language a natural tendency toward growth and development, which seems almost like a life of its own. Languages are not invented; they grow with our need for expression.

25. In contrast, animal "speech" never has a structure. It is merely an emotional response. Apes may greet their ration of yams with a shout of "Nga!" But they do not say "Nga" between meals. If they could *talk about* their yams instead of just saluting them, they would be the most primitive men instead of the most anthropoid of beasts. They would have ideas, and tell each other things true or false, rational or irrational; they would make plans and invent laws and sing their own praises, as men do.

